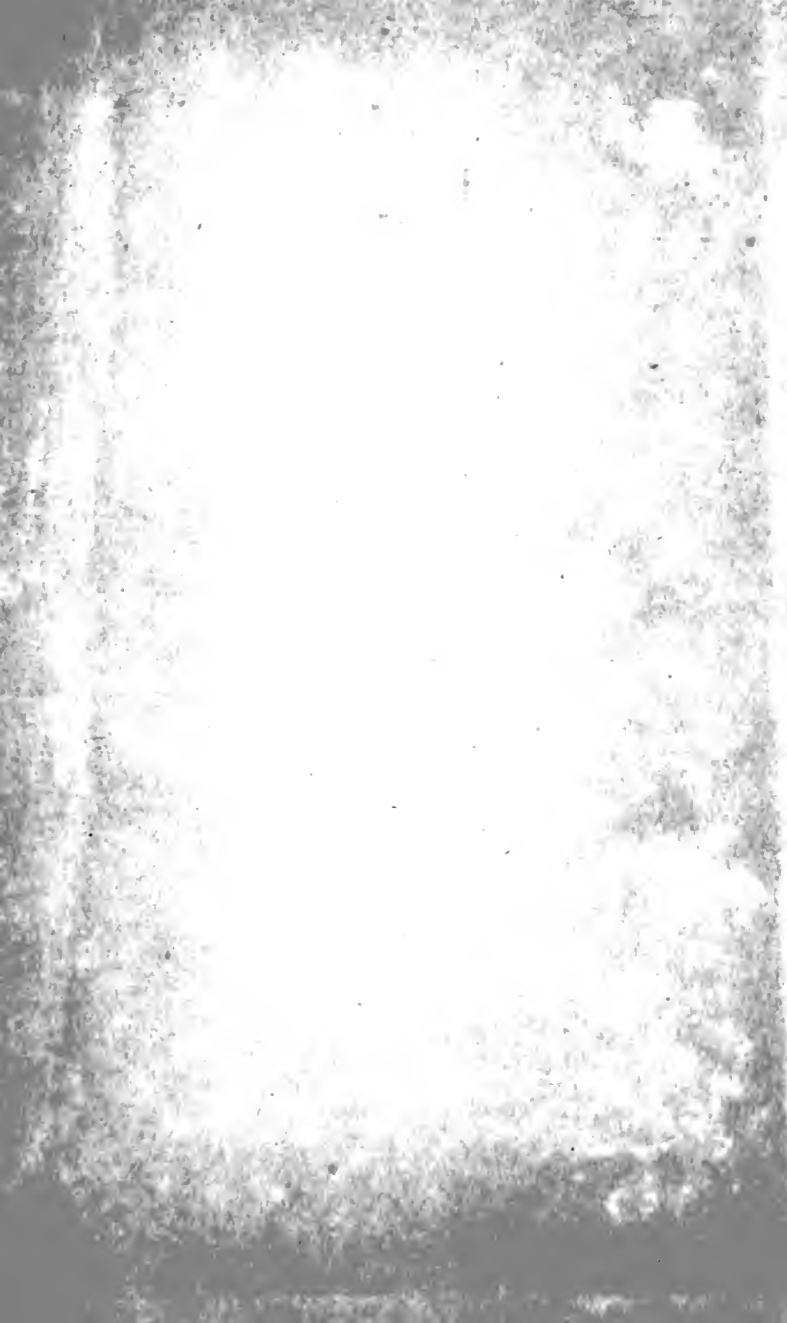
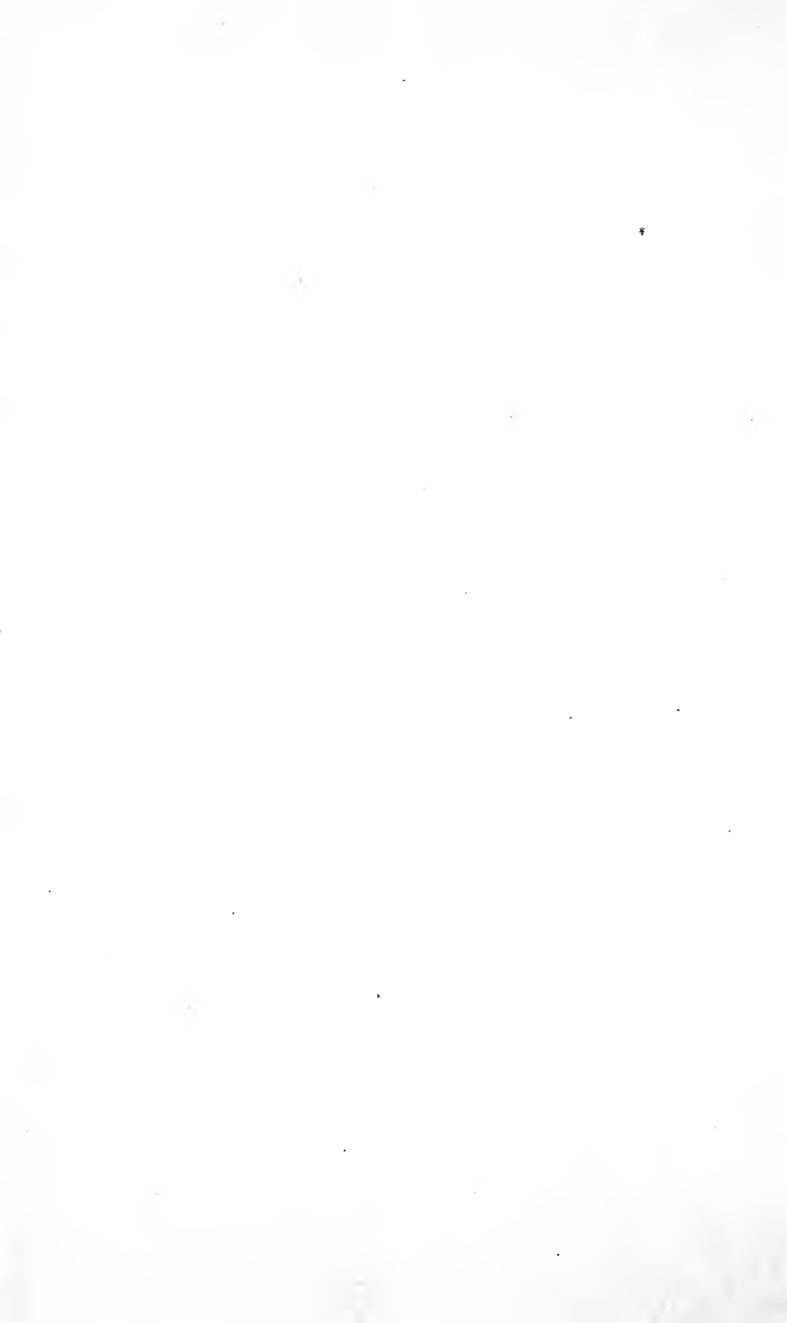


Revival... *... Hymns*



AS USED IN THE
Torrey-Alexander Meetings





REVIVAL HYMNS

A Collection of New and Standard Hymns

FOR

**Gospel and Social Meetings, Sunday Schools and
Young People's Societies**

Edited by

DANIEL B. TOWNER

AND

CHAS. M. ALEXANDER

35 cents per copy, postpaid; \$25.00 per hundred, express not paid.

CHICAGO

The Bible Institute Colportage Association

250 La Salle Avenue.

PREFACE

REVIVAL HYMNS is a carefully edited collection of hymns, new and old, which, it is believed, will meet the needs of churches in their various social meetings, Sunday schools, etc.

REVIVAL HYMNS is also admirably adapted for revival meetings and missions, where high class Gospel hymns are desired.

The editors send the book forth with a prayer that it may prove a great blessing to the cause of Christ, and an instrument under God for bringing many souls into His Kingdom.

Daniel B. Towner.

Chas. M. Alexander.

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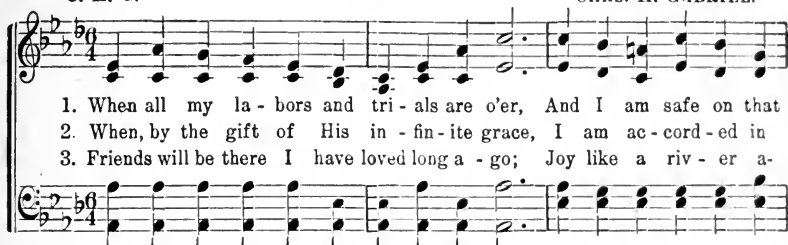
REVIVAL HYMNS.

1

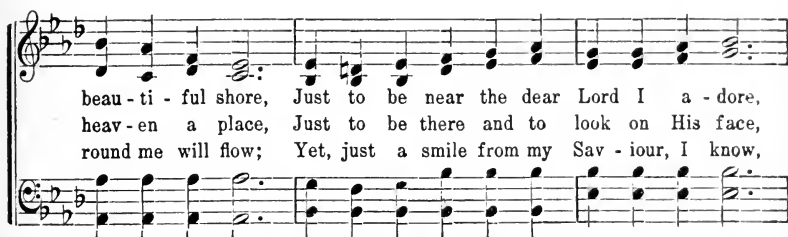
O That Will Be Glory!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

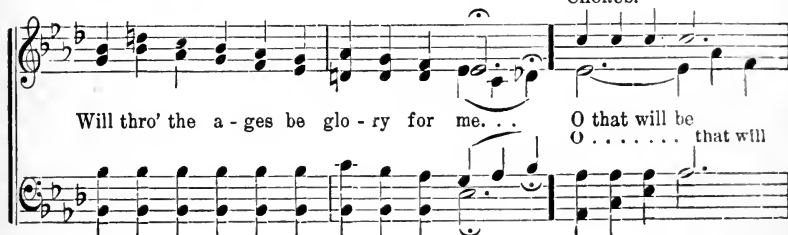


1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - iour, I know,

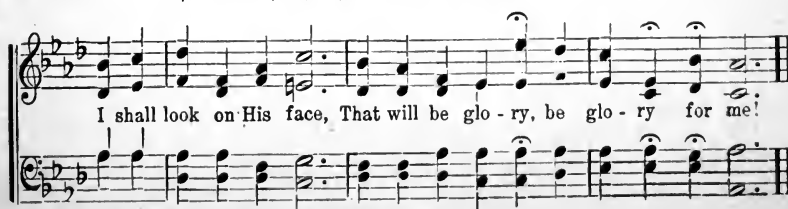
CHORUS.



Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . O that will be
O that will



glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;



I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!

I Will Rejoice.

ERNEST LEE THOMPSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Though the fig - tree shall not blos - som, Nei - ther fruit be in the vine:
2. Though no flocks are in the sheep-fold, Nei - ther cat - tle in the stalls:
3. Though my path lies thro' the val - ley Of the shad - ows, He is near,
4. Though my friends should not receive Him, Or thro' sin should prove un-true:



Though in vain the ol - ive la - bors, And the fruit - ful fields de - cline:
 Though the earth is filled with fam - ine, And no rain from heav - en falls:
 For His rod and staff they com - fort, And no e - vil I shall fear.
 Though the wick - ed should en - tice me, And should per - se - cute me too:



CHORUS.



I will re - joice in the Lord, my Re - deem - er; Joy - ful I'll



trust Him, for He will pro - vide, Giv - ing me all that I need



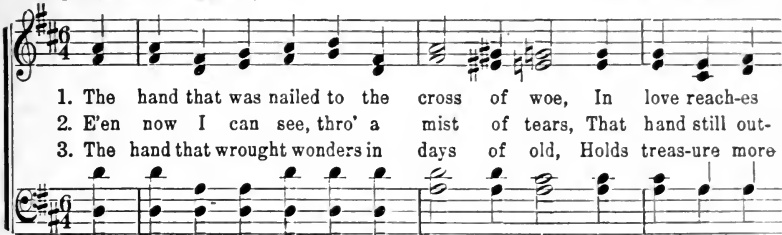
for my jour - ney; I will not fear, for He walks by my side.



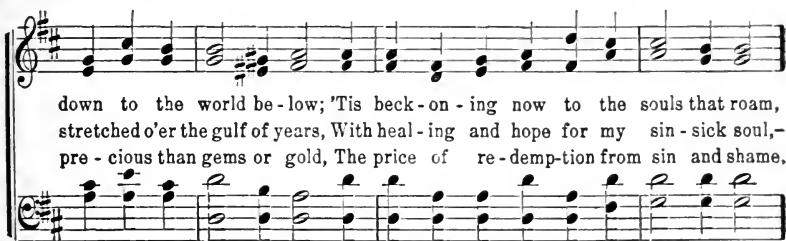
3 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

HATTIE H. PIERSON.

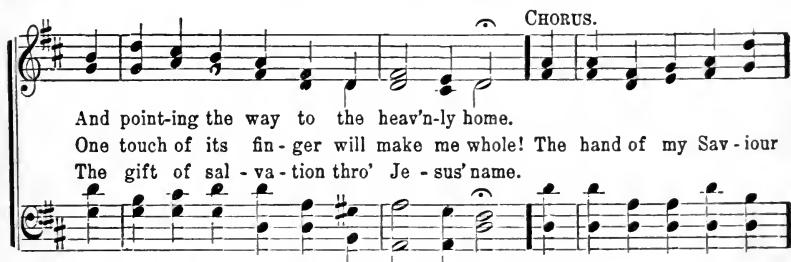
D. B. TOWNER.



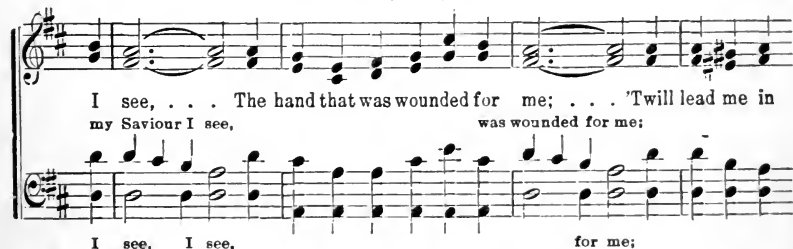
1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
 2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
 3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treas-ure more



down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
 stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal-ing and hope for my sin-sick soul,-
 pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame,



CHORUS.
 And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
 One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole! The hand of my Sav-iour
 The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.



I see, . . . The hand that was wounded for me; . . . 'Twill lead me in
 my Saviour I see, was wounded for me;
 I see, I see, for me;



Rall.
 love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me! . . .
 was wounded for me!

At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
 4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that brought it

cru - ci - fied, Know - ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
 law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
 as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
 down to man! O the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

What a Saviour!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a Sav - iour Je - sus is! He is mine, and I am His;
 2. What a Sav - iour! praise His name, That to earth for me He came;
 3. What a Sav - iour! all the way Walk - ing with me, day by day,
 4. What a Sav - iour! and I know When to that bright world I go,
 5. What a Sav - iour! how He loves, Ev - 'ry hour His mer - cy proves;

He the price of sin has paid, And for me a - tone - ment made.
 Not the least, but all He gave, My im - mor - tal soul to save.
 Guid - ing by His ho - ly will, Guard - ing me from ev - 'ry ill.
 Saved by His re - deem - ing grace, I shall see Him face to face.
 List - en, for He speaks to thee: "Take thy cross, and fol - low Me!"

CHORUS.

What a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, What a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour,
 What a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour,
 What a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour,

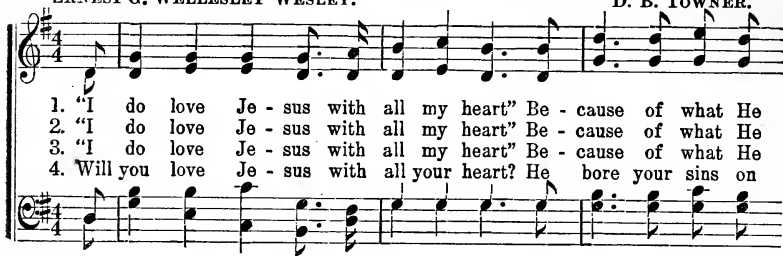
Sav - iour Je - sus is! I will praise . . Him, ev - er
 Saviour Jesus is, What a Saviour Jesus is! I will praise Him.

praise Him, He is mine, and I am His!
 ev - er praise Him, He is mine, and I am His. He is mine, and I am His!

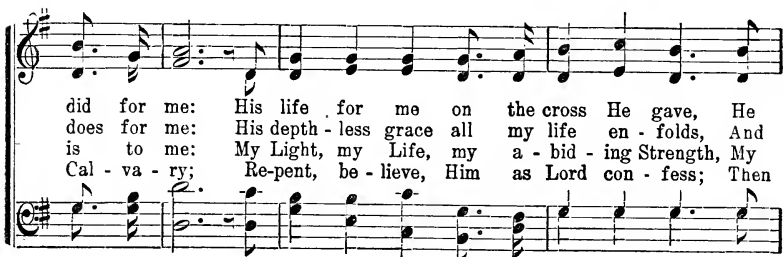
6 I Do Love Jesus with All My Heart.

ERNEST G. WELLESLEY WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

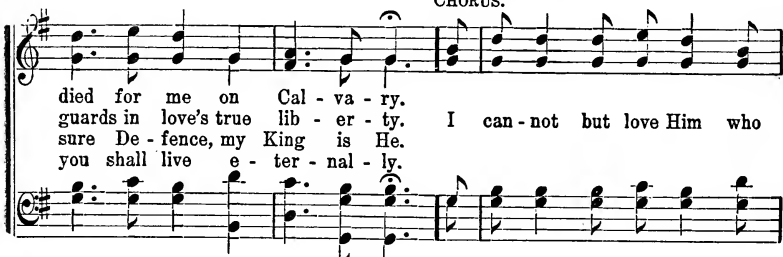


1. "I do love Je - sus with all my heart" Be - cause of what He
 2. "I do love Je - sus with all my heart" Be - cause of what He
 3. "I do love Je - sus with all my heart" Be - cause of what He
 4. Will you love Je - sus with all your heart? He bore your sins on

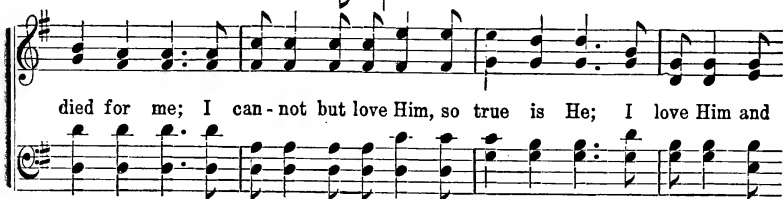


did for me: His life for me on the cross He gave, He
 does for me: His depth - less grace all my life en - folds, And
 is to me: My Light, my Life, my a - bid - ing Strength, My
 Cal - va - ry; Re - pent, be - lieve, Him as Lord con - fess; Then

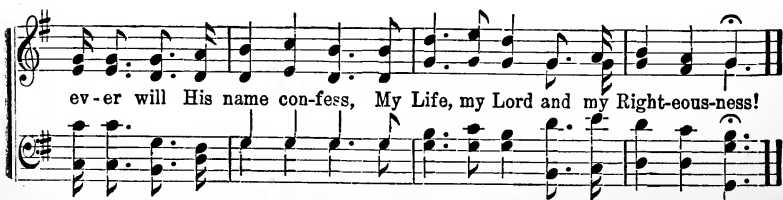
CHORUS.



died for me on Cal - va - ry.
 guards in love's true lib - er - ty. I can - not but love Him who
 sure De - fence, my King is He.
 you shall live e - ter - nal - ly.



died for me; I can - not but love Him, so true is He; I love Him and



ev - er will His name con - fess, My Life, my Lord and my Right - eous - ness!

NOTE—In one of the very first meetings of the wonderful revival in Wales, a young lady arose and said, "I do love Jesus with all my heart." With this confession the Holy Ghost fell on the people in mighty power.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While standing there my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the vale, My por - tion there will be



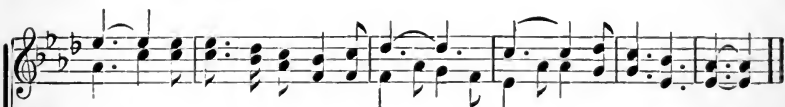
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (e-nough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



CHORUS.



Grace, fathomless as the sea, Grace, flowing from Cal - va - ry,
 His grace is fath - om - less as the roll - ing sea, His grace is flow - ing from Cal - va - ry for me,



Grace, e-nough for e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, e-nough for me!
 His grace, e-nough for e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, can it be there's grace e-nough for me?



8 Oh, What a Change!

ADA R. HABERSHON.

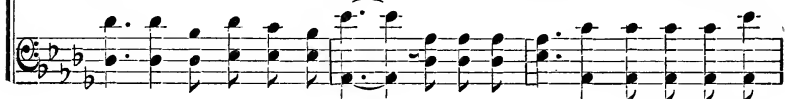
ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. Soon will our Sa - viour from heav-en ap - pear, Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - u - nion com - plete, Ab-sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weak-ness will change to mag-ni - fi - cent strength, Fail - ure will



hope and its pow-er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleep-ing ones raised in a mo-ment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempests will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per-fec-tion at length, Sor-row will change to un - end-ing de-



face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!



CHORUS.



Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change, When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,



Oh, What a Change!

see His wonder-ful face! Oh, what a change, . . . Oh, what a
Oh, what a change,

change, When I shall see His face!
Oh, what a change,

9

The Old Time Religion.

AS SUNG BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.

C. D. T.

Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

СНО. 'Tis the old time re-li-gion, 'Tis the old time re-li-gion,
1. It was good for our mo-thers, It was good for our mo-thers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod-y,
3. It has saved our . . . fa - thers, It has saved our . . . fa - thers,

'Tis the old time re-li-gion, And it's good e - nough for me!
It was good for our mo-thers, And it's good e - nough for me!
Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod-y, And it's good e - nough for me!
It has saved our . . . fa - thers, And it's good e - nough for me!

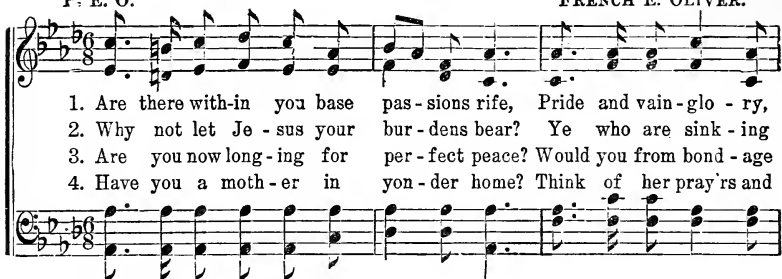
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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. : Makes me love the good old Bible, :
And it's good enough for me!</p> <p>5. : It will lead me to Jesus, :
And it's good enough for me!</p> | <p>6. : It will do when I'm dying, :
And it's good enough for me!</p> <p>7. : It will take us all to heaven, :
And it's good enough for me!</p> |
|---|---|

"Get Right with God!"

F. E. O.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.



1. Are there with-in you base pas-sions rife, Pride and vain-glo-ry,
 2. Why not let Je-sus your bur-dens bear? Ye who are sink-ing
 3. Are you now long-ing for per-fect peace? Would you from bond-age
 4. Have you a moth-er in yon-der home? Think of her pray'rs and



ran-cor and strife? Heed, heed the call to the bet-ter life:
 in-to de-spair, Lost for e-ter-ni-ty, O be-ware!
 now have re-lease? Seek ye the Lord ere His plead-ings cease;
 tears as you roam; Hear her still plead-ing with yon to come;

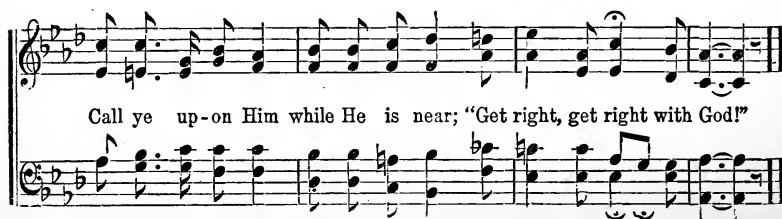
CHORUS.



"Get right, get right with God!" Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth



stand-eth here, Friend of the sin-ner, Sav-iour so dear;(so dear;)



Call ye up-on Him while He is near; "Get right, get right with God!"

The Old Time Fire.

W. H. BATHURST, arr.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
2. Where is that Spir - it, Lord, Who dwelt in Abram's breast, and sealed him Thine;
3. That Spir - it, who from age to age, Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught Thy ways;
4. Is not Thy grace as might-y now As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r—
5. Re - member, Lord, the ancient days; Re - new Thy work, Thy grace restore;



Which bade their souls to heav'n as - pire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold!
 Who made Paul's heart with sor - row melt, And glow with en - er - gy di - vine?
 Bright - ened Is - ai - ah's viv - id page, And breath'd in Da - vid's hallowed lays?
 When glo - ry beam'd from Mo - ses' brow, Or Job en - dured the try - ing hour?
 And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour!



CHORUS.



Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord! Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord!



Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord, And burn up all the dross!



12 Christ Alone Has Power to Save.

J. B. T.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



1. When toss'd on Gal - i-lee's rough wave, And fear their anxious hearts oppressed,
2. When he who sight had nev - er known, Came to the Lord with pleading voice,
3. When cru - ci - fied on Cal - va - ry, And in the tomb was laid a - way,
4. When tri - als thick my path sur-round, When hope departs and gloom descends,



The Mas-ter's voice spoke firm and clear, And calm'd the an-gry waves to rest.
That word and touch made darkness flee, And bade the sor-row-ful re-joice.
He rose tri - umphant o'er the grave, And lives and reigns with boundless sway.
A gen - tle voice speaks from a-bove, And ev - 'ry dark fore-bod - ing ends.



CHORUS.



It was His voice that still'd the wave, His healing touch new vision gave;
It was His voice that still'd the wave, His healing touch new vision gave,



His might has triumph'd o'er the grave, Our Christ a-lone has power to save.
His might has tri - umph'd o'er the grave, Our Christ has power to save.



King of Kings.

THOMAS KELLY.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of sor-rows now!
2. Crown the Sav-iour! an - gels crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav-iour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri-umph - ant chords!



From the fight re-turned vic - to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow!
 In the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings!
 Saints and an - gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name!
 Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!



Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow!
 Crown Him! crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings!
 Crown Him! crown Him! Spread a-broad the Vic - tor's fame!
 Crown Him! crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords!
 Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!



Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow!
 Crown Him! crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings!
 Crown Him! crown Him! Spread a-broad the Vic - tor's fame!
 Crown Him! crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords!
 Crown Him! crown Him!



14 I'll Praise Him More and More!

BLANCHE CLAPPER.

J. E. DELMARTER.



1. For what the Sav-iour did for me Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Be-cause, for my lost soul, to prove The depth and sweetness of His love,
3. Be-cause He paid the debt for me, And gave my soul sweet lib - er - ty,
4. Be-cause I know that He will come To bear my wea - ry spir - it home,



With joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise Him more and more!
 He left His Fa - ther's house a - bove, I'll praise Him more and more!
 For - ev - er His my love shall be— I'll praise Him more and more!
 When here be-low I cease to roam, I'll praise Him more and more!



CHORUS.



I'll praise Him more and more! Yes, praise Him more and more!
 I'll praise Him more and more! Yes, praise Him more and more!



While a - ges roll, my ran - somed soul Shall praise Him more and more!

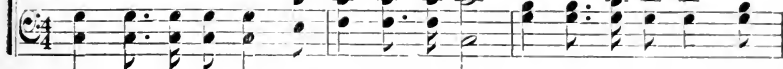


JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Naught have I got - ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver - flows, Lov - ing his Sav - iour, to



I have be - lieved; Boast - ing ex - clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
 God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
 else I must die; Sin had a - larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em - brace - I'm



CHORUS.



on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
 now am a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
 now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
 on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!



On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to

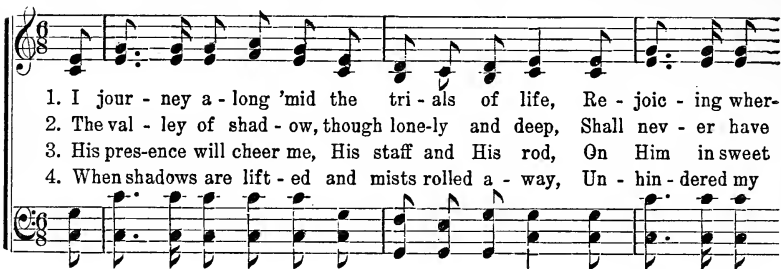


God be the glo - ry, - I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

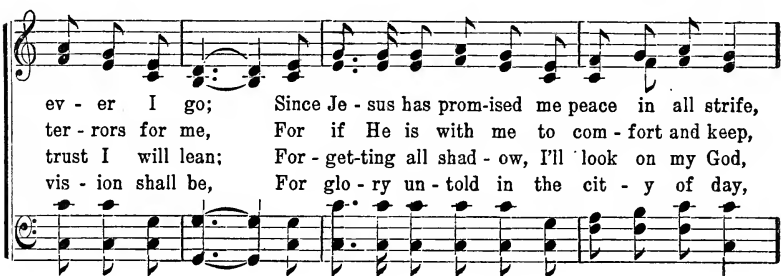


Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

D. B. TOWNER.

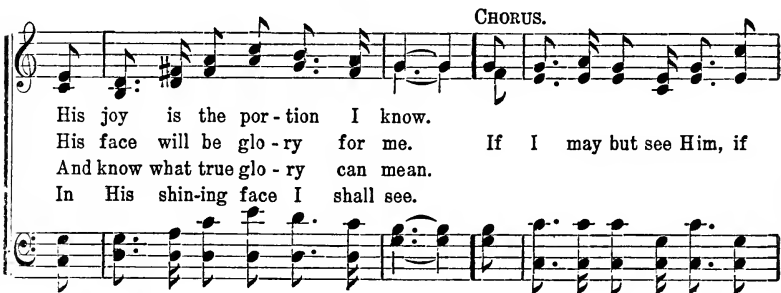


1. I jour - ney a - long 'mid the tri - als of life, Re - joic - ing wher -
 2. The val - ley of shad - ow, though lone - ly and deep, Shall nev - er have
 3. His pres - ence will cheer me, His staff and His rod, On Him in sweet
 4. When shadows are lift - ed and mists rolled a - way, Un - hin - dered my

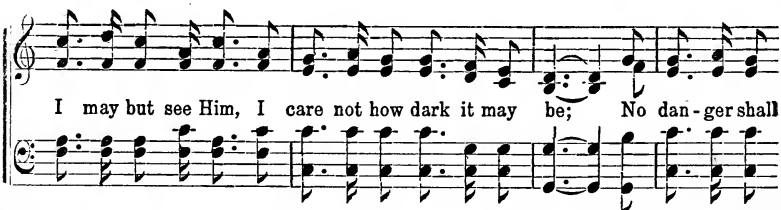


ev - er I go; Since Je - sus has prom - ised me peace in all strife,
 ter - rors for me, For if He is with me to com - fort and keep,
 trust I will lean; For - get - ting all shad - ow, I'll look on my God,
 vis - ion shall be, For glo - ry un - told in the cit - y of day,

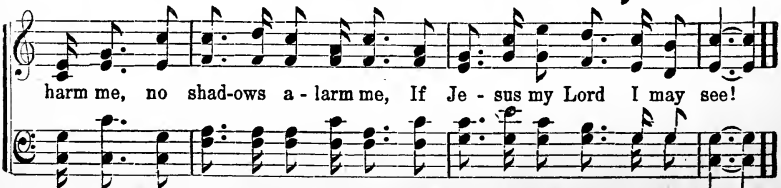
CHORUS.



His joy is the por - tion I know.
 His face will be glo - ry for me. If I may but see Him, if
 And know what true glo - ry can mean.
 In His shin - ing face I shall see.



I may but see Him, I care not how dark it may be; No dan - ger shall



harm me, no shad - ows a - larm me, If Je - sus my Lord I may see!

17 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,

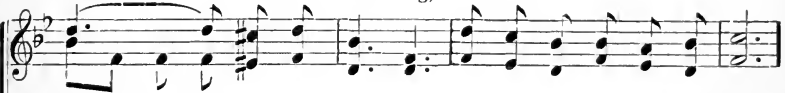


There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing,



Show - ers, show-ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless - ing we need;



Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



18 No One Can Help You But Jesus.

A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. No one can help you but Je - sus! Your sins may be scar - let, I know,
2. No one can help you but Je - sus! His name is your weapon and shield;
3. No one can help you but Je - sus! No heart is so ten - der and true;
4. No one can help you but Je - sus! Go seek for Him then in His Word;



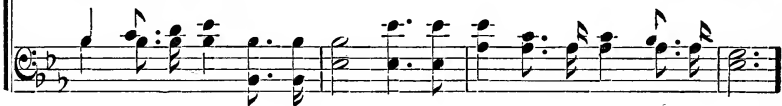
But red - der the blood of your ran - som On Cal - va - ry stream'd long a - go.
Be - fore it the dark hosts of Sa - tan In ter - ror shall tremble and yield.
All judg - ment to Him is com - mit - ted, And He is your ad - vo - cate, too.
The voic - es of earth may mis - lead you, But nev - er the voice of your Lord.



CHORUS.



No one can help you but Je - sus, For no one but Je - sus knows how;



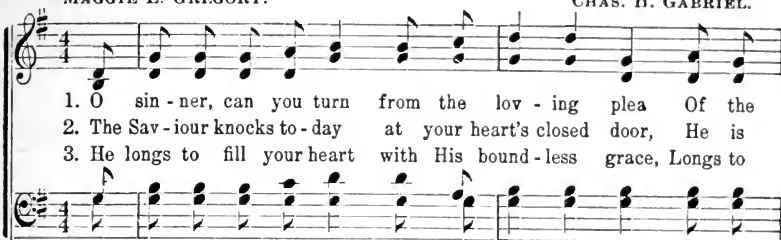
He sees all the past and the fu - ture, And just what the trouble is now.



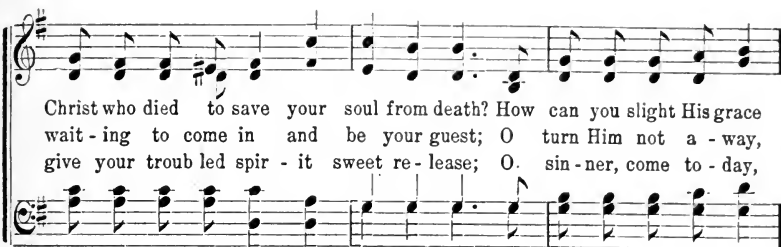
Come to Him Today.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

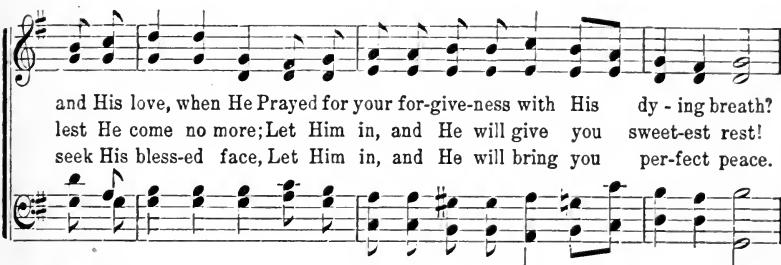
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O sin - ner, can you turn from the lov - ing plea Of the
 2. The Sav - iour knocks to - day at your heart's closed door, He is
 3. He longs to fill your heart with His bound - less grace, Longs to



Christ who died to save your soul from death? How can you slight His grace
 wait - ing to come in and be your guest; O turn Him not a - way,
 give your troubled spir - it sweet re - lease; O. sin - ner, come to - day,




and His love, when He Prayed for your for-give-ness with His dy - ing breath?
 lest He come no more; Let Him in, and He will give you sweet-est rest!
 seek His bless-ed face, Let Him in, and He will bring you per-fect peace.

CHORUS.



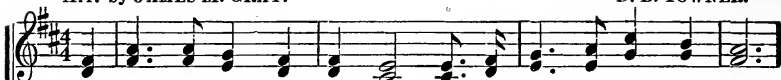
Will you come un - to Him for mer - cy? He will peace and par - don give;



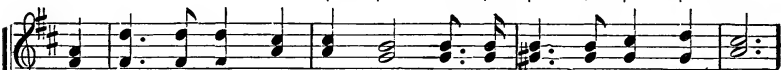
O re - ceive Him as your Sav - iour, Come un - to Him and live!

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY.

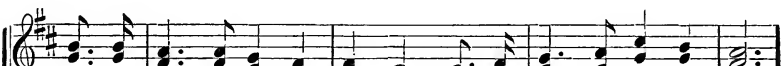
D. B. TOWNER.



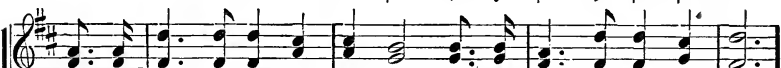
1. O pil - grim, as you jour - ney, Do you ev - er glad - ly say,
 3. O safe and bless - ed shel - ter, Heav'n-ly man-sions of con - tent!
 4. There's com - fort on the jour - ney, There is al - so guide and chart;



In spite of heav - y weath - er and the rough-ness of the way,
 There are the ho - ly kin - dred From our hearthstones ear - ly rent;
 There's wis - dom for the ask - ing, And there's sol - ace for the heart;



That it real - ly does not mat - ter, All the strange and bit - ter stress,—
 And our pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - iour, Who our sins on Cal - v'ry bore—
 And there is no need of turn - ing To the left or to the right,



Heat and cold, and toil and sor - row,—Will be healed with bless - ed - ness!
 Who would ev - er mind the jour - ney, With such bless - ed-ness in store?
 And no fear need stir the bos - om At the com - ing of the night.

CHORUS.

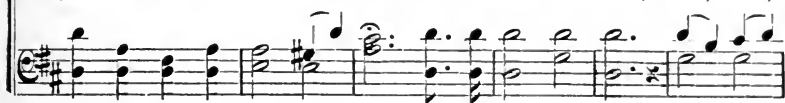


For the road leads home, Sweet, sweet home! O who would mind the

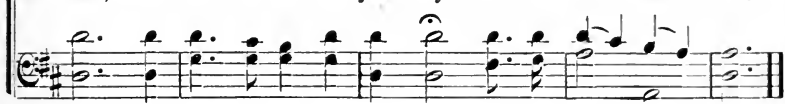
The Road Leads Home.



jour-ney When the road leads home? When the road leads home, Sweet, sweet,



home, O who would mind the jour - ney When the road leads home?



21

A Prayer.

J. B. T.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



1. Hear us, Fa-ther, while we pray; Hum-bly we our need con-fess;
2. Grant us, Lord, Thy grace di-vine; Help us live for Thee al-way;
3. We are weak, but Thou art strong—Give us of Thy might-y power;
4. We would ev-er work for Thee 'Till our course on earth is run;



Par-don all our sins to-day; May Thy love each heart possess!
 May our wills be lost in thine, As we own Thy righteous sway.
 Keep us free from sin and wrong—Give us wisdom for each hour.
 Then with un-veiled eyes we'll see All the glo-ry of Thy Son. A-men.



W. T. M.

Mrs. W. T. MORRIS.



1. Is there a Friend on whom sinners may call? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
2. Is there a Sav-iour for souls that are lost? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
3. Is there a ref-uge from sor-row and sin? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
4. Is there a ha-ven of rest from all care? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
5. Is there a heav-en where we all may meet? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;



A Friend who will help you what-ev - er be-fall? Yes, there's one, on - ly one;
 A Sav-iour who'll res-cue, tho' great is the cost? Yes, there's one, on - ly one;
 A ref - uge for all who would en - ter in? Yes, there's one, on - ly one;
 A ha-ven where Sa-tan can nev-er ensnare? Yes, there's one, on - ly one;
 Where lov'd ones who've gone on be - fore we may greet? Yes, there's one, on - ly one;



Je-sus of Naz - a - reth, cru - ci - fied, On the cross for sin - ners died;



He is a Friend when there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on - ly one.
 He is the Sav - iour, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on - ly one.
 He is the ref - uge, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on - ly one.
 He is the rest - ing - place, there a-bide; Yes, there's one, on - ly one.
 With Him in heav - en the saved a-bide; Yes, there's one, on - ly one.



Steer For Home!

JAMES ROWE.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Soul, on sin's wild o - cean go - ing Swift - ly on to doom,
2. Why, for but a sin - ful leis - ure, Miss the hap - py goal?
3. Sure de-struc - tion is be - fore thee, Rock, and swamp-ing wave!
4. Broth - er, see, the night is fall - ing! Haste, to safe - ty come!



See, the warn - ing light is glow - ing Clear - ly through the gloom!
 Why, for but an earth - ly pleas - ure, Lose thy prec - ious soul?
 Soon the break - ers will be o'er thee, Then no hand can save.
 Je - sus plead - ing - ly is call - ing: Steer, O steer for home!



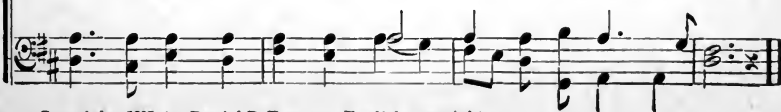
CHORUS.



Steer for home! Steer for home! Drift, O drift no more;



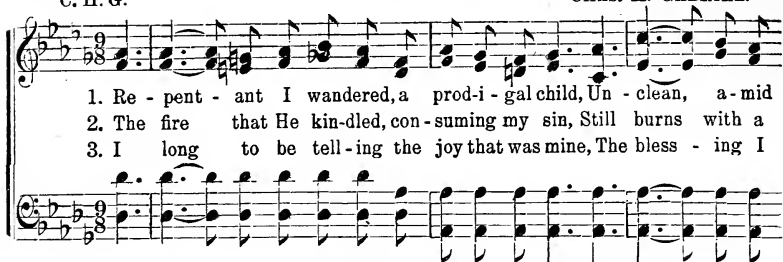
Lov - ing voic - es bid thee come; Steer for the home-ward shore!



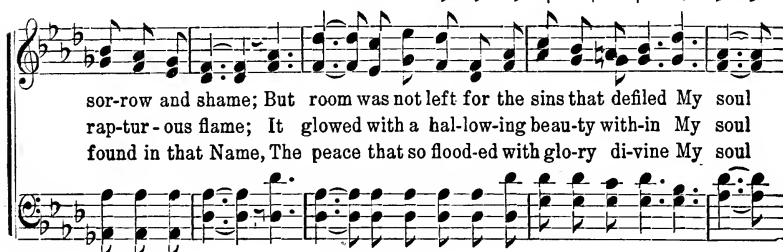
When the Comforter Came.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

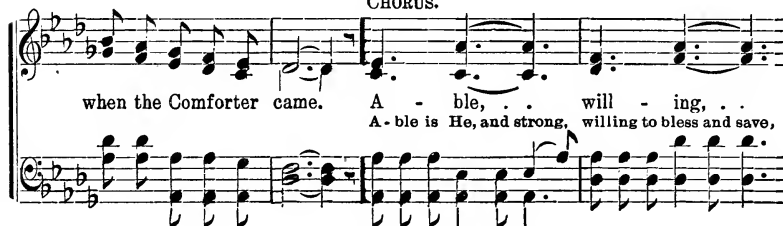


1. Re - pent - ant I wandered, a prod-i - gal child, Un - clean, a - mid
 2. The fire that He kin-dled, con - suming my sin, Still burns with a
 3. I long to be tell - ing the joy that was mine, The bless - ing I

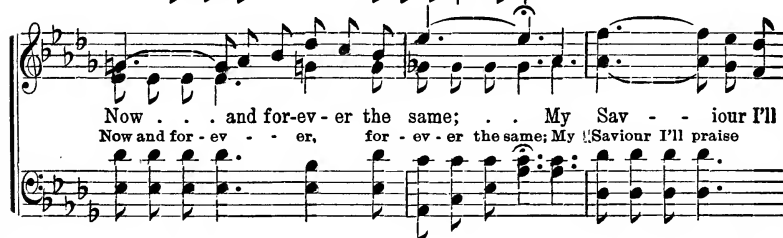


sor-row and shame; But room was not left for the sins that defiled My soul
 rap-tur - ous flame; It glowed with a hal-low-ing beau-ty with-in My soul
 found in that Name, The peace that so flood-ed with glo-ry di-vine My soul

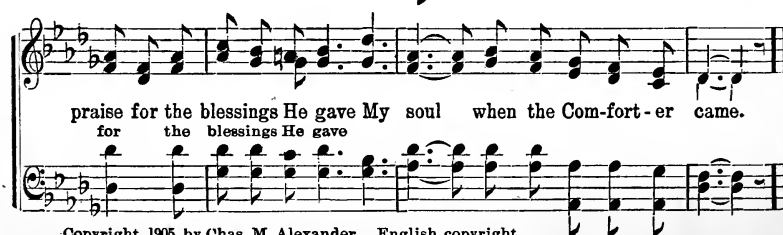
CHORUS.



when the Comforter came. A - ble, . . . will - ing, . . .
 A - ble is He, and strong, willing to bless and save,



Now . . . and for-ev - er the same; . . . My Sav - - iour I'll
 Now and for - ev - - er, for - ev - er the same; My Saviour I'll praise



praise for the blessings He gave My soul when the Com-fort - er came.
 for the blessings He gave

Let Everybody Sing!

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Now to the Lord our God up - raise, And Je - sus Christ our King,
2. Down to the cross He stooped to give To death a mor - tal sting,
3. Come to the fount your thirst to slake Where liv - ing wa - ters spring;
4. Give to the winds thy guilt - y care, And to His prom - ise cling,
5. Blest are the souls who seek and find The shel - ter of His wing;
6. Soon will He come in bliss a - gain, With all the saints to bring

The voice of song in love and praise,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
 That all by faith a - lone may live,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
 For who - so - ev - er will may take,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
 Who giv - eth grace to do and bear,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
 For God is love; and Christ is kind,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
 The king - dom, and the crowns! O then,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!

CHORUS.

Soprano

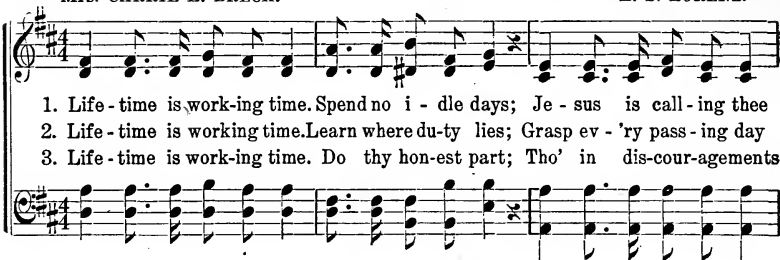
Let ev'-ry-bod-y sing, Let ev'-ry-bod-y sing, The old, old sto-ry
 ev'rybody sing, ev'rybody sing,

Bass

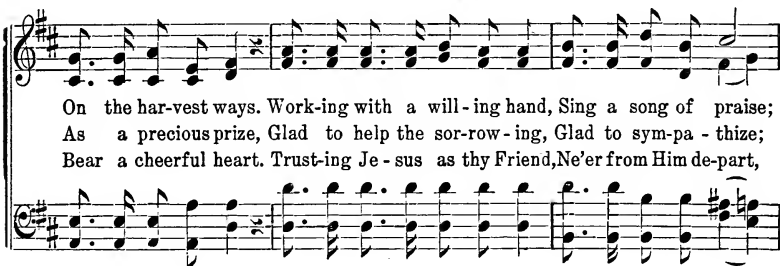
ev - er new, Ev-er good, and ev-er true, Let ev-'ry-bod-y sing!
ev'rybody sing!

Mrs. CARRIE E. BRECK.

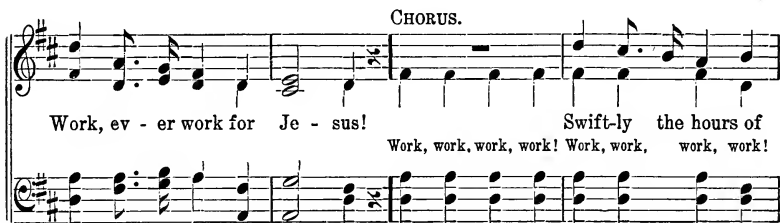
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Life-time is work-ing time. Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee
 2. Life-time is working time. Learn where du - ty lies; Grasp ev - 'ry pass-ing day
 3. Life-time is work-ing time. Do thy hon-est part; Tho' in dis-cour-agements

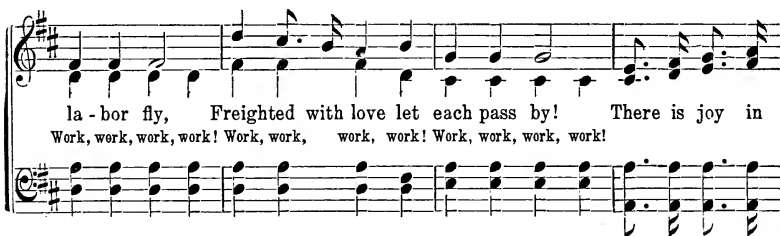


On the har-vest ways. Work-ing with a will-ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
 As a precious prize, Glad to help the sor-row-ing, Glad to sym-pa - thize;
 Bear a cheerful heart. Trust-ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from Him de-part,

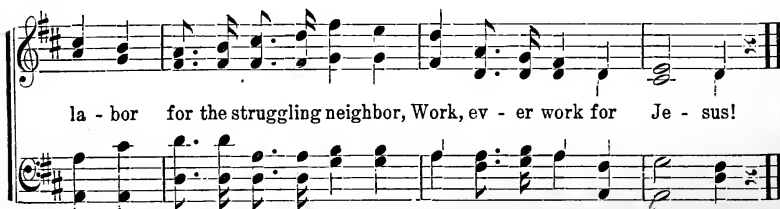


CHORUS.

Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swift-ly the hours of
 Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!



la - bor fly, Freight-ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
 Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!



la - bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

Like Christ in Every Thing.

HELEN A. HIMES.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Like Christ as one that serv-eth In deep hu-mil-i-ty;
2. Like Christ in gen-tle sweet-ness, In true no-bil-i-ty;
3. Like Christ in full de-pen-dence Up-on the Fath-er's will,
4. O Fa-ther, wilt Thou fin-ish The work in us be-gun,



As one who nev-er swerv-eth From paths of pur-i-ty.
 Like Him in ho-ly meek-ness, In ten-der char-i-ty.
 In His un-wea-ried pa-tience Our mis-sion to ful-fill.
 Till we show forth com-plet-ed The im-age of the Son!



CHORUS.



Like Christ in ev-'ry thing! His im-age I will bear



When I shall see Him as He is, And all His glo-ry share.



CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He call'd me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirr'd,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. He lift-ed me.



CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!



29 I Sought the Blessed Redeemer.

H. E. JONES.

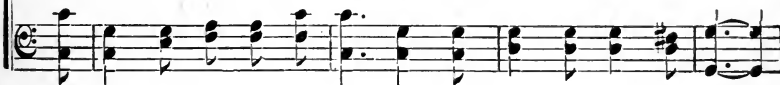
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I sought the bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thro' crowds I pressed my way;
2. O come to Je-sus, the Sav-iour, All ye who need a cure;
3. O come to Je-sus, be-liev-ing, On Him your bur-dens roll;
4. O come to Je-sus, the Heal-er, The Life, the Truth, the Way;



I touched the hem of His gar-ment, And I am whole to-day.
 He waits this mo-ment to bless you, To save and make you pure.
 The One so read-y to cleanse you, Will fill with joy your soul.
 Come, touch the hem of His gar-ment, Be cleansed and saved to-day!



CHORUS.



My faith has made me whole, And sin has lost con-trol.
 perfectly whole, has lost control;




I touched the hem of His gar-ment, There's glo-ry in my soul!

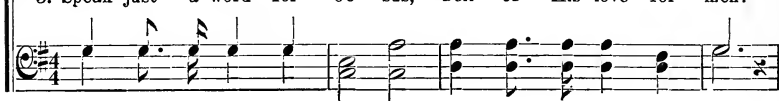



KATHERINE O. BARKER.

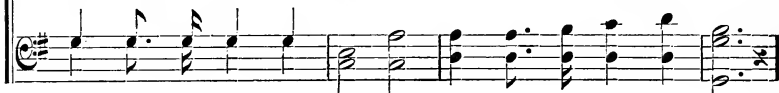
D. B. TOWNER.




1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He died for you,
 2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He helps you live,
 3. Speak just a word for Je - sus,—Do not for oth - ers wait;
 4. Speak just a word for Je - sus,—Why should you doubt or fear?
 5. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell of His love for men!

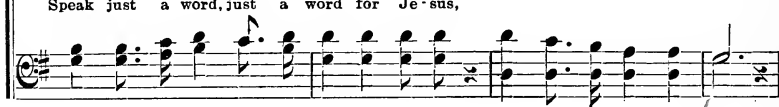

Oft - en re - peat the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true!
 Tell of the strength and com - fort Which He will free - ly give!
 Glad - ly pro - claim the mes - sage Ere it shall be too late!
 Sure - ly His love will bless it; Some one will glad - ly hear.
 Some one dis - tressed may list - en, Will - ing to trust Him then.



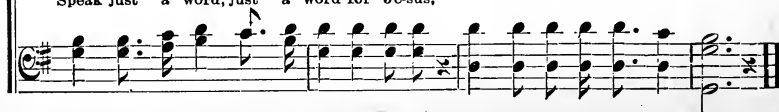
CHORUS.



Speak just a word, Ev - er to Him be true;
 Speak just a word, just a word for Je - sus,

Speak just a word, Tell what He's do - ing for you!
 Speak just a word, just a word for Je - sus,



EMMA G. DIETRICK.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. O ach - ing heart, with sor - row torn, Thy Lord is near, and knows;
 2. O faint - ing soul, with doubts oppressed, Thy Lord is near, and knows;
 3. O wea - ry head that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near, and knows;
 4. O lone - ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near, and knows;

He knows it all— the feet way-worn, The wea - ry cares and woes,
 He knows it all— how thou art pressed On ev - 'ry side with foes;
 He knows it all, and on His breast Thou may - est now re - pose:
 He knows it all, sees ev - 'ry test, Yes, ev - 'ry tear that flows;

The load of grief in anguish borne; Thy Lord is near, He knows!
 He waits to be thy cherished Guest;
 Drop ev - 'ry care at His be-hest;
 Re-joice, faint heart. His way is best; Thy Lord is near, He knows!

REFRAIN. *rall.*

He knows, He knows, Thy Lord is near, . . . He knows!
 He knows. He knows.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I stand be - fore the cross of Christ, The Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;
 2. Un - wor - thy of such might - y love, I stand with - out a plea;
 3. He took my place, my soul is free, The price has all been paid;
 4. See Je - sus in the sin - ner's place! Be - hold the match - less love!

And love re - peats in whisp - er low: "'Twas in my place He died!"
 But when His jus - tice marks my guilt, I cry: "He died for me!"
 On Him that day up - on the tree, My guilt and sins were laid.
 And now the Son of God pre - pares A place with Him a - bove.

CHORUS.

My place was there up - on the cross, the cru - ci - fied cross, And

mine the sin - ner's end - less loss; un - end - ing loss; He took my place, the

Cru - ci - fied; For me He died, the Sav - iour died!

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O change-less Word of life and light, A per - fect rule to guide me,
2. Thou Book di - vine, thy pag - es shine With heav'n's un-fad - ing glo - ry;
3. Here law and love and wis - dom stand Re-vealed thro' by-gone a - ges,
4. Untouched by time, or men's as-saults, This Word re-mains un-shak - en,



I take thy coun-sels, trust thy truth, And in my heart I hide thee.
 Thou dost re - veal to mor-tals here The great re-demp-tion sto - ry.
 And chil-dren read a mes-sagesweet Up - on thy sim - ple pag - es.
 And those who build up - on this rock Will nev - er be for - sak - en.



CHORUS.



Prec-ious Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, Book by in - spir - a - tion giv - en;

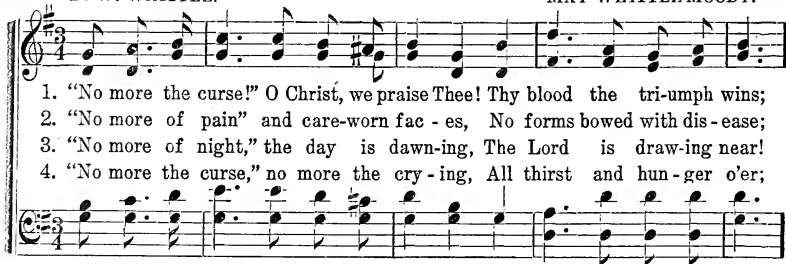


Pre - cious Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, Light to guide our souls to heav'n!

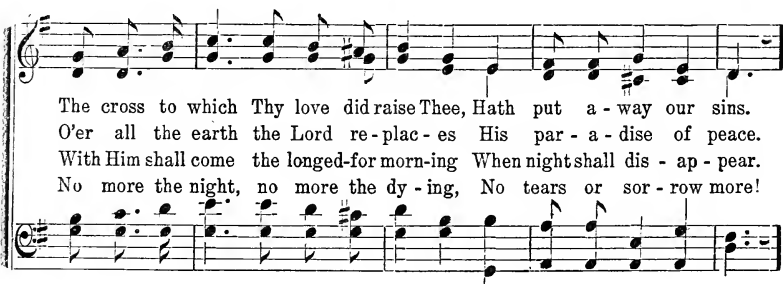


D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

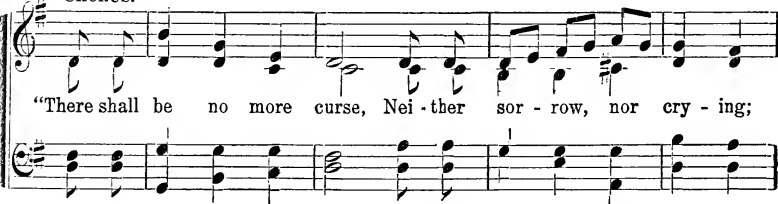


1. "No more the curse!" O Christ, we praise Thee! Thy blood the tri-umph wins;
 2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac-es, No forms bowed with dis-ease;
 3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing, The Lord is draw-ing near!
 4. "No more the curse," no more the cry-ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;



The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a-way our sins.
 O'er all the earth the Lord re-plac-es His par-a-dise of peace.
 With Him shall come the longed-for morn-ing When night shall dis-ap-pear.
 No more the night, no more the dy-ing, No tears or sor-row more!

CHORUS.



"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor-row, nor cry-ing;



There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark-ness, nor dy-ing;



And God shall wipe a-way All tears from their eyes."

ANNA HUBER GARDNER.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Just why He saved me I don't know, Nor why it was He loved me so;
2. Just why He whispered, "Come to Me," I can-not know or tell to thee;
3. Just why He tries me ev-'ry day, And lets new sor-rows cross my way,
4. O bless-ed knowledge this, that He Is ev-er near to com-fort me!



But this I know—He is my Lord, I'm trusting in His bless-ed word.
 But this I know—I heard His voice, And in His love I now re-joice.
 I can-not tell; but this I know—He's with me ev-'ry-where I go.
 So ev-'ry day I'll trust and sing, And to my bless-ed Sav-iour cling.



CHORUS.



Some day, yes, some day, When I have heard the an-gel call, 'Twill all be

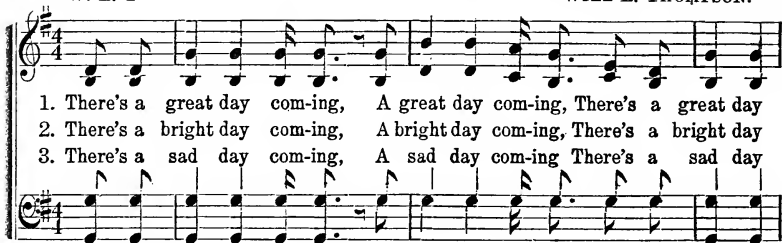


plain, the loss, the gain; Yes, some day, some day I shall know it all.

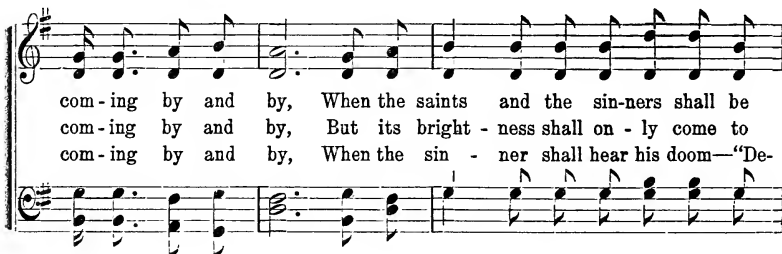


W. L. T.

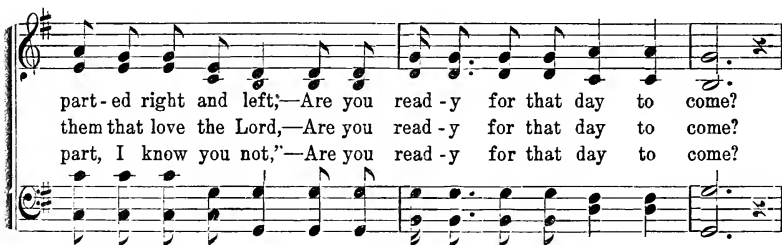
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing There's a sad day

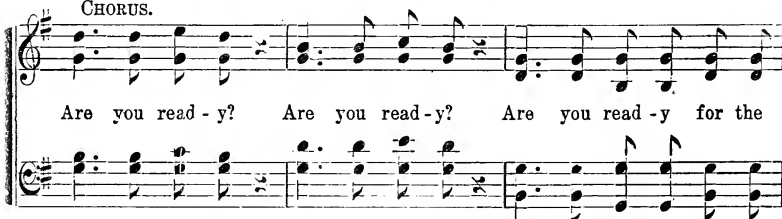


com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
 com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

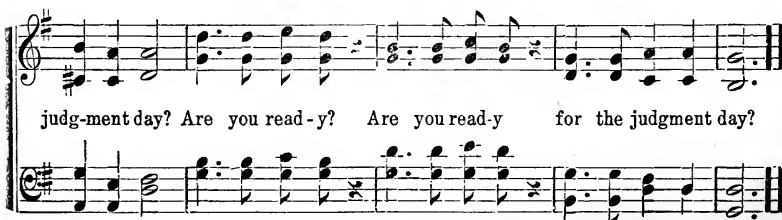


part-ed right and left;—Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know you not,"—Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

REBECCA S. POLLARD.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Sav - iour, tis a full sur-ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri - tion, At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
3. No with-holding—full con-fess - ion; Pleasures, riches, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!



Thou my lead - er and de - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's power!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rapt-ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



CHORUS.



I sur-render all!

I sur-render all!

I sur-render all!

I sur-render all!



All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur-render all!



Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on. A-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
 prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-ry

on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
 land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

39 Father, Lead Me Day by Day.

J. PAGE HOPPS.

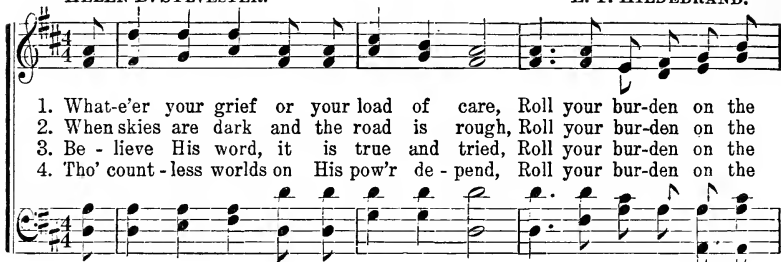
D. B. TOWNER

1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
2. When in dan - ger make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempt - ed to do wrong, Make me stead - fast, wise, and strong;
4. May I do the good I know, Be Thy lov - ing child be - low,
Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me safe by Thy dear side, Let me in Thy love a - bide.
And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thy child to be!

40 Roll Your Burden on the Lord.

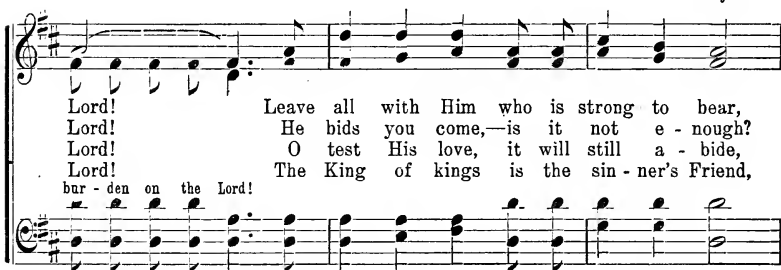
HELEN D. SYLVESTER.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. What-e'er your grief or your load of care, Roll your bur-den on the
 2. When skies are dark and the road is rough, Roll your bur-den on the
 3. Be - lieve His word, it is true and tried, Roll your bur-den on the
 4. Tho' count-less worlds on His pow'r de - pend, Roll your bur-den on the

Roll your

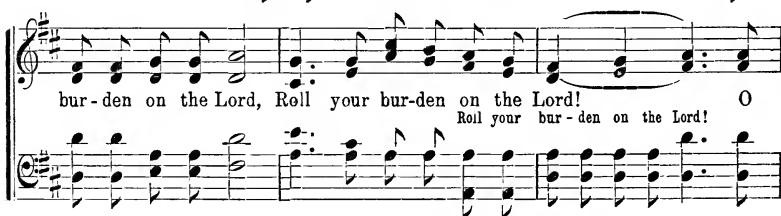


Lord! Leave all with Him who is strong to bear,
 Lord! He bids you come,—is it not e - nough?
 Lord! O test His love, it will still a - bide,
 Lord! The King of kings is the sin - ner's Friend,
 bur - den on the Lord!

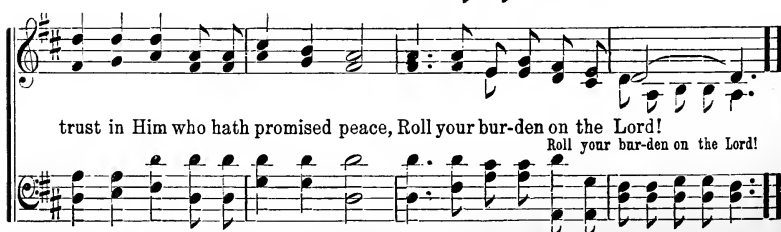
CHORUS.



Roll your bur - den on the Lord! Roll, roll your
 Roll your bur - den on the Lord!



bur - den on the Lord, Roll your bur - den on the Lord! O
 Roll your bur - den on the Lord!



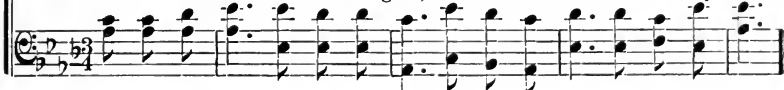
trust in Him who hath promised peace, Roll your bur - den on the Lord!
 Roll your bur - den on the Lord!

JAMES M. GRAY.

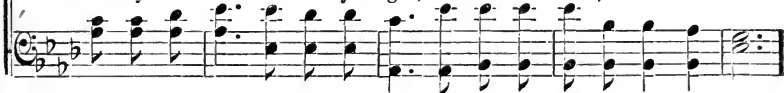
D. B. TOWNER.



1. There is a gate! O bless the Lord, The way to E - den since the fall
2. There is a gate! O pil-grim soul, Thy wea-ry jour-ney has an end,—
3. It leads to life—that heav'nly gate, The life that nev-er knows an end;
4. But few there be that find that gate; Their own good works turn them a-side,
5. It is a strait and nar-row gate, Too strait and nar-row for thy sin;



Has not been barred by flam-ing sword, Or high im - pen - e - tra - ble wall.
 No keep-er there de-mands a toll; Who holds the latchet is a friend.
 It o - pens on a rich es - tate, Where hap-pi - ness and glo - ry blend.
 Or else the world ex-tends a bait, Whose road is broad, whose gate is wide.
 He lays a - side his ev-'ry weight, Thro' faith in Christ, who en-ters in.



CHORUS.



Knock, and it shall be o - pened un - to you!



Knock, and it shall be o - pened un - to you! Knock, and it




shall be o - pened un - to you! Seek, and ye shall find!





HELEN D. SYLVESTER.



WM. L. GILPIN.



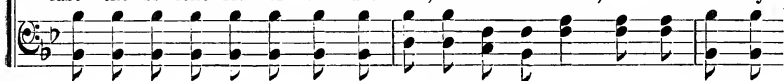
1. In the green and pleas-ant past-ures, By the wa - ters calm and still,
 2. O the flock the Shepherd lead - eth He de - fend-eth from all harm;
 3. There is not a guide like Je - sus, With His clear and heav'n-ly voice;

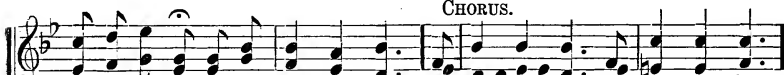
My Re - deem-er and my Shepherd Gen-tly leads me at His will. When He
 With His watchful eye up - on them They are safe from all a - larm. Let us
 As it ring-eth in the darkness, How my spir - it doth re-joice! When at



turns and walks in shad-ow, Still I hear His voice of love: "Lit - tle flock, o-
 fol - low not a stran-ger, Who will sure-ly lead a - stray, For the Shep-herd
 last the si - lent riv - er I must cross, thro' shadows dim, I shall hear my



CHORUS.



bey and fol-low To the fold a - bove."
 ev - er-lov-ing Knows the narrow way. My Shepherd's voice With joy I hear,
 Shepherd calling, And will fol-low Him. My Shepherd's voice I hear, His voice with joy I hear,

The tender, loving Shepherd calleth: "Do not fear"; His voice I hear, His
 His voice with joy I hear, My



My Shepherd's Voice.



voice I hear, The ten - der, lov - ing Shep-herd call - eth: "Do not fear."
Shepherd's voice I hear,



43 Come, Holy Spirit, Come!

H. D. SPEAR.

F. S. SHEPARD.



- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, | Com - fort - er bless'd! | Give to my |
| 2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, | Teach - er di - vine! | Lead in the |
| 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, | Heav - en - ly Guide! | Ev - er di- |
| 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, | My All in All! | Thou canst sup- |



wear - y heart Sweet peace and rest; Naught of my - self would I,
way of truth This heart of mine; I am so slow to learn,
rect my path, Be near my side; Dang - ers be - set the way,
ply each need, Or great or small; Thou art a lov - ing Friend,



To Thee a - lone I fly, Heed Thou my humble cry— Come, Spir - it, come!
So prone from Thee to turn, Yet for Thy grace I yearn—Come, Spir - it, come!
Foes threaten night and day, Keep, lest from Thee I stray—Come, Spir - it, come!
Ev - er my way at - tend, And from all ill de - fend—Come, Spir - it, come!

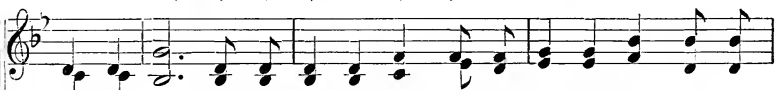


Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY.

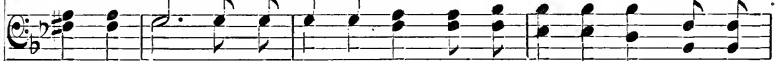
D. B. TOWNER.



1. The Re - fin - er sat by the seven - fold fire, As He watched by the
 2. So He laid our gold in the flam - ing fire, Tho' we fain would have
 3. Should we think it pleased such a lov - ing heart For to cause us a



pre - cious ore, And He bent more close with a search - ing gaze, As He
 said Him nay; And He watched the dross that we had not seen, And it
 mo - ment's pain? 'Tis not so, but that thro' the pres - ent cross He should



heat - ed it more and more, For He knew the ore that could stand the test,
 melt - ed and passed a - way, And the gold grew bright - er and yet more bright,
 see an e - ter - nal gain. So He wait - ed there with a watch - ful eye,

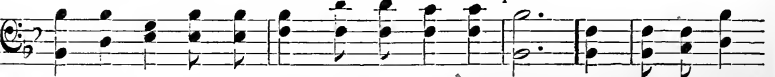


And He want - ed the fin - est gold For to mould as a crown for the
 But our eyes were so dim with tears That we saw but the fire, not the
 And a love that is strong and sure; And His gold did not suf - fer a



CHORUS.

King to wear, Set with gems with a price un - told.
 Mas - ter's hand, And we ques - tioned with anx - ious fears. He knew He had
 bit more heat Than was need - ed to make it pure.



The Refiner's Fire.



ore that could stand the test, And He want-ed the fin-est gold To



mould as a crown for the King to wear, Set with gems with a price un - told.



45 Arm of the Lord, Awake!

W. SHRUBSOLE.

Psalmody Evangelica, 1789.



1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake! Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
2. Say to the heath-en from Thy throne, I am Je - ho - vah, God a - lone;
3. Let Zi-on's time of fa - vor come; O bring the tribes of Is - rael home,
4. Al - might-y God, Thy grace pro-claim In ev - 'ry clime, of ev - 'ry name;



And let the world, a - dor - ing, see Tri-umphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee!
 Thy voice their i - dols shall con-found, And cast their al-tars to the ground.
 And let our won-d'ring eyes be - hold Gen-tiles and Jews in Je - sus' fold!
 Let ad-verse pow'rs be - fore Thee fall, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all!



JANE CREWDSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O Thou whose bounty fills my cup With ev - 'ry bless - ing meet,
2. I praise Thee for the des - ert road, And for the riv - er - side;
3. I thank Thee for both smile and frown, And for the gain and loss;
4. I thank Thee for Thy wing of love, Which stirred my world - ly nest,
5. I thank Thee for the glad in - crease, And for the wan - ing joy,



I give Thee thanks for ev - 'ry drop, The bit - ter and the sweet!
 For all Thy good - ness hath be - stowed, And all Thy grace de - nied.
 I praise Thee for the fu - ture crown, And for the pres - ent cross.
 And for the storm - y clouds that drove The flut - terer to Thy breast.
 And for this strange, this set - tled peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.



CHORUS. 1 Thess. 5: 18.



In ev - 'ry-thing give thanks, In ev - 'ry-thing give thanks,
 give thanks, give thanks,



For this is the will of God in Christ Je - sus Con - cern - ing you!



EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS.

LOUIS D. EICHORN.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? He's ten-der-ly
 2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
 3. Take Christ as your Sav-iour, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-den'd heart
 ject Him to - night! To-mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
 bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, His Spir-it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par-don so full and so free. . . so free,
 Un-bro-ken by heav-en-ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
 And safe-ly keep you in His way. . . . heav'nly light.
 His way. Why not say Yes to the

night? Why not? Why not? While He so gen-tly, so
 Saviour to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
 Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?

ten-der-ly pleads, O ac-cept Him to - night! . . .
 ac-cept Him to - night!

W. R. NEWELL.

J. E. DELMARTER.



1. O sin-ner, come list to the voice That maketh the weary re - joice!
 2. O why do you stand at the gate, And question, and falter, and wait?
 3. You trust in the truth of a friend: On man's feeble promise de - pend;
 4. He died as a ran-som for all: He saves who-so-ev-er will call;



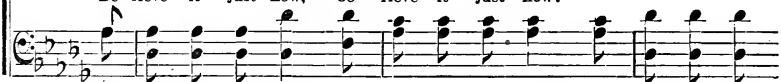
God prom-is - es life to the one Who simply believes on His Son.
 What Je - sus hath said, can you doubt? He says He will not cast you out.
 O can you not rest on the Word Of Je-sus, the glo - ri - fied Lord?
 O call on Him now, and re - ceive The blessing of those who be-lieve!



CHORUS.



Be - lieve it, be - lieve it! God's mes-sage of
 Be - lieve it just now, be - lieve it just now!



mer - cy re - ceive; . . . His prom-ise means *you*, And His
 of mer - cy re - ceive;



prom-ise is *true*; O look un - to Christ and be - lieve! . . .
 un - to Christ and be-lieve! .



HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Rouse from your slumbers! Day is at hand; Glo - ry of morn-ing breaks
 2. Long-hoped and prayed-for day of our Lord, When Sa-tan's em - pire falls
 3. Souls long in bond-age sigh for re-lease; Hearts sore and troubled long
 4. Shrink not from dan-ger! Be not dis-mayed! Je - sus your Lead-er brave

o - ver all the land; God's hosts are march-ing, ban - ners un - furled,
 by the Spir - it's sword! God's hosts will con - quer; Power from a - bove
 cry for rest and peace. God's hosts ad - vanc - ing loud - ly pro - claim
 calls to you for aid. Great is the glo - ry, rich the re - ward,

CHORUS.

Clear sounds the bu - gle call a-round the world!
 Strengthens the sol - diers of the Lord of love. Gird on your ar - mor!
 Hope of sal - va - tion in the Sav-iour's name.
 Prom - ised the sol - diers true of Christ the Lord!

Stay not behind! Now in the tree-tops whis-pers the wind. God goes be-

fore you; Forth to the fray! Rise at the bu-gle call, and march a - way!
 march a - way!

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



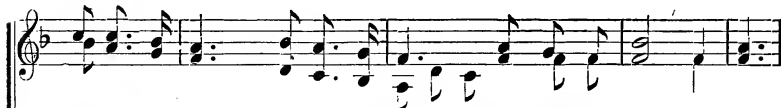
1. Go home and tell to those you love How Christ hath set you free;
2. Go home and tell them how you met With One who un - der - stood,
3. Go forth and tell to those a - round That He can meet their need,
4. Go forth and tell to those a - far That they too may be blessed,



The wondrous change which grace hath wrought, Let all your neigh - bors see.
 Who knew your need and saw your sin, And shed for you His blood.
 That 'twas for them He came to earth, On Cal - va - ry to bleed.
 Till in the ut - most bounds of earth Your Lord you have con-fessed.



CHORUS.



Go home and tell, go home and tell What God hath done for you;
 Go home and tell, go home and tell



Go home and tell, go home and tell, That they may want Him too.
 Go home and tell, go home and tell,



A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Judged by the Man cru - ci - fied;
2. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Worth-less thy right-eous-ness all;
3. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Can-kered thy sil - ver and gold;
4. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Missed the bright heaven - ly goal!



Hushed is the voice of thy boast-ing, "Finished" the king-dom of pride!
 Built on the sand thy pro - fes-sions; See how they tot - ter and fall!
 Wealth can pro-vide thee no ran-som; Shut is the door of the fold.
 What shall the world-ly gain prof - it, Los - ing for - ev - er thy soul?



CHORUS.



Weighed in the bal - ance, and wanting! Weighed! ev'ry hope now is past;



Christ, the Re-deem - er, re-ject - ed, "Wanting" the ver - dict at last!



HENRY TWELLS.

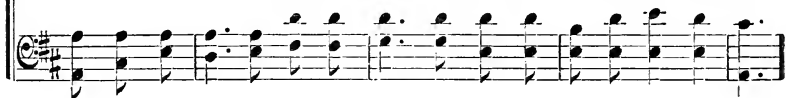
D. B. TOWNER.



1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay.
2. Once more 'tis e - ven-tide, and we, Oppressed with var - ious ills, draw near;
3. O Sav-iour Christ, our woes dis - pel, For some are sick, and some are sad,
4. And none, O Lord, have per-fect rest, For none are whol - ly free from sin;
5. O Sav-iour Christ, Thou too art man, Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;



O with what di - vers pains they met, O with what joy they went a - way!
 What if Thy form we can-not see,— We feel and know that Thou art here!
 And some have nev - er loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
 And they who fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong with-in.
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.



CHORUS.



Thy touch hath still its an-cient pow'r, No word from Thee can fruit-less fall;



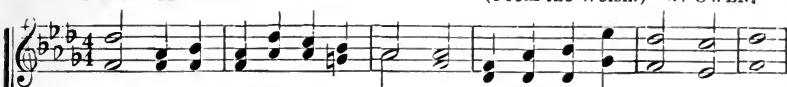
O in this sol - emn ev'n-ing hour, Do Thou in mer - cy heal us all!



What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY.

(From the Welsh.) W. OWEN.



1. O list-en to our wondrous sto - ry! Counted once a - mong the lost,
2. No an-gel could our place have tak-en, High-est of the high though he;
3. And yet this wondrous tale proceed - eth, Stir-ring heart and tongue a - flame!
4. Will you sur - render to this Sav-iour—To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?



Yet One came down from heaven's glo - ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One, on the cross for-sak - en, Was one of the God-head Three!
 As our High Priest in heav'n He plead-eth, And Christ Je-sus is His name!
 You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!



CHORUS.



Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss?

What did He do?

Who but God's Son up - on the cross?

He

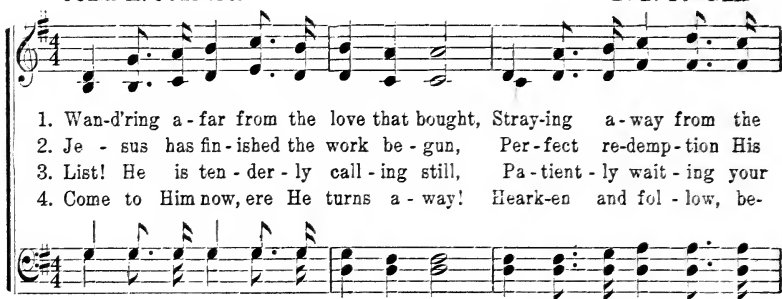


Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!
 died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!

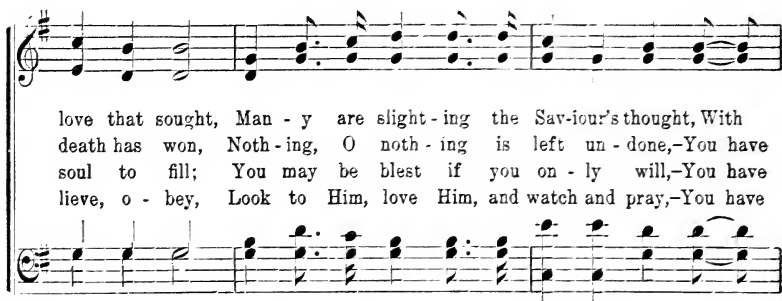


JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

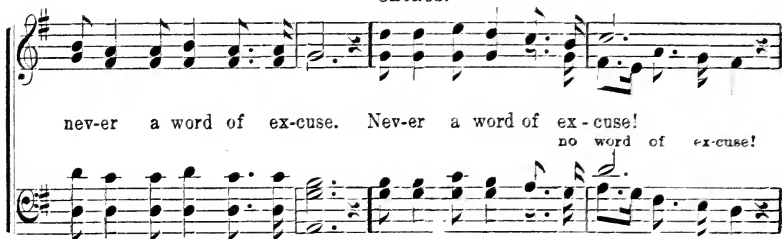


1. Wan-d'ring a - far from the love that bought, Stray-ing a - way from the
 2. Je - sus has fin - ished the work be - gun, Per - fect re - demp - tion His
 3. List! He is ten - der - ly call - ing still, Pa - tient - ly wait - ing your
 4. Come to Him now, ere He turns a - way! Heark-en and fol - low, be-

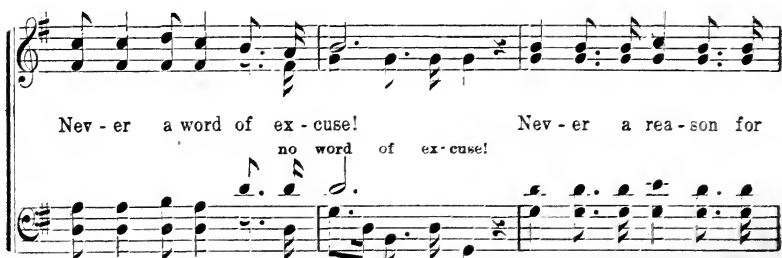


love that sought, Man - y are slight - ing the Sav-iour's thought, With
 death has won, Noth - ing, O noth - ing is left un - done, - You have
 soul to fill; You may be blest if you on - ly will, - You have
 lieve, o - bey, Look to Him, love Him, and watch and pray, - You have

CHORUS.



nev - er a word of ex - cuse. Nev - er a word of ex - cuse!
 no word of ex - cuse!



Nev - er a word of ex - cuse! Nev - er a rea - son for
 no word of ex - cuse!

Never a Word of Excuse.

go - ing a - way, An - swer - ing not when He calls to - day! Souls that are

slight - ing Him, Stay, O stay! You have nev - er a word of ex - cuse.

55 Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
4. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle and fight, and pray;
5. Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sold - iers, "Come,"

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His E - ter - nal Son.
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.
 Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day.
 Till Christ the Lord de - cends from high, And takes the conqu'rors home.


56 A Careful Look Within Your Heart.

S. D. S.


SAMUEL D. SMITH.



1. When your Sav - iour greets you, and in love en - treats you, Take a
 2. When by doubts o'er - tak - en, and your faith is shak - en, Take a
 3. When you think the Sav - iour has with - drawn His fa - vor, Take a
 4. What - so - ev - er grieves you, or in troub - le leaves you, Take a



care - ful look with - in your heart; See how much you need Him, why you
 care - ful look with - in your heart; You may find the rea - son in some
 care - ful look with - in your heart; You may find sin hid - den where your
 care - ful look with - in your heart; Peace may reign o'er sad - ness, turn - ing



now should heed Him, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.
 thought of trea - son, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.
 Lord was bid - den, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.
 grief to glad - ness, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.

CHORUS.

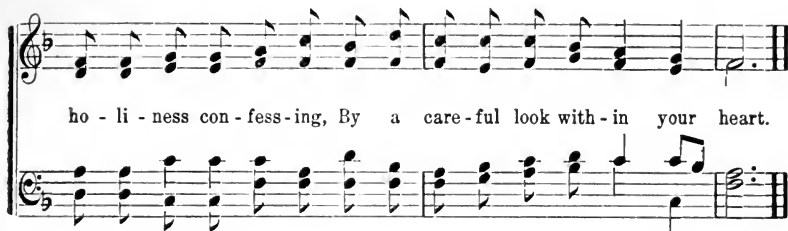


Take a care - ful look with - in your heart, . . . Yes, a pray'rful look with -
 with - in your heart,



in your heart; . . . You may find the path of bless - ing In un -
 with - in your heart;

A Careful Look Within Your Heart.



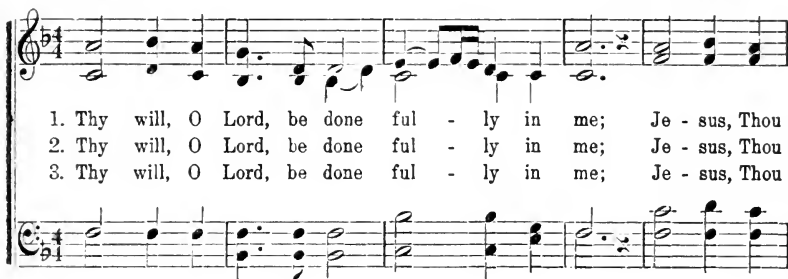
ho - li - ness con - fess - ing, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.

57

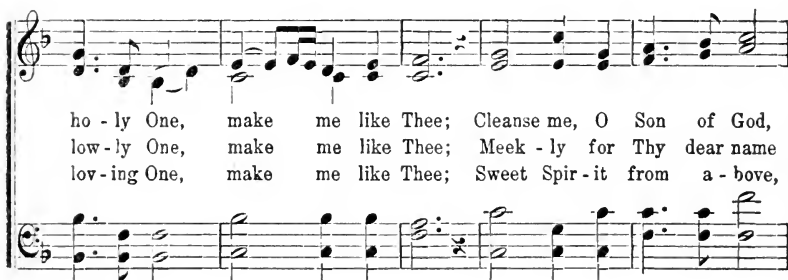
Make Me Like Thee.

A. A. P.

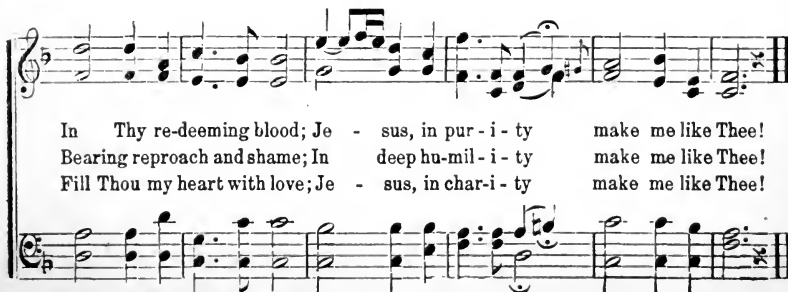
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Thy will, O Lord, be done ful - ly in me; Je - sus, Thou
 2. Thy will, O Lord, be done ful - ly in me; Je - sus, Thou
 3. Thy will, O Lord, be done ful - ly in me; Je - sus, Thou



ho - ly One, make me like Thee; Cleanse me, O Son of God,
 low - ly One, make me like Thee; Meek - ly for Thy dear name
 lov - ing One, make me like Thee; Sweet Spir - it from a - bove,

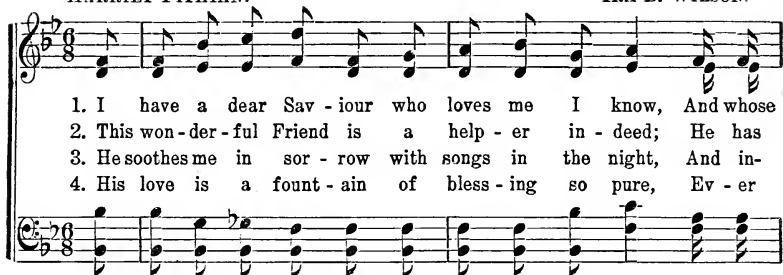


In Thy re-deeming blood; Je - sus, in pur - i - ty make me like Thee!
 Bearing reproach and shame; In deep hu - mil - i - ty make me like Thee!
 Fill Thou my heart with love; Je - sus, in char - i - ty make me like Thee!

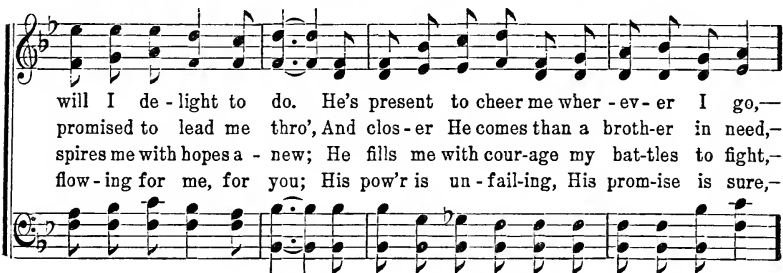
58 Was There Ever a Friend so True?

HARRIET FITHIAN.

IRA B. WILSON.

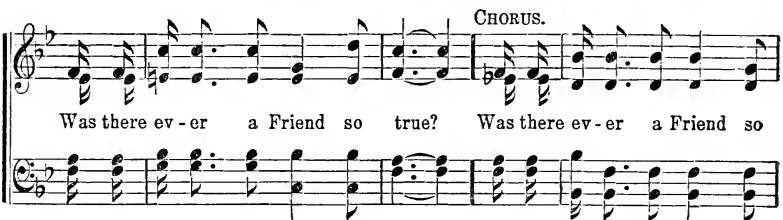


1. I have a dear Sav - iour who loves me I know, And whose
 2. This won - der - ful Friend is a help - er in - deed; He has
 3. He soothes me in sor - row with songs in the night, And in -
 4. His love is a fount - ain of bless - ing so pure, Ev - er



will I de - light to do. He's present to cheer me wher - ev - er I go, —
 promised to lead me thro', And clos - er He comes than a broth - er in need, —
 spires me with hopes a - new; He fills me with cour - age my bat - tles to fight, —
 flow - ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un - fail - ing, His prom - ise is sure, —

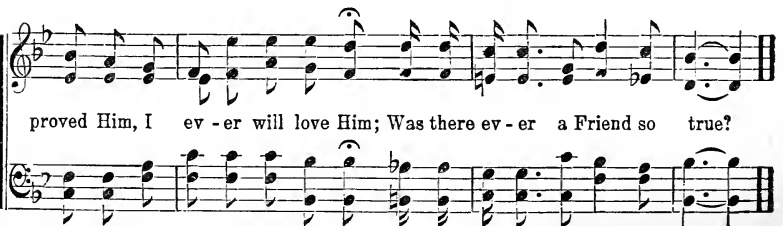
CHORUS.



Was there ev - er a Friend so true? Was there ev - er a Friend so



true? . . Was there ev - er a Friend so true? . . I oft - en have
 so true? so true?



proved Him, I ev - er will love Him; Was there ev - er a Friend so true?

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the coming day—
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 Je - sus, my Lord!
 Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose.

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes! He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

JULIA A. JOHNSTON.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, hast Thou mes - sag - es to send? Here am I,
 2. Sav - iour, is there not some low - ly task to do? O send me,
 3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shin - ing light? Use my hand,
 4. Working, wait - ing, what - so - e'er Thy ho - ly will, Here am I.

Here am I! Wait - ing, list'n - ing at Thy feet I low - ly bend,
 O send me! Gird me now for serv - ice, make me strong and true,
 Use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa - tient watch - er in the night?
 Here am I! Mas - ter, let me Thy de - sire a - lone ful - fill,

CHORUS.

Here am I— O do not pass me by!
 Send me on some er - rand, Lord, for thee. Read-y for Thy serv-ice,
 Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com - mand.
 Keep me to Thy heart for - ev - er nigh.

Mas - ter, here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call - ing from on high.

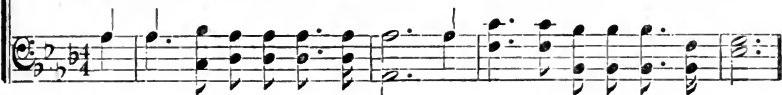
Choose Thou for me, let me still re - ply—O Mas - ter, here am I!

Arr. by JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

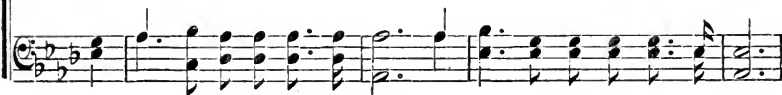
D. B. TOWNER.



1. A - far from home, be-set by fear, O stray-ing one, by guilt op-pressed,
2. A - rise, and seek thy Father's face; The feast of love is spread for thee;
3. The homeward path take then to-day; Thou art not left to walk a - lone;
4. Why long-er wait? thou art a son, Thy Father's house should be thy place;



Thy Sav-iour's tender plead-ing hear, He call - eth, "Come to Me, and rest!"
 His par - don free, His boundless grace, Are all for Thee; O come and see!
 The Spir - it waits to show the way, He safe - ly guides and keeps His own.
 Thy birthright claim, O wand'ring one; Re - turn, and see thy Fa-ther's face!



CHORUS.



Come home! thy Saviour calls thee; Come home! no more in darkness roam;
 Come home! Come home!



Come home! thy Father loves thee; Come home! O wayward child, come home!
 Come home! come home!



HARRIET FITHIAN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be not de-ceived; each soul shall reap Its har-vest soon or late;
 2. Sow e-vil deeds with care-less hand And one sad day be-hold
 3. Sow deeds of faith and hope and love, Perchance with fall-ing tears,
 4. God's law will stand for-ev-er-more, The law His love made known,—

Sow now thy seed; the field is wide, The world is thine es-tate.
 Thy gar-ner filled with blight-ed hopes, And woes an hun-dred-fold.
 A har-vest home of peace and joy Will crown the work of years.
 From out the har-vest field of life We reap as we have sown.

CHORUS.

Be not de-ceived, be not de-ceived; God is not
 Be not deceived, be not deceived;

mocked; For what-so-ev-er a man sow-eth, What-so-ev-er a man

soweth, That shall he al-so reap, That shall he al-so reap.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
 3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.


fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust - ing in His love;
 to the Lord in pray'r.
 eyes are nev - er dim. Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly trust - ing in His love;

Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms, and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
 arms, ev - er

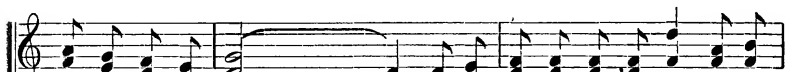
C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Be-hold the Sav-iour stand-ing at the door! With pierced hands He
 2. O let Him in! your sins He will re-move, He will pre-pare for
 3. O let Him in! from all your struggles cease; O let Him in, He

With pierced

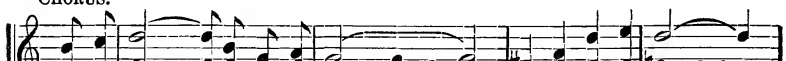


knocketh o'er and o'er! All your life He waits to fill; His to
 you a feast of love; All the darkness will de-part When you
 brings thee joy and peace; Hope of glo-ry will He be, As He
 hands He knocketh o'er and o'er;

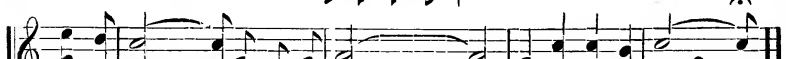


work, to do, to will; O let Him in, O let Him in!
 let Him in your heart; O let Him in, O let Him in!
 lives His life in thee; O let Him in, O let Him in!
 O let Him in, O let the Saviour in!

CHORUS.




Let Him in, . . . O let Him in! Life of God is He, let Him in;
 Let Him in, O let the Saviour in;



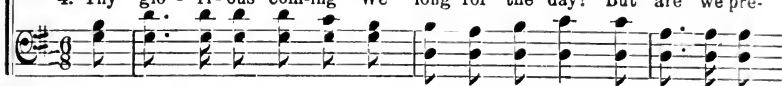

Let Him in, . . . O let Him in! Life He brings to you, let Him in!
 Let Him in, O let the Saviour in;

JAMES M. GRAY.



D. B. TOWNER.



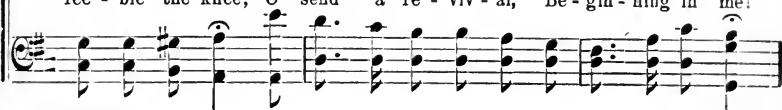
1. Of self I am wea-ry, My sin I ab-hor, I long to be
 2. Thy church, O my Sav-iour, Thy bod-y and bride, The saints Thou hast
 3. The world, in its sor-row, The world need-eth Thee; Re-vive Thy dis-
 4. Thy glo-ri-ous com-ing—We long for the day! But are we pre-

ho-ly And pure to the core; O why do I la-bor On
 ran-somed, For whom Thou hast died—How cold are we grow-ing In
 ci-ples, Be-gin-ning in me! En-due us with boldness Thy
 par-ing The ho-ly high-way? Our hand seem-eth weakened, And

husks to be fed, Or spend my poor mon-ey For what is not bread?
 serv-ice and pray'r! Our love needs re-kind-ling, Our al-tars re-pair.
 grace to pro-claim; O help us with pow-er To speak in Thy name!
 fee-ble the knee; O send a re-viv-al, Be-gin-ning in me!



CHORUS.



O Lord, send a re-viv-al! Lord, send a re-viv-al!





O Lord, send a re-viv-al, And let it be-gin in me!

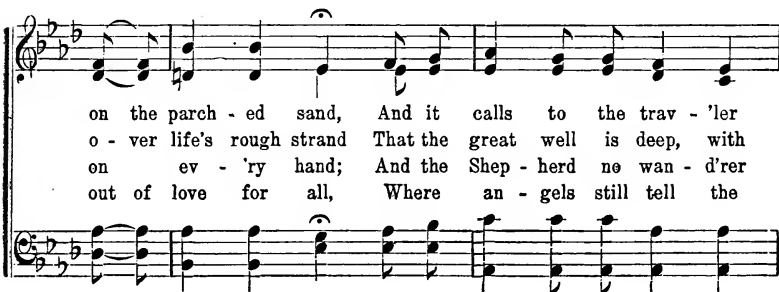


EDWARD HUSBAND.

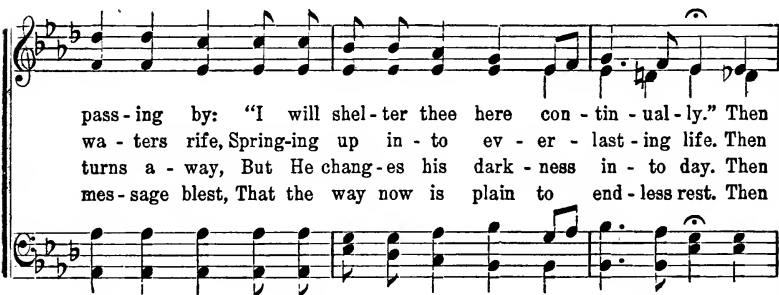
D. B. TOWNER.



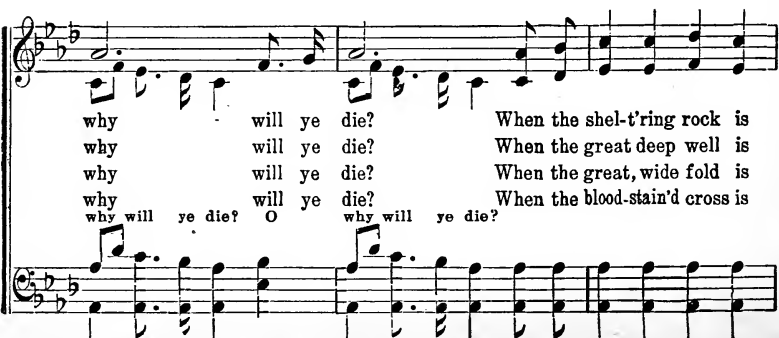
1. A great rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shad-ows fall
 2. A great well lies in a wea - ry land, And its wa-ters call
 3. A wide fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are called
 4. A rough cross stands near a cit - y wall, Where the Sav-iour died



on the parch - ed sand, And it calls to the trav - 'ler
 o - ver life's rough strand That the great well is deep, with
 on ev - 'ry hand; And the Shep - herd ne wan - d'rer
 out of love for all, Where an - gels still tell the



pass - ing by: "I will shel - ter thee here con - tin - ual - ly." Then
 wa - ters rife, Spring - ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life. Then
 turns a - way, But He chang - es his dark - ness in - to day. Then
 mes - sage blest, That the way now is plain to end - less rest. Then



why will ye die? When the shel-t'ring rock is
 why will ye die? When the great deep well is
 why will ye die? When the great, wide fold is
 why will ye die? When the blood-stain'd cross is
 why will ye die? O why will ye die?

Why Will Ye Die?

stand - ing by; O why will ye die? O why will ye die? O why will ye die?

67 Tonight, Lord, Tonight!

Words arranged.

A. E. LIND.

1. Lord, bring some wand'ers home to-night, Some who have gone a - stray;
2. May none Thy mer - cy spurn to-night, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it grieve;
3. Let none un - blest de - part to-night, Un - saved and un - for - giv'n;

O give them grace to come to-night, Let them no more de - lay!
May prod - i - gals re - turn to-night, May sin - ners now be - lieve!
O - pen some yield - ing heart to-night, Let there be joy in heav'n!


CHORUS.

To - night, Lord! To - night, 'Lord! Bring wan - der - ers home to - night!



To - night, Lord! To - night, Lord! Bring wan - der - ers home to - night!

KATE ULMER.



G. S. SCHULER.




1. When life's tri - als all are o'er, I shall reach the gold - en shore,
 2. Though I can - not un - der - stand All that God for me hath planned,
 3. When I reach that land a - bove, In the shin - ing realms of love,
 4. When I cross the swell - ing tide, With my Sav - iour to a - bide


And be - hold the won - ders of that cit - y fair; cit - y fair; Oh, what
 Yet I know He ev - er send - eth what is best; what is best; So I'll
 And the veil is lift - ed from my won - d'ring eyes, wond'ring eyes, What so
 Where the ran - somed host for - ev - er - more shall dwell, ev - er dwell, Thro' e -

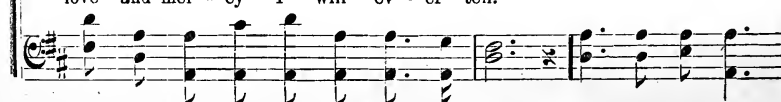
joy will then be mine When I see His face di - vine, By whose
 wait and work and pray, Simp - ly trust - ing all the way, Till He
 dark - ly now I see, Then will be re - vealed to me, And with
 ter - ni - ty's bright days, In an end - less song of praise. Of His



CHORUS.



grace a - lone I 'find an en - trance there.
 calls me home to dwell a - mong the blest.
 joy I'll greet each glad and new sur - prise. Oh, what glo - ry,
 love and mer - cy I will ev - er tell.



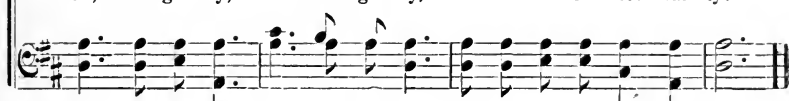
Oh, What Glory!



Won-drous glo - ry, My Re-deem - er's face to see! His face to see!



Oh, what glo - ry, won - drous glo - ry, His to be e - ter - nal - ly!



69

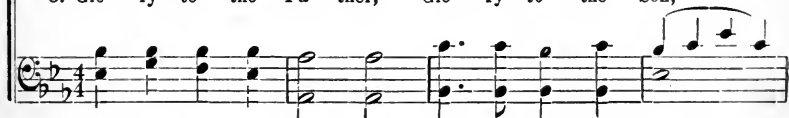
Now the Day is Over.

S BARING GOULD.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

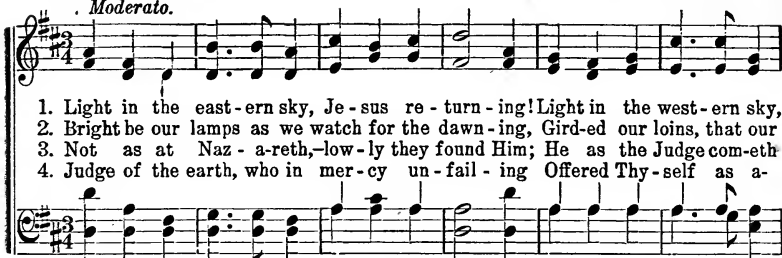


Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
 And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run!

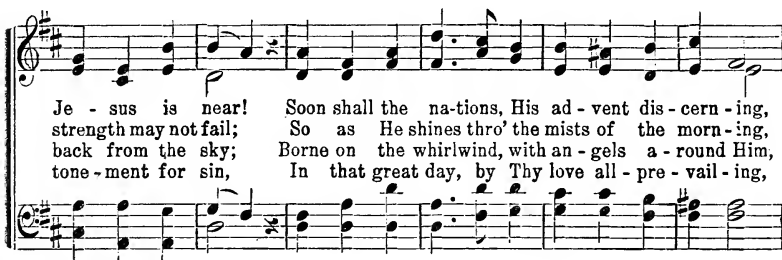


Words arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

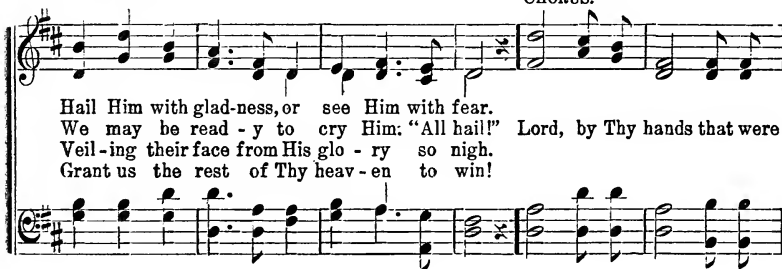
Moderato.


1. Light in the east-ern sky, Je-sus re-turn-ing! Light in the west-ern sky,
 2. Bright be our lamps as we watch for the dawn-ing, Gird-ed our loins, that our
 3. Not as at Naz-a-reth, low-ly they found Him; He as the Judge com-eth
 4. Judge of the earth, who in mer-cy un-fail-ing Offered Thy-self as a-

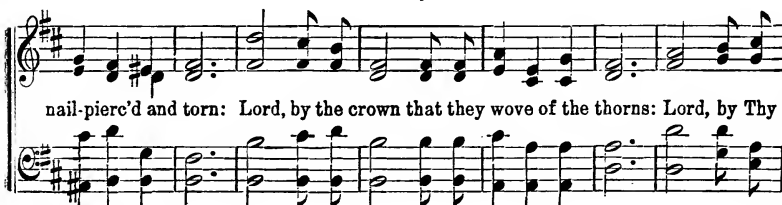


Je-sus is near! Soon shall the na-tions, His ad-vent dis-cern-ing,
 strength may not fail; So as He shines thro' the mists of the morn-ing,
 back from the sky; Borne on the whirlwind, with an-gels a-round Him,
 tone-ment for sin, In that great day, by Thy love all-pre-vail-ing,

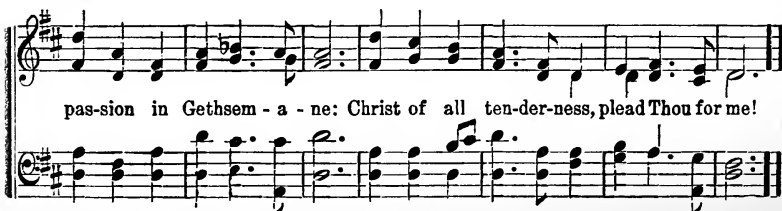
CHORUS.



Hail Him with glad-ness, or see Him with fear.
 We may be read-y to cry Him: "All hail!" Lord, by Thy hands that were
 Veil-ing their face from His glo-ry so nigh.
 Grant us the rest of Thy heav-en to win!



nail-pierc'd and torn: Lord, by the crown that they wove of the thorns: Lord, by Thy



pas-sion in Gethsem-a-ne: Christ of all ten-der-ness, plead Thou for me!

JAMES ROWE.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.



1. If you have learn'd the sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love,
2. Some souls have nev - er heard it, And yours the task may be
3. Tho' some have heard the sto - ry And still un-saved re - main,
4. Re - peat it to the wea - ry, And to the heart that grieves;



Each day re-peat its mu - sic sweet To those who blind - ly rove.
 To tell them of this price-less love—This bless-ing rich and free.
 It yet might win their souls from sin If it is told a - gain.
 Re - peat, re-peat the mes-sage sweet, Till all the world be-lieves!



CHORUS.



Re-peat it, re - peat it, Wher-ev - er you may be,
 Re - peat it o'er and o'er, re - peat it o'er and o'er,



This sto - ry of love a - bout Je - sus a-beve, Who died on Cal - va - ry!



HARRIETTA WATERS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. A - bound-ing grace I sing to - day, The grace that saves and cleanses me;
2. The Lord of love and life and light, My ran - som paid on Cal-v'ry's cross;
3. Thro' all the gen - er - a - tions past, The grace of Christ has pur - i - fied
4. The grace di-vine that cleans-eth me, Will still out-last all com-ing days,



The stain of guilt it washed a - way, The par-d'ning love is full and free.
 My crim-son sin He wash-es white, For Him I count all else but loss.
 Re - pent-ant souls, con-tent to cast Their sin and guilt on Him who died.
 And sin - ful souls, made pure and free, Shall fill the courts above with praise.



CHORUS.



Cleansed by grace di - vine! Grace, and grace a - lone,
 by grace di - vine! a - lone,



Saves this guilt - y soul of mine, And makes me His a - lone.



C. D. MARTIN.

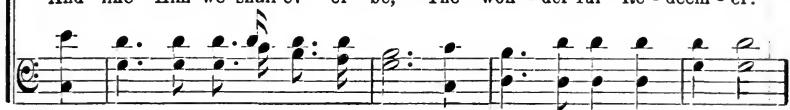
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O mag - ni - fy His name with me, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;
2. His blood has full a - tone - ment made, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;
3. He lives for us to in - ter - cede, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;
4. Soon in His glo - ry we shall see The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;



He came to set the cap - tive free, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er!
 In - i - qui - ties on Him were laid, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er!
 He will sup - ply our ev - 'ry need, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er!
 And like Him we shall ev - er be, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er!



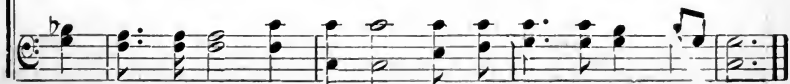
CHORUS.



The won - der - ful Re - deem - er, The Coun - sel - lor and Friend,



He saved us with His life - blood, And will keep us to the end!



Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O gold-en day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guid-eth



fold, When He who knows the path I take, Shall
place, Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose



ope for me the gates of gold! . . . Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-
matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I



soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The
long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The



grace that a-ve, shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
breath the glo-rious crowning day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
con-queror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His re-deem-ing grace.



Saving Grace.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete be - fore the throne;

Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be "Sav-ing grace!"

75

Stay Nigh Me.

W. C. MARTIN.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour, In all my mor - tal strife;
 2. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour, My on - ly sure de - fense;
 3. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour! In sor - row be my peace,
 4. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour! In death be still my stay,

Thou on - ly canst sus - tain me, And keep me pure in life.
 I seek Thy guard-ing pres - ence, And naught shall draw me thence.
 In per - ils be my suc - cor, And bid the storm to cease.
 And draw me from deep wa - ters, To dwell with Thee for aye.

REFRAIN.

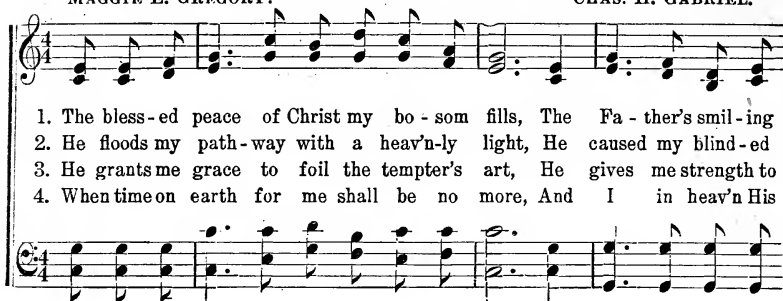
rall.

I trust Thee, Lord, my steps to guide, And 'neath Thy wings I safe - ly hide.

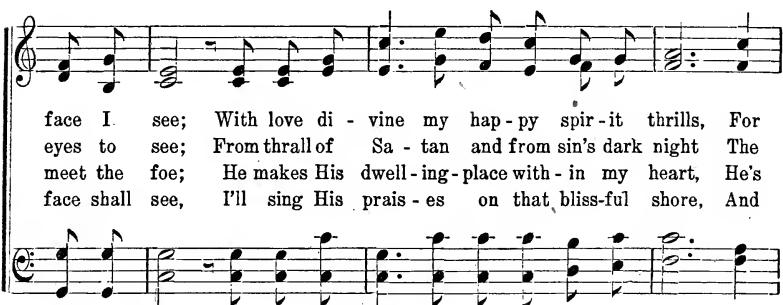
76 The Blood of Jesus Ransomed Me.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

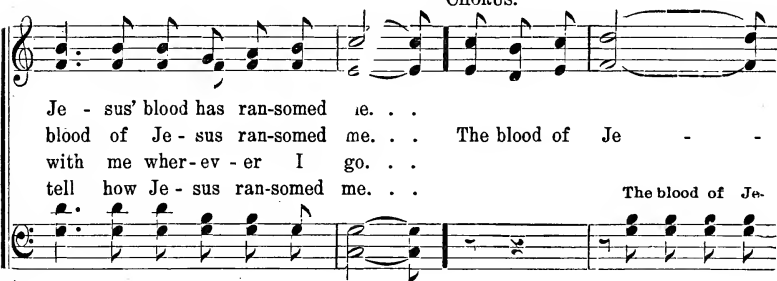


1. The bless-ed peace of Christ my bo - som fills, The Fa - ther's smil - ing
 2. He floods my path-way with a heav'n-ly light, He caused my blind-ed
 3. He grants me grace to foil the tempter's art, He gives me strength to
 4. When time on earth for me shall be no more, And I in heav'n His

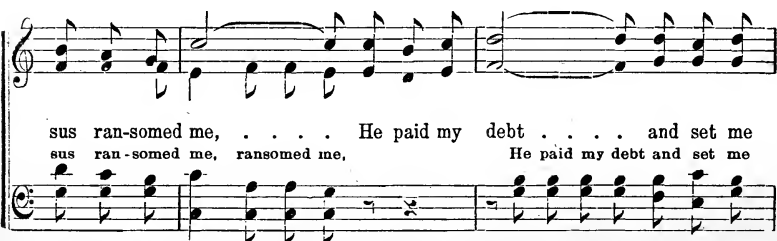


face I see; With love di - vine my hap - py spir - it thrills, For
 eyes to see; From thrall of Sa - tan and from sin's dark night The
 meet the foe; He makes His dwell - ing - place with - in my heart, He's
 face shall see, I'll sing His prais - es on that bliss - ful shore, And

CHORUS.



Je - sus' blood has ran-somed me . . .
 blood of Je - sus ran-somed me . . . The blood of Je -
 with me wher - ev - er I go . . .
 tell how Je - sus ran-somed me . . . The blood of Je -



sus ran-somed me, He paid my debt and set me
 sus ran-somed me, ransomed me, He paid my debt and set me

The Blood of Jesus Ransomed Me.

free; Wher-e'er I go the world shall
free, He set me free; the world shall know. yea.

know, The blood of Je - sus ran - somed me!
all the world shall know, The blood of Je - sus ran-somed me!

77

By Christ Redeemed.

G. RAWSON.

J. B. DYKES.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,
2. His bod-y brok - en in our stead Is here, in this me-mor-ial bread,
3. The drops of His dear ag - o - ny, His life-blood shed for us, we see;
4. And thus that dark be-tray - al night With the last ad - vent we u - nite,
5. O bless-ed hope! with this e - late, Let not our hearts be des - o - late,

And show the death of our dear Lord Un-til He come, un - til He come.
And so our fee - ble love is fed Un-til He come, un - til He come.
The wine shall tell the mys - ter - y Un-til He come, un - til He come.
By one blest chain of lov - ing rite Un-til He come, un - til He come.
But strong in faith, in pa-tience wait Un-til He come, un - til He come.

W. C. MARTIN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. Troubles al - most whelm the soul, Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure!
 Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock!
 I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold!

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est

gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.



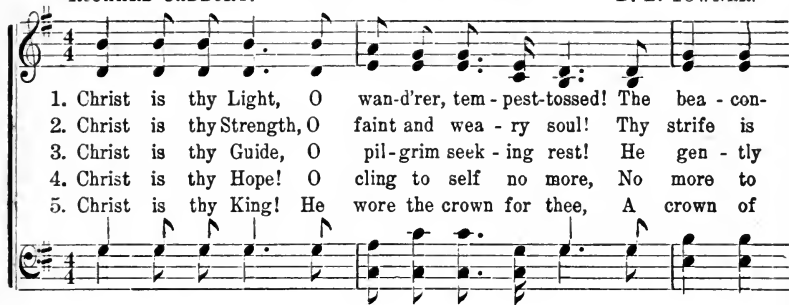
fail; For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds!
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

79

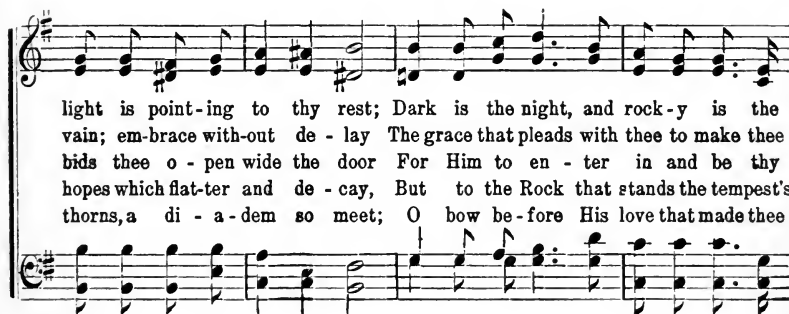
Christ is Thy Light.

RICHARD CADBURY.

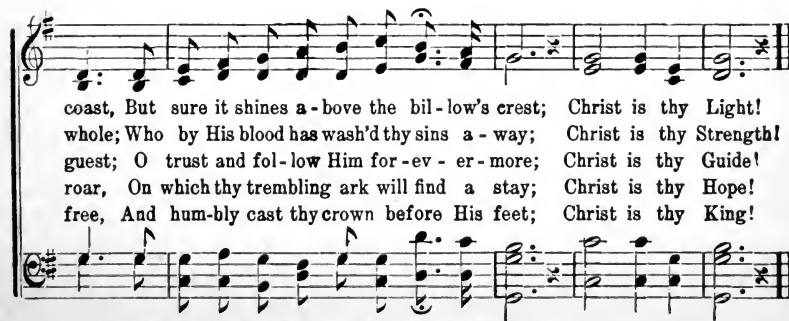
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Christ is thy Light, O wan-d'r'er, tem-pest-tossed! The bea - con-
2. Christ is thy Strength, O faint and wea - ry soul! Thy strife is
3. Christ is thy Guide, O pil-grim seek - ing rest! He gen - tly
4. Christ is thy Hope! O cling to self no more, No more to
5. Christ is thy King! He wore the crown for thee, A crown of



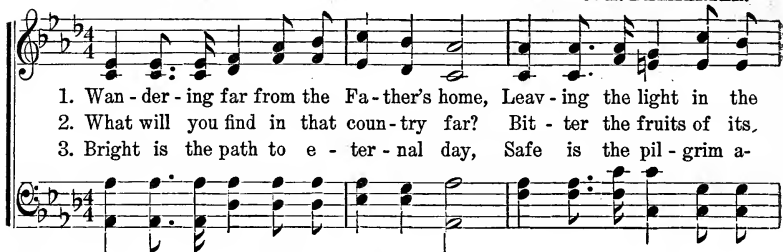
light is point-ing to thy rest; Dark is the night, and rock-y is the
vain; em-brace with-out de - lay The grace that pleads with thee to make thee
bids thee o - pen wide the door For Him to en - ter in and be thy
hopes which flat-ter and de - cay, But to the Rock that stands the tempest's
thorns, a di - a-dem so meet; O bow be-fore His love that made thee



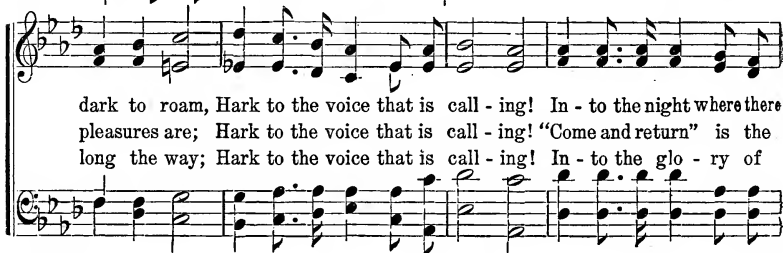
coast, But sure it shines a - bove the bil-low's crest; Christ is thy Light!
whole; Who by His blood has wash'd thy sins a - way; Christ is thy Strength!
guest; O trust and fol-low Him for-ev - er-more; Christ is thy Guide!
roar, On which thy trembling ark will find a stay; Christ is thy Hope!
free, And hum-bly cast thy crown before His feet; Christ is thy King!

HARRIETTE WATERS.

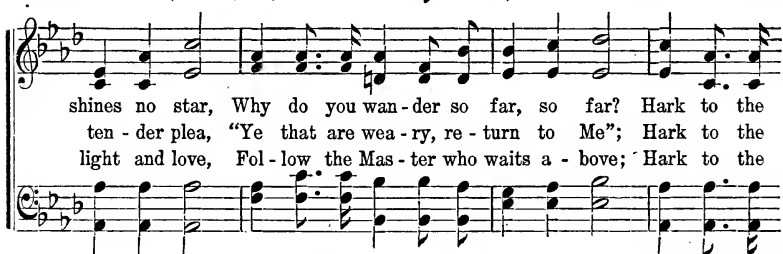
J. E. DELMARTER.



1. Wan - der - ing far from the Fa - ther's home, Leav - ing the light in the
 2. What will you find in that coun - try far? Bit - ter the fruits of its,
 3. Bright is the path to e - ter - nal day, Safe is the pil - grim a -

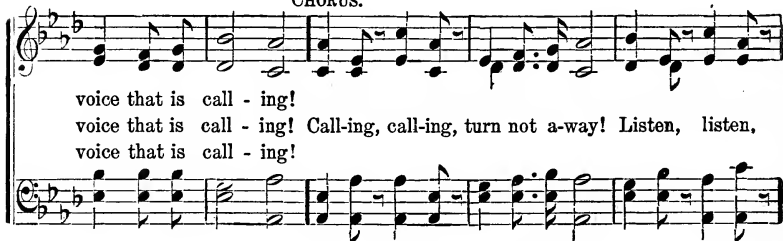


dark to roam, Hark to the voice that is call - ing! In - to the night where there
 pleasures are; Hark to the voice that is call - ing! "Come and return" is the
 long the way; Hark to the voice that is call - ing! In - to the glo - ry of

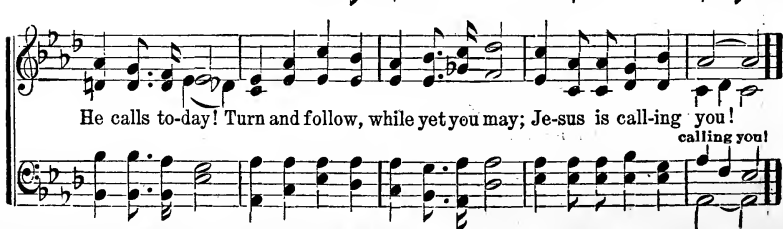


shines no star, Why do you wan - der so far, so far? Hark to the
 ten - der plea, "Ye that are wea - ry, re - turn to Me"; Hark to the
 light and love, Fol - low the Mas - ter who waits a - bove; Hark to the

CHORUS.



voice that is call - ing!
 voice that is call - ing! Call-ing, call-ing, turn not a-way! Listen, listen,
 voice that is call - ing!



He calls to-day! Turn and follow, while yet you may; Je - sus is call - ing you!
 calling you!

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



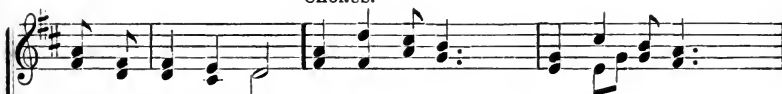
1. Lo! a Strang-er at the por-tal stands, Gen - tly knock-ing with His
2. You have scorn'd the bleeding sac - ri - fice, You have spurn'd the joys of
3. Thro' His tears in dark Gethsem - a - ne, With His dy - ing eyes on
4. Bid Him cross your low - ly threshold o'er; Where He dwells is joy for-



nail-pierc'd hands; Fair and king-ly, tho' with thorn-crown'd brow, He is waiting—
 par - a - dise; He who trod for you the way of pain, Still has mer-cy;
 Cal - va - ry, Je - sus saw a-lone your soul's great need; Now He comes His
 ev - er - more. O - pen now! He will not al-ways wait; Soon your soul will



CHORUS.



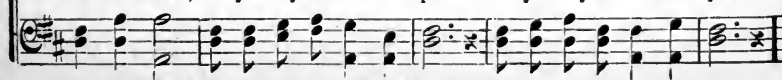
let Him en - ter now!
 must He wait in vain? He is knocking, He is knocking,
 wondrous love to plead.
 cry: "Too late, too late!" He is knocking, knocking, He is knocking, knocking,



knocking at the por-tal of your heart! . . . Life and hope with-in His
 fast-closed heart!

*ad lib.*

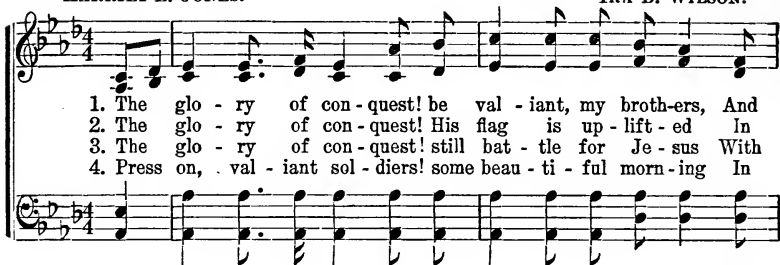
hand He holds; Can you say to Him. "De-part!" Can you say to Him: "De-part!"



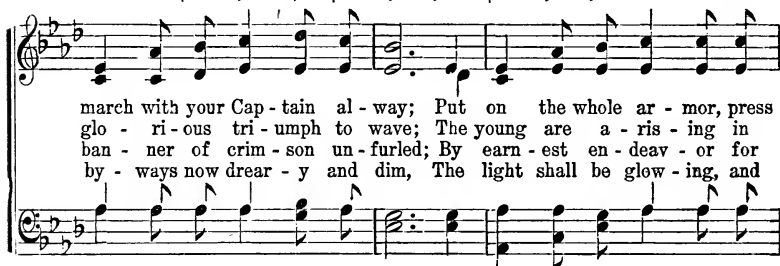
The Glory of Conquest!

HARRIET E. JONES.

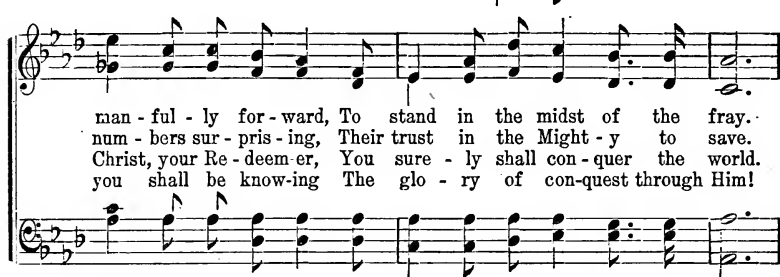
IRA B. WILSON.



1. The glo - ry of con - quest! be val - iant, my broth - ers, And
 2. The glo - ry of con - quest! His flag is up - lift - ed In
 3. The glo - ry of con - quest! still bat - tle for Je - sus With
 4. Press on, val - iant sol - diers! some beau - ti - ful morn - ing In

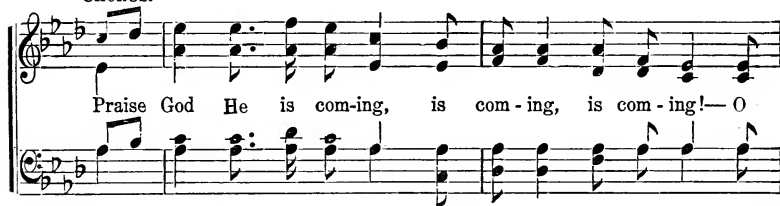


march with your Cap - tain al - way; Put on the whole ar - mor, press
 glo - ri - ous tri - umph to wave; The young are a - ris - ing in
 ban - ner of crim - son un - furled; By earn - est en - deav - or for
 by - ways now drear - y and dim, The light shall be glow - ing, and

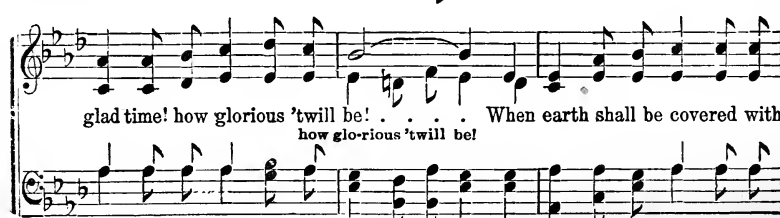


man - ful - ly for - ward, To stand in the midst of the fray.
 num - bers sur - pris - ing, Their trust in the Might - y to save.
 Christ, your Re - deem - er, You sure - ly shall con - quer the world.
 you shall be know - ing The glo - ry of con - quest through Him!

CHORUS.



Praise God He is com - ing, is com - ing, is com - ing!— O



glad time! how glorious 'twill be! When earth shall be covered with
 how glorious 'twill be!

The Glory of Conquest.



heav - en - ly knowlege Like the wa - ters that cov - er the sea.



83

In the Waves.

Translated by Rev. ELVET LEWIS.

Composed in the Welsh by D. WILLIAMS.



1. { In the waves and might - y wa-ters No one will sup - port my head }
 { But my Sav - iour, my Be - lov - ed, Who was strick-en in my stead; }
2. { O the grace no will can conquer! The om - nip - o - tence of love! }
 { Changeless is my Fa-ther's prom-ise, It will nev - er, nev - er move! }



He's a Friend in death's dark riv - er, He will hold my head a - bove;
 In the storm this is my an-chor—God will nev - er change His mind;

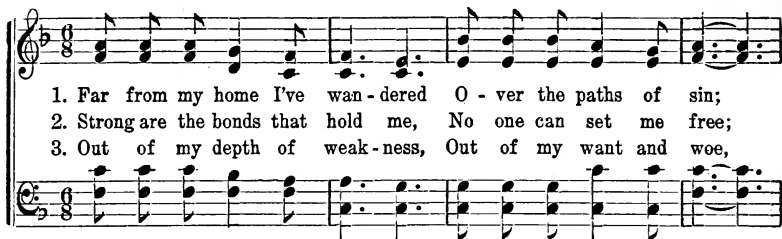


I shall thro' the waves go sing-ing, For one look of Him I love!
 In the wounds of Christ He prom-ised Life to me; and He is kind.

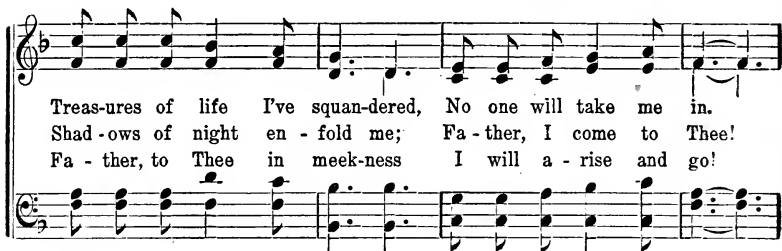


HATTIE H. PIERSON.

D B. TOWNER.



1. Far from my home I've wan-dered O-ver the paths of sin;
 2. Strong are the bonds that hold me, No one can set me free;
 3. Out of my depth of weak-ness, Out of my want and woe,



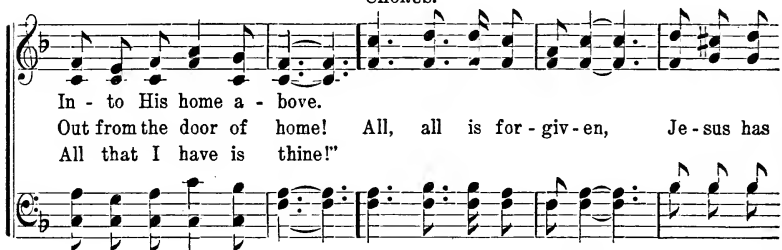
Treas-ures of life I've squan-dered, No one will take me in.
 Shad-ows of night en-fold me; Fa-ther, I come to Thee!
 Fa-ther, to Thee in meek-ness I will a-rise and go!

RESPONSE.



God's voice is calling: "Come, O child of love"; He waits to re-ceive you
 God's voice is calling: "Come, no long-er roam"; Light streams o'er your path-way
 God's voice is calling: "Welcome, child of mine! Come, en-ter thy king-dom;

CHORUS.




In-to His home a-bove.
 Out from the door of home! All, all is for-giv-en, Je-sus has
 All that I have is thine!"




made you whole; Joy, joy is in heav-en O-ver a ransom'd soul!

IRA B. WILSON.

MRS. JAMES A. SUTHERLAND.




1. Hear and heed the call of Christ to-day, He has need of sol-diers
 2. Though the hosts of Sa-tan may as-sail, Trust in Christ—in Him you
 3. For-ward, then, O sol-diers of the King! Let your songs of tri-umph




for the fray; In the front He has a place for you; Sol-diers of Je-
 shall pre-vail. He who leads you will your strength re-new; Sol-diers of Je-
 glad-ly ring; Nev-er fal-ter, ev-ery du-ty do; Sol-diers of Je-

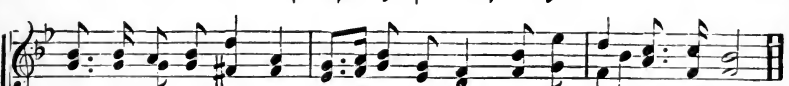
CHORUS.



sus, be steadfast and true!
 sus, be steadfast and true! Sol-diers of Je-sus, make no de-lay!
 sus, be steadfast and true!




Hark, He is call-ing, call-ing to-day! For-ward then, O speed you;



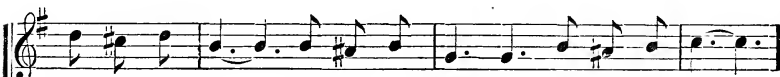
Fol-low where He leads you; Sold-iers of Je-sus, be steadfast and true!

J. W. V.
DUET and CHORUS.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing,
 2. Fa - ther and mo - ther, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man,
 3. Bro - ther and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers
 4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some-one,
 5. Je - sus the Sa - viour, bright Morn-ing Star, Look-ing for lost ones




look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and des - pair,
 wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide
 com - ing some-time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
 beck - on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,
 stray-ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage, — why will you roam?

CHORUS.

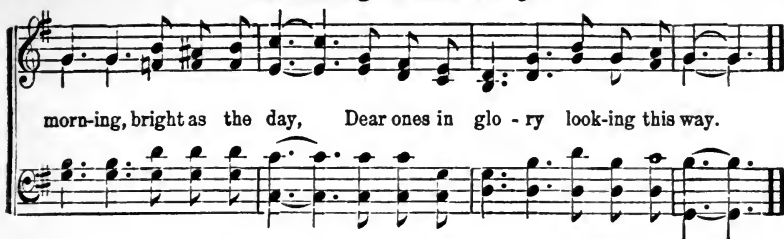


Wait-ing and watch-ing pa - tient - ly there.
 In - to the har - bor near to their side.
 Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low. Look-ing this way, yes,
 Anx - ious - ly look - ing, mo - ther, for you.
 Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin - ner, come home!"



look-ing this way, Loved ones are wait-ing, look-ing this way; Fair as the

Looking This Way.

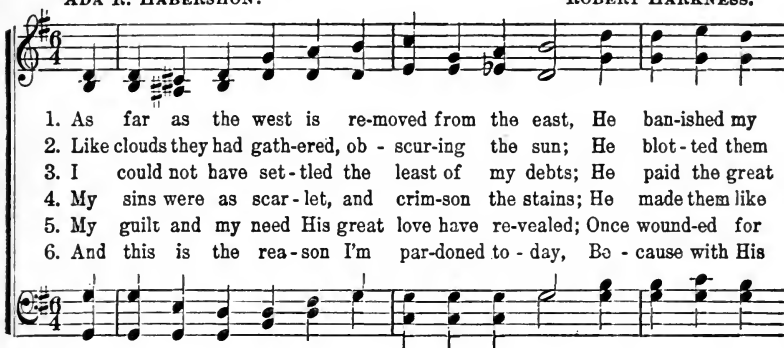


morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

87 My Sins Are Forgiveness.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. As far as the west is re-moved from the east, He ban-ish-ed my
 2. Like clouds they had gath-ered, ob - scour-ing the sun; He blot-ted them
 3. I could not have set-tled the least of my debts; He paid the great
 4. My sins were as scar-let, and crim-son the stains; He made them like
 5. My guilt and my need His great love have re-vealed; Once wound-ed for
 6. And this is the rea-son I'm par-doned to - day, Be - cause with His



sins, both the great-est and least; My sins are for - giv - en,— Are
 out, there re-main-eth not one; My sins are for - giv - en,— Are
 price, and He e - ven for - gets; My sins are for - giv - en,— Are
 snow, and no ves-tige re-mains; My sins are for - giv - en,— Are
 me, by His stripes I am healed; My sins are for - giv - en,— Are
 blood He has wash'd them a - way; My sins are for - giv - en,— Are

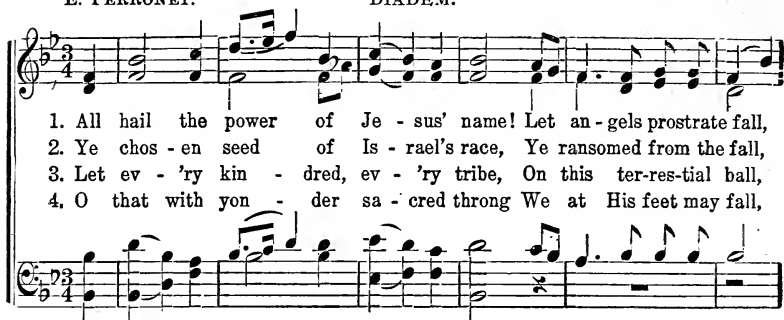


yours? . . . My sins are for - giv - en,— Are yours? . . .
 Are yours? Are yours?

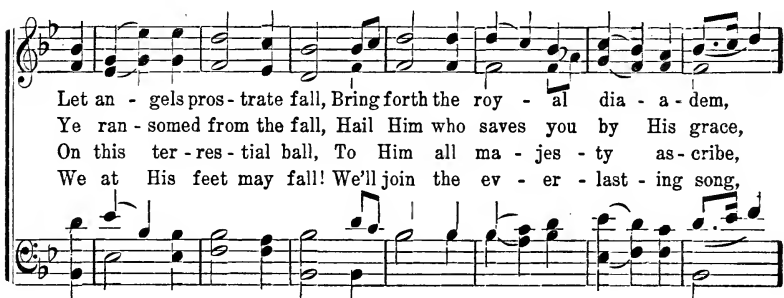
88 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. FERRONET.

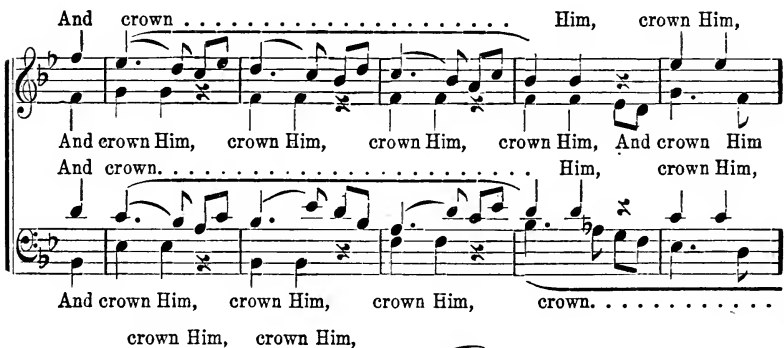
DIADEM.



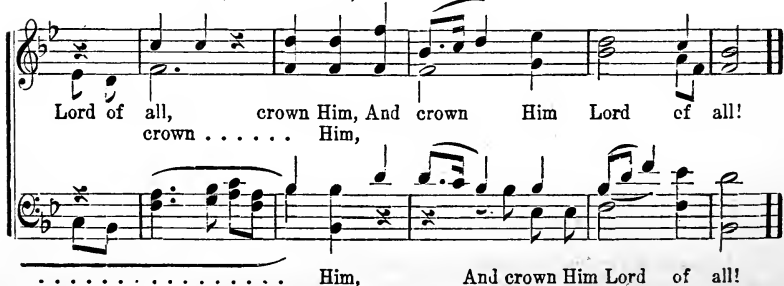
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-tial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem,
 Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - tial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



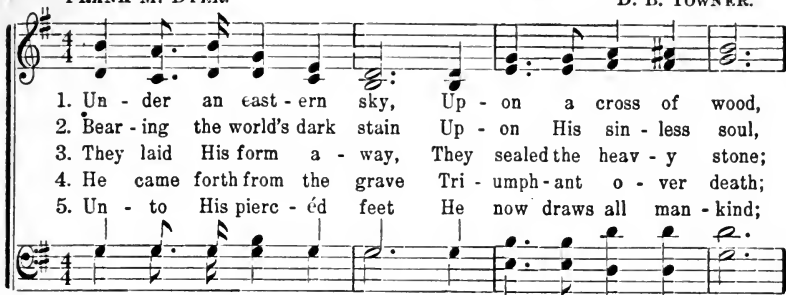
And crown Him, crown Him,
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
 And crown. Him, crown Him,
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.
 crown Him, crown Him,



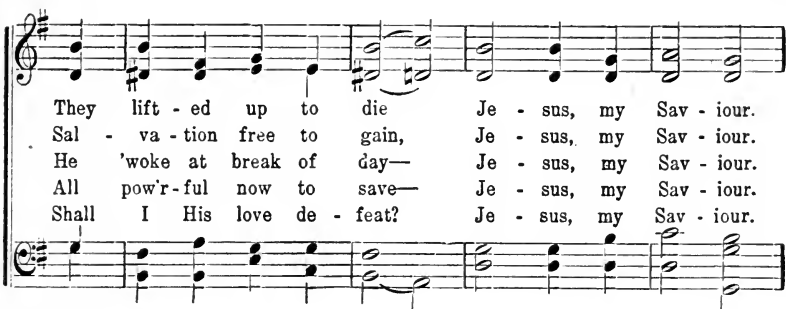
Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
 crown Him,
 Him,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

FRANK M. DYER.

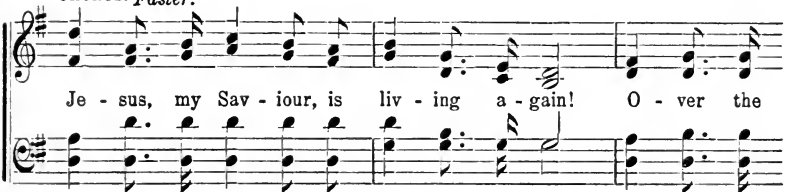
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Un - der an east - ern sky, Up - on a cross of wood,
 2. Bear - ing the world's dark stain Up - on His sin - less soul,
 3. They laid His form a - way, They sealed the heav - y stone;
 4. He came forth from the grave Tri - umph - ant o - ver death;
 5. Un - to His pierc - ed feet He now draws all man - kind;



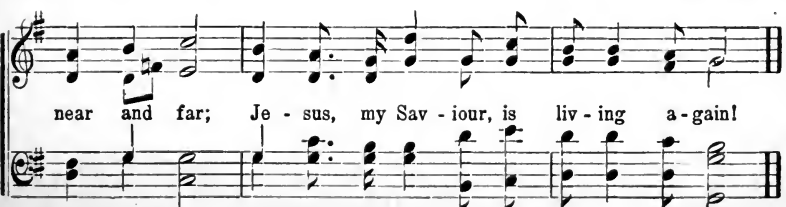
They lift - ed up to die Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
 Sal - va - tion free to gain, Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
 He 'woke at break of day— Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
 All pow'r - ful now to save— Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
 Shall I His love de - feat? Je - sus, my Sav - iour.

CHORUS. *Faster.*


Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is liv - ing a - gain! O - ver the



earth sing the sweet re - frain; Tell it to all men both

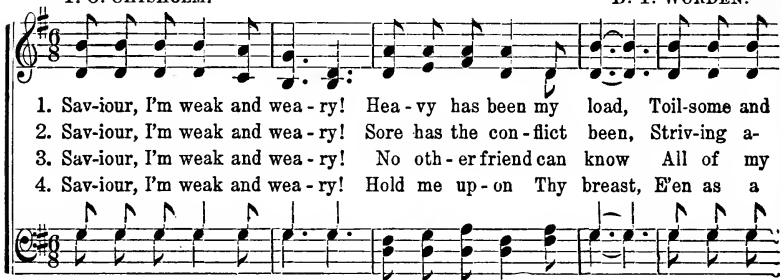


near and far; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is liv - ing a - gain!

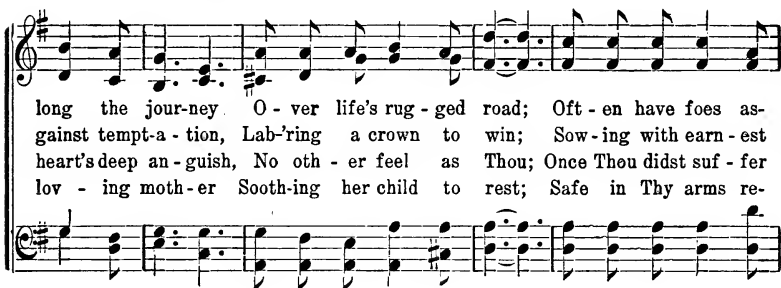
90 Saviour, I'm Weak and Weary!

T. O. CHISHOLM.

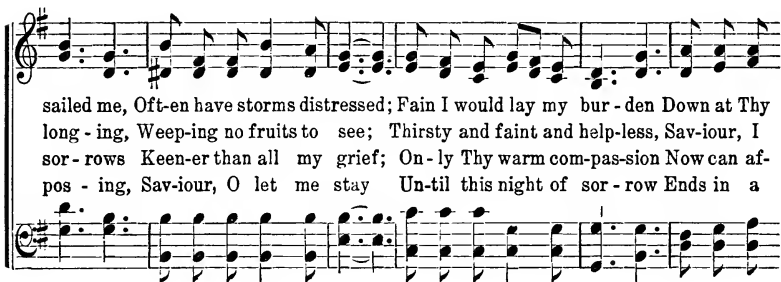
B. T. WORDEN.



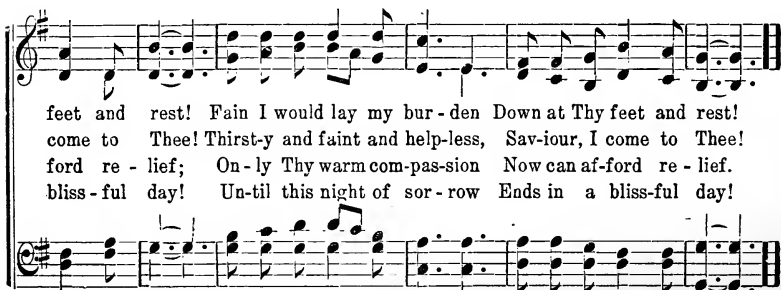
1. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea-ry! Hea-vy has been my load, Toil-some and
 2. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea-ry! Sore has the con-flict been, Striv-ing a-
 3. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea-ry! No oth-er friend can know All of my
 4. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea-ry! Hold me up-on Thy breast, E'en as a



long the jour-ney O-ver life's rug-ged road; Oft-en have foes as-
 against tempt-a-tion, Lab-ring a crown to win; Sow-ing with earn-est
 heart's deep an-guish, No oth-er feel as Thou; Once Thou didst suf-fer
 lov-ing moth-er Sooth-ing her child to rest; Safe in Thy arms re-



sailed me, Oft-en have storms distressed; Fain I would lay my bur-den Down at Thy
 long-ing, Weep-ing no fruits to see; Thirsty and faint and help-less, Sav-iour, I
 sor-rows Keen-er than all my grief; On-ly Thy warm com-pas-sion Now can af-
 pos-ing, Sav-iour, O let me stay Un-til this night of sor-row Ends in a



feet and rest! Fain I would lay my bur-den Down at Thy feet and rest!
 come to Thee! Thirst-y and faint and help-less, Sav-iour, I come to Thee!
 ford re-lief; On-ly Thy warm com-pas-sion Now can af-ford re-lief.
 bliss-ful day! Un-til this night of sor-row Ends in a bliss-ful day!


91 O Wonderful Love of My God!

W. R. NEWELL.

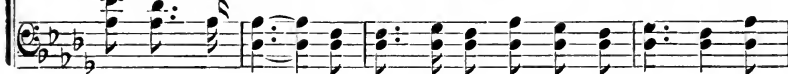
D. B. TOWNER.



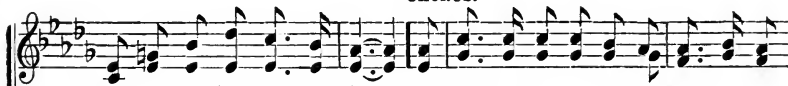
1. I sing of the love of my Fa - ther, Who chose me,— I
 2. I sing of the love of my Sav - iour, Who left heav-en's
 3. I sing of the love of the Spir - it, My Com - fort - er,
 4. I sing of God's love— O re - ceive it! God loves the whole



can - not tell why; He might have condemned me, but rath - er He
 glo - ry to be A ran - som for sin, that God's fa - vor Might
 Teach - er and Guide, By whose gracious pow'r I in - her - it The
 world, He loves you! For you Je - sus died,— O be - lieve it! This




CHORUS.



sent His Be - lov - ed to die.
 just - ly be giv - en to me. O won - der - ful, won - der - ful love of my
 blessings Christ bought when He died.
 won - der - ful love is for you.

God, Re - deem - ing my soul at the cost of the blood! I can - not con -




ceive it, but O I be - lieve it—This won - der - ful love of my God!



92 Breathe upon Us, Blessed Spirit !

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Breathe up-on us, bless-ed Spir - it! Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
2. Pu - ri - fy and make us ho - ly, Show to us the things of Christ;
3. O - pen to our eyes the pag - es Of the Ho - ly Word of Life,
4. By Thy might-y in - ter - ces-sion, May we learn to pray a-right;



May our souls Thy peace in - her - it, Cast-ing out our faith-less fear!
 Make us like Him, meek and low - ly, Thro' Thy gift of love un-priced!
 Where the truth in all the a - ges, Shines thro' earth - ly sin and strife!
 Guide our praise and our con - fession, Till our faith is changed to sight!



CHORUS.



Ho - ly Ghost, in Thy com-mun-ion, In the fel - low-ship of love,



May we dwell in bless-ed un-ion Like to that of heav'n a - bove!



Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I saw One hang-ing on the tree in vis - ions of my soul,
 2. A gen - tle but con-demn-ing pow'r Was stored with-in that eye,
 3. An-oth - er look He gave, which said: "I free - ly all for-give;
 4. O sin - ner, thou must meet that gaze In judg - ment or in grace;

Who turned His lov-ing eyes on me As near His cross I stole.
 And ne'er can I for-get that hour, From hence-forth till I die.
 My blood is for a ran-som shed, I die that thou may'st live."
 Re - pent, be-lieve and change thy ways, Ere thou be-hold His face!

CHORUS.

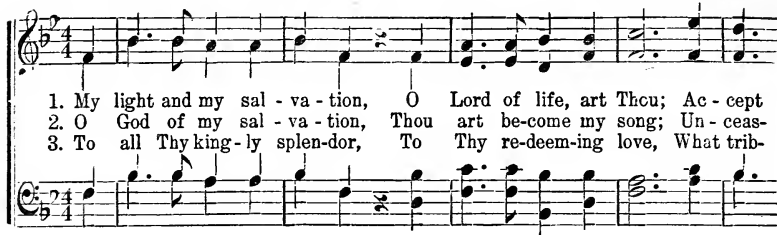
He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you! O
 He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you!

nev-er were love and com-pas - sion so true; He's look - ing on you,
 He's look-ing on you,

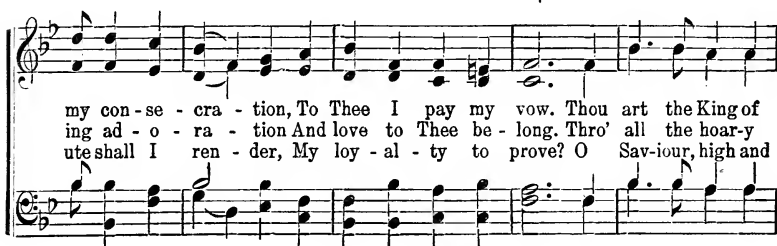
Ad lib.
 looking on you! . . . How can you refuse Him? He's looking, looking on you!
 look-ing on you!

HELEN D. SYLVESTER.

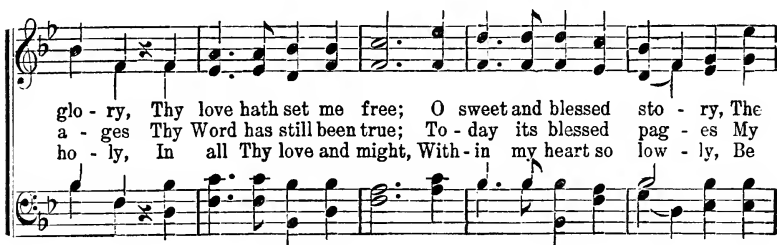
WM. L. GILPIN.



1. My light and my sal - va - tion, O Lord of life, art Thou; Ac - cept
 2. O God of my sal - va - tion, Thou art be - come my song; Un - ceas -
 3. To all Thy king - ly splen - dor, To Thy re - deem - ing love, What trib -



my con - se - cra - tion, To Thee I pay my vow. Thou art the King of
 ing ad - o - ra - tion And love to Thee be - long. Thro' all the hoar - y
 uteshall I ren - der, My loy - al - ty to prove? O Sav - iour, high and



glo - ry, Thy love hath set me free; O sweet and blessed sto - ry, The
 a - ges Thy Word has still been true; To - day its blessed pag - es My
 ho - ly, In all Thy love and might, With - in my heart so low - ly, Be

CHORUS.



Sav - iour died for me! O Lord, my life and
 hope and strength re - new. O Lord, my life, my life and light,
 Thou my life and light!



O Lord, my life, my life and light, my
 my life and my sal - va - tion, I love Thee and a - dore; I rest on
 I rest on Thee,

My Light and My Salvation.

Thee, The true foun-da - tion, I rest for-ev - er-more.
 I rest on Thee, on Thee, The true
 rest on Thee, on Thee, The true

95 Help Me to be Holy!

ADONIRAM J. GORDON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa-ther of light; Guilt - bur-den-ed and
 2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Saviour di - vine; Why con - quer so
 3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc - ti - fy

low - ly, I bow in Thy sight; How shall a stain'd conscience Dare gaze on Thy
 slow - ly This na - ture of mine? Stamp deeply Thy like - ness Where Satan's hath
 whol - ly This tem - ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy

face, E'en though in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
 been; Ex - pel with Thy bright - ness My dark - ness and sin!
 throne, Reign, reign with - out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone!

96 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

CLARA H. SCOTT.



1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic-es of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad-ly the warm truth ev - 'rywhere;



Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren



set me free. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy
dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy
thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy



will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!



HARRIET B. PIERSON.

B. T. WORDEN.



1. O pre - cious seal of love di-vine, O gift of price-less worth,
2. The Spir - it makes my long - ing heart His own a - bid - ing place,
3. The Spir - it to my heart re - veals The bless - ed Christ of love,
4. For me the Spir - it in - ter - cedes With deep un - ut - tered groans,



The Spir - it's cleans-ing, heal - ing flood, The new and ho - ly birth!
 Transformed by His re - new - ing pow'r, His sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.
 The path-way to e - ter - nal joy, The bliss of life a - bove.
 And rich - est show'rs of bless-ings fall On those He calls His own.



CHORUS.



The Three in One their witness bear Of love and grace beyond compare;




The Spir - it an-swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.




H. R. P.


H. R. PALMER.




1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall





help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain, Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour

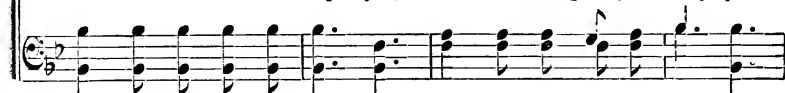

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.




CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.



My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say:
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart re-joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of love, I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav-iour's cleansing pow'r;



"You're leav - ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem - ber, child, your mother's pray'r."

Tho' I have wander'd God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.

I see her by the old arm-chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble pray'r.

My sin and guilt He cancell'd there; 'Twas there He answer'd mother's pray'r.



CHORUS.



When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel as if she still were here;

4th v. O praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up on - der, face to face,



A voice comes floating on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.

The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.

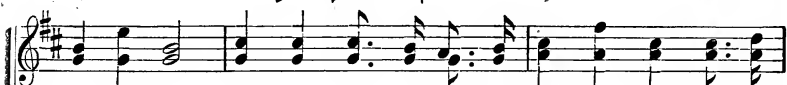


HATTIE H. PIERSON.

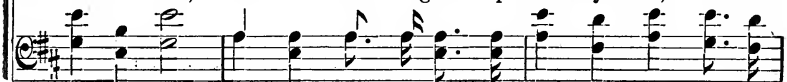
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Gird thy sword and make thine ar - mor strong, Day by day the war - fare
2. Fear thou not, tho' fiends thy cause de - ride; Fear thou not, tho' long the
3. For - ward still! the vic - t'ry must be won, Ere life's shade falls low at
4. Firm - ly stand! O fal - ter not, nor yield; Brave - ly fight till thou hast



ra - ges long; Join the cause of right a - gainst the wrong, —Thine shall
 an - gels hide; God Him - self is ev - er on thy side, —Thine shall
 set of sun; Rich re - ward a - waits the work well done, —Thine shall
 won the field; "Faith in God" en - graved up - on thy shield, —Thine shall



CHORUS.



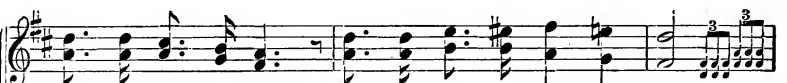
be the vic - tor's crown! . . . Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,



be the vic - tor's crown,



Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold, Heav'n - ly crown that



nev - er will grow old, — Thine shall be the vic - tor's crown!



The Victor's Crown.

Full Unison.

Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,

Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold,

Harmony.

Heav'n-ly crown that nev - er will grow old— Thine shall be the vic-tor's crown!

101 O Love That Casts out Fear.

HORATIUS BONAR.

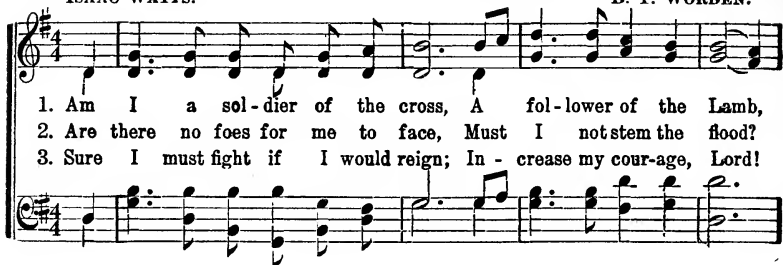
D. A. NIEL.

1. O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,
 2. True Sun - light of the soul, Sur - round me as I go;
 3. Great love of God, come in, Well - spring of heav'n - ly peace;
 4. Love of the liv - ing God, Of Fa - ther and of Son,

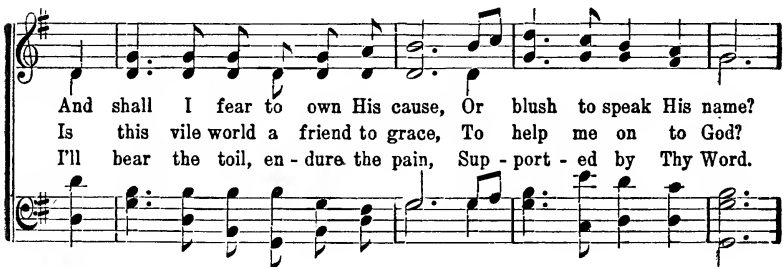
Tar - ry no more with - out, But come and dwell with - in!
 So shall my way be safe, My feet no stray - ing know.
 Thou liv - ing wa - ter, come, Spring up, and nev - er cease!
 Love of the Ho - ly Ghost, Fill Thou, each need - y one!

ISAAC WATTS.

B. T. WORDEN.

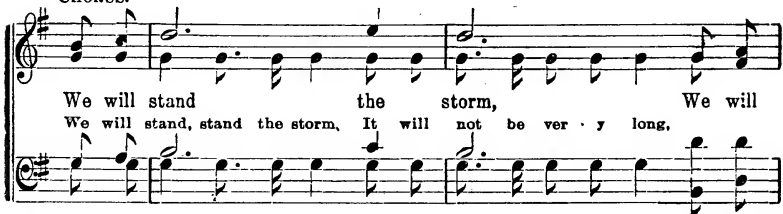


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
 2. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
 3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord!

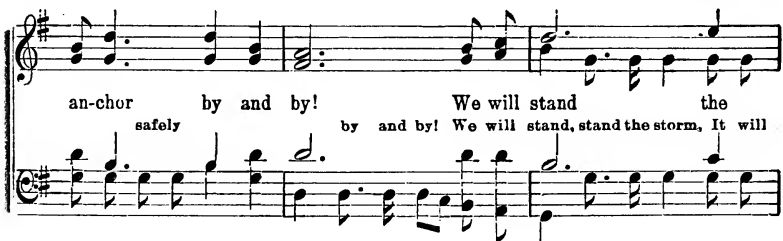


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.


CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will
 We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long.



an-chor by and by! We will stand the
 safely by and by! We will stand, stand the storm, It will



storm, We will an-chor by and by!
 not be ver - y long, safe - ly

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. We are march-ing on - ward, sol - diers of the Lord, Clad in shin-ing
 2. Dan-gers may sur-round us close on ev - 'ry side; Un - der fair-est
 3. 'Tis the cross that leads us; lift it up on high! 'Neath its roy - al
 4. Earthly crowns and scep-ters yield at last to rust; Earth-ly thrones and

ar - mor, with the Spir - it's sword; As our host ad-vanc - es,
 col - ors, lurk - ing foes may hide; For - ward, ev - er for - ward,
 stan-dard we will fight and die. En - e - mies as-sail us,
 king-doms crum - ble in - to dust; Death - less king-doms wait us,

Sa - tan must re-treat, For our conqu'ring arm - y nev - er knows de - feat.
 moves our fearless host, In the name of Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
 we are un - dismayed; All the an - gel le-gions are with us ar-rayed.
 sol - diers of the Lord, Crowns of fade-less glo-ry will be our re - ward.

CHORUS.

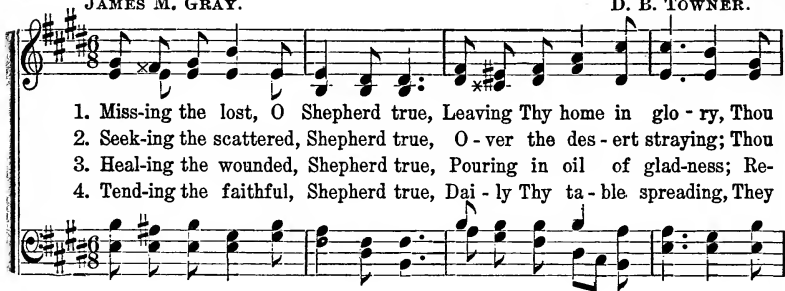
Onward, onward, facing toward the foe! Upward, upward, stead-i - ly we go!

Christ, the Lord, our arm - y shall com-mand, March-ing to the promised land!

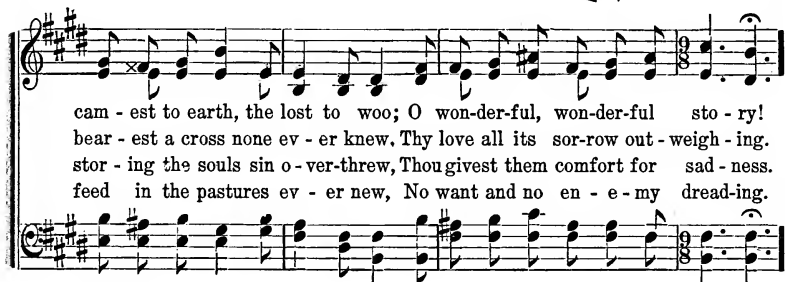
104 O Wonderful, Wonderful Story!

JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Miss-ing the lost, O Shepherd true, Leaving Thy home in glo - ry, Thou
 2. Seek-ing the scattered, Shepherd true, O - ver the des - ert straying; Thou
 3. Heal-ing the wounded, Shepherd true, Pouring in oil of glad-ness; Re-
 4. Tend-ing the faithful, Shepherd true, Dai - ly Thy ta - ble spreading, They



cam - est to earth, the lost to woo; O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry!
 bear - est a cross none ev - er knew, Thy love all its sor-row out - weigh - ing.
 stor - ing the souls sin o-ver-threw, Thou givest them comfort for sad - ness.
 feed in the pastures ev - er new, No want and no en - e - my dread-ing.

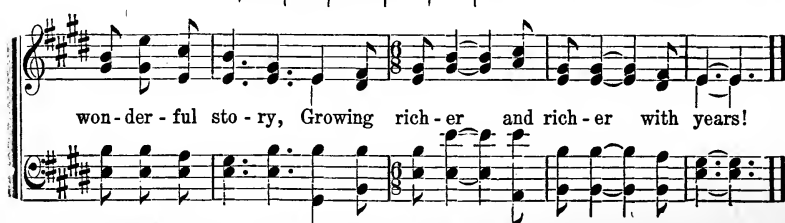
CHORUS.



O won - - - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry,
 won - der - ful sto - ry, O



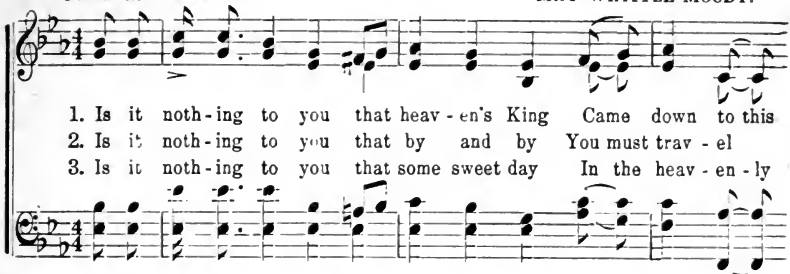
Melt - ing the heart to tears! O won - - - der - ful
 won - der - ful sto - ry, O



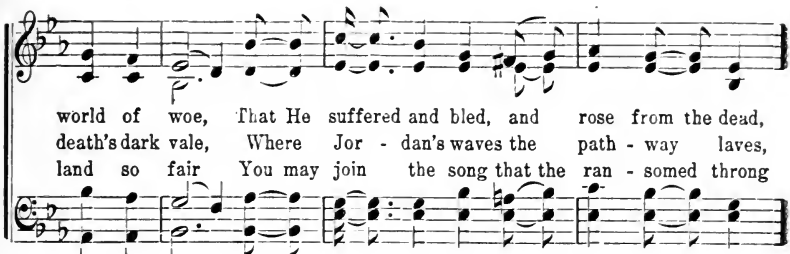
won - der - ful sto - ry, Growing rich - er and rich - er with years!

JOHN R. CLEMENTS

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

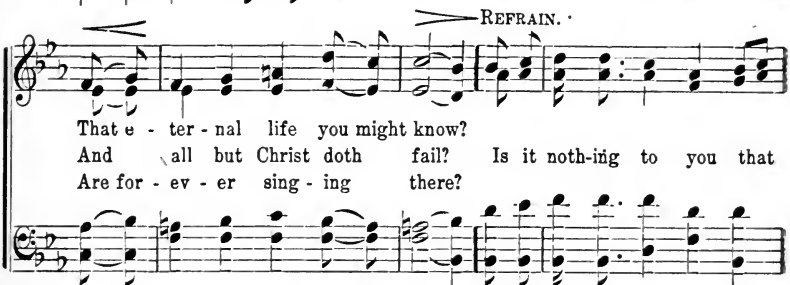


1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
 2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el
 3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day In the heav-en-ly




world of woe, That He suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
 death's dark vale, Where Jor-dan's waves the path-way laves,
 land so fair You may join the song that the ran-somed throng

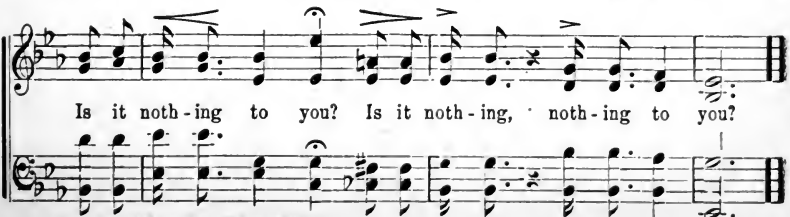
REFRAIN.



That e-ter-nal life you might know?
 And all but Christ doth fail? Is it noth-ing to you that
 Are for-ev-er sing-ing there?



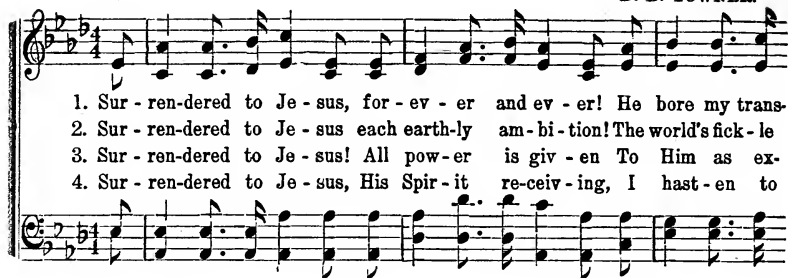
grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to you?



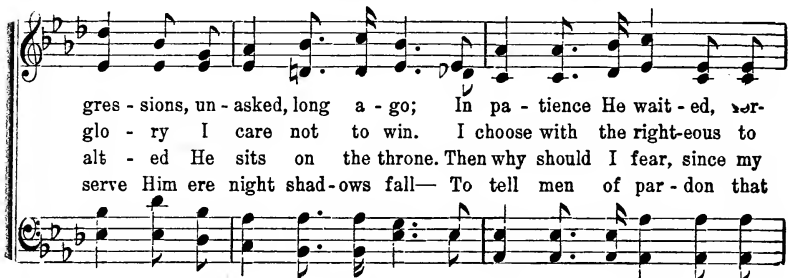
Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

A. A. P.

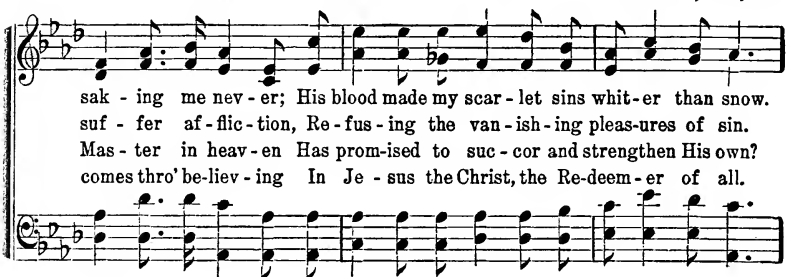
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Sur - ren - dered to Je - sus, for - ev - er and ev - er! He bore my trans-
 2. Sur - ren - dered to Je - sus each earth - ly am - bi - tion! The world's sick - le
 3. Sur - ren - dered to Je - sus! All pow - er is giv - en To Him as ex -
 4. Sur - ren - dered to Je - sus, His Spir - it re - ceiv - ing, I hast - en to

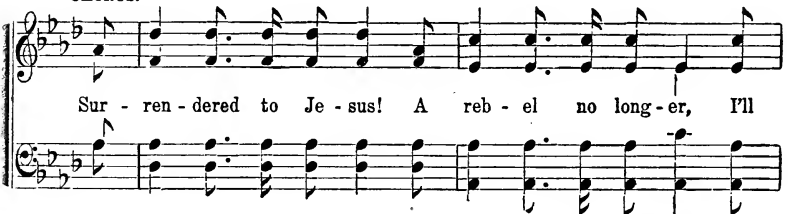


gres - sions, un - asked, long a - go; In pa - tience He wait - ed, ver-
 glo - ry I care not to win. I choose with the right - eous to
 alt - ed He sits on the throne. Then why should I fear, since my
 serve Him ere night shad - ows fall— To tell men of par - don that

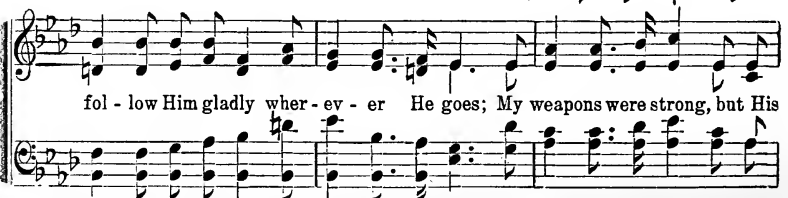


sak - ing me nev - er; His blood made my scar - let sins whit - er than snow.
 suf - fer af - flic - tion, Re - fus - ing the van - ish - ing pleas - ures of sin.
 Mas - ter in heav - en Has prom - ised to suc - cor and strengthen His own?
 comes thro' be - liev - ing In Je - sus the Christ, the Re - deem - er of all.

CHORUS.

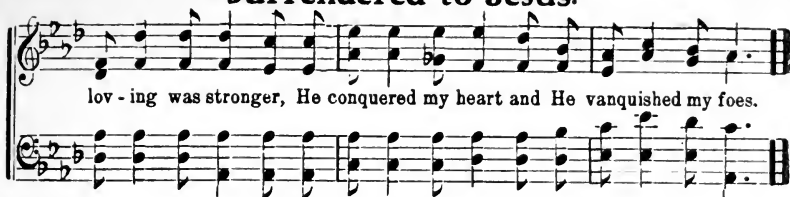


Sur - ren - dered to Je - sus! A reb - el no long - er, I'll



fol - low Him gladly wher - ev - er He goes; My weapons were strong, but His

Surrendered to Jesus.



lov - ing was stronger, He conquered my heart and He vanquished my foes.

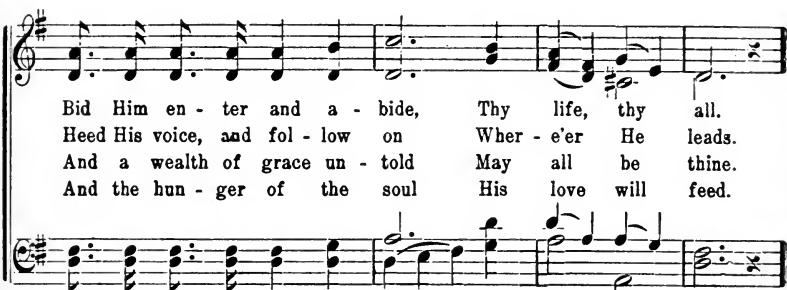
107 Open Wide Thy Heart.

H. H. PIERSON.

R. T. OWEN.

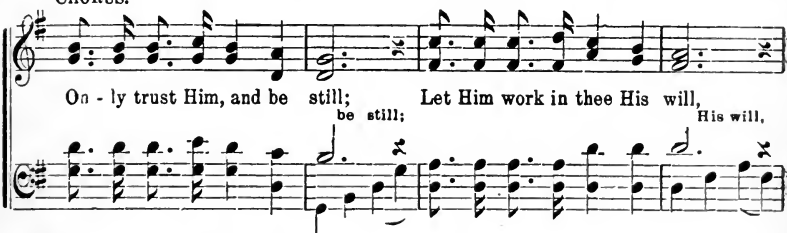


1. O - pen wide thy heart to - day At Je - sus' call;
 2. O - pen wide thy heart to - day To Him who pleads;
 3. O - pen wide thy heart to - day To love di - vine,
 4. O - pen wide thy heart to - day With all its need,

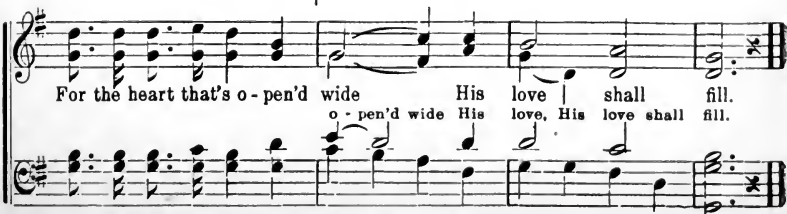


Bid Him en - ter and a - bide, Thy life, thy all.
 Heed His voice, and fol - low on Wher - e'er He leads.
 And a wealth of grace un - told May all be thine.
 And the hun - ger of the soul His love will feed.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, and be still; Let Him work in thee His will,
 be still; His will,



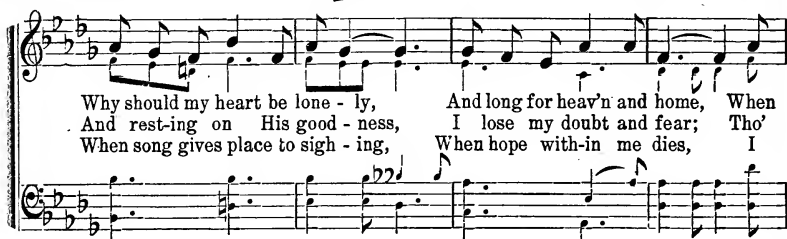
For the heart that's o - pen'd wide His love shall fill.
 o - pen'd wide His love, His love shall fill.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



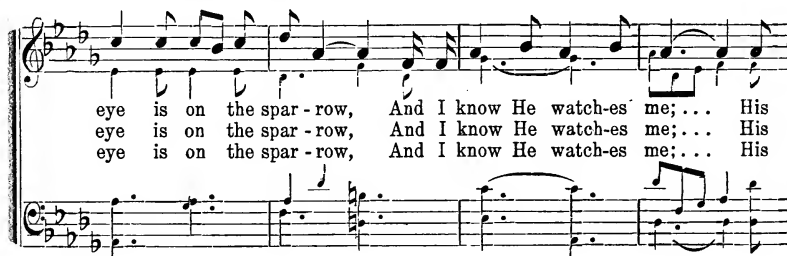
1. Why should I feel dis-cour-aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
 2. "Let not your heart be troub-led," His ten-der word I hear,
 3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a - rise,



Why should my heart be lone - ly, And long for heav'n and home, When
 And rest-ing on His good - ness, I lose my doubt and fear; Tho'
 When song gives place to sigh - ing, When hope with-in me dies, I



Je - sus is my por-tion? My con-stant Friend is He: His
 by the path He lead-eth, But one step I may see: His
 draw the clos-er to Him, From care He sets me free: His



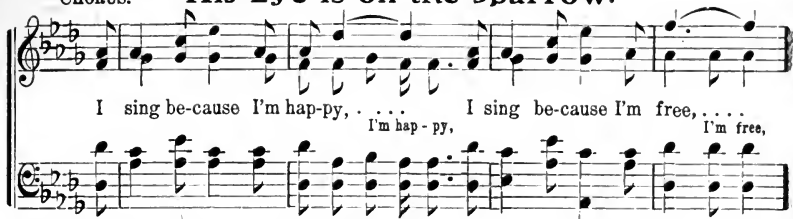
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me;... His
 eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me;... His
 eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me;... His



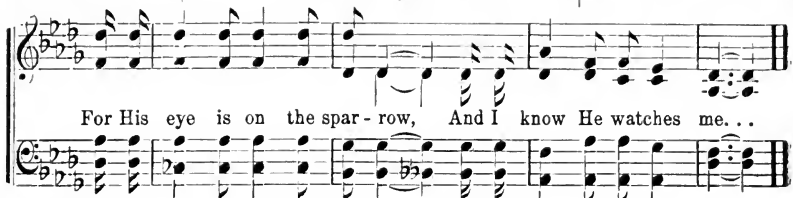
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me..
 eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me..
 eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me..

CHORUS.

His Eye is on the Sparrow.



I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, . . . I sing be-cause I'm free, . . .
I'm hap-py, I'm free,



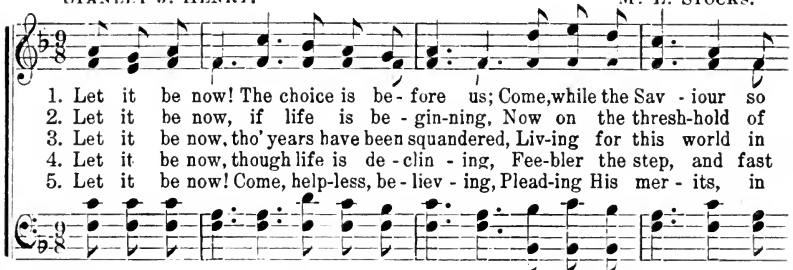
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. . .

109

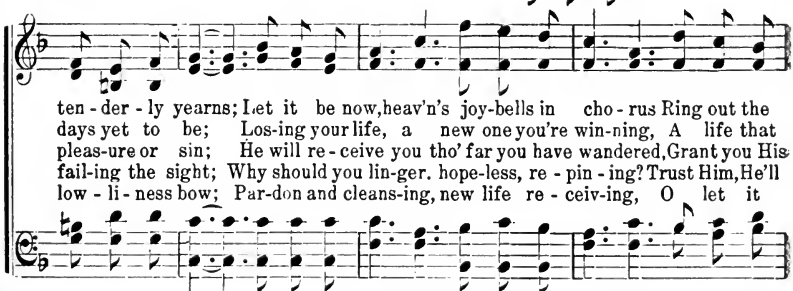
Let It Be Now.

STANLEY J. HENRY.

M. L. STOCKS.

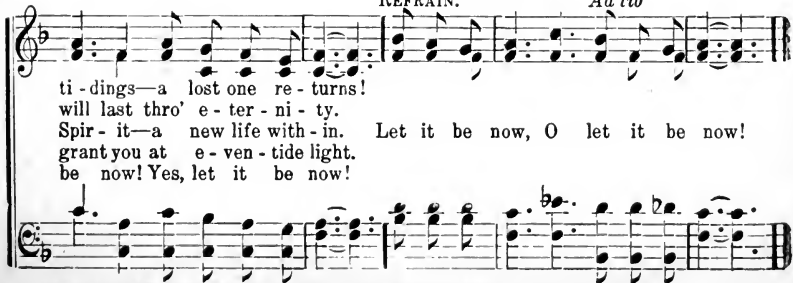


1. Let it be now! The choice is be-fore us; Come, while the Sav-iour so
2. Let it be now, if life is be-gin-ning, Now on the thresh-hold of
3. Let it be now, tho' years have been squandered, Liv-ing for this world in
4. Let it be now, though life is de-clin-ing, Fee-ble the step, and fast
5. Let it be now! Come, help-less, be-liev-ing, Plead-ing His mer-its, in



ten-der-ly years; Let it be now, heav'n's joy-bells in cho-rus Ring out the
days yet to be; Los-ing your life, a new one you're win-ning, A life that
pleas-ure or sin; He will re-ceive you tho' far you have wandered, Grant you His
fail-ing the sight; Why should you lin-ger. hope-less, re-pin-ing? Trust Him, He'll
low-li-ness bow; Par-don and cleans-ing, new life re-ceiving, O let it


REFRAIN.

Ad lib




ti-dings—a lost one re-turns!
will last thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
Spir-it—a new life with-in. Let it be now, O let it be now!
grant you at e-ven-tide light.
be now! Yes, let it be now!

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

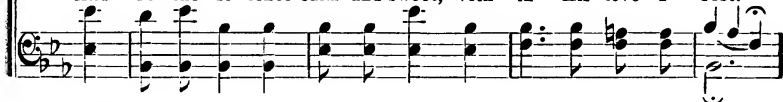
D. B. TOWNER.



1. No more I fear the long - est night, Nor dread the dark - est day,
 2. Tho' rough and steep the path has grown, He cheers me with His smile;
 3. Thro' all the dan - gers of the way My heart is un - dis-mayed;
 4. Grown wea - ry with the toil - some way I lean up - on His breast,

For One is al - ways near my side A - long the home - ward way.
 His ten - der words of com - fort sweet The lone - ly hours be - guile.
 I touch His hand, I hear His voice, And I am not a - fraid.
 And in the si - lence calm and sweet, With - in His love I rest.



CHORUS.



All the way home, All the way home, My Sav - iour walks be - side me




All the way home. All the way home, All the way home,




ad lib.
 My Sav - iour walks be - side me All the way home!



111 What Will You Do With Jesus?

Anon.

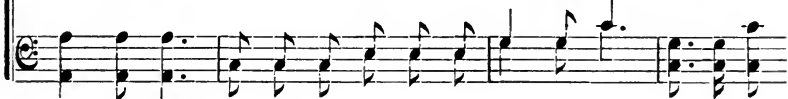
M. L. STOCKS.



1. Je - sus is stand - ing in Pi - late's Hall, Friend-less, for - sak-en, be-
2. Je - sus is stand - ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him
3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried, Or will you choose Him what-
4. Will you like Pe - ter your Lord de - ny? Or will you scorn from His
5. "Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day; Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee



trayed by all; Harken! what mean-eth the sud - den call? What will you
if you will, You can be faith-ful through good or ill,— What will you
e'er be - tide? Vain-ly you strug - gle from Him to hide,— What will you
foes to fly, Dar - ing for Je - sus to live or die? What will you
all the way, Glad - ly o - bey-ing Thee"; will you say: "This will I



CHORUS.



do with Je - sus?
do with Je - sus?
do with Je - sus? What will you do with Je - sus? Neu - tral you can - not
do with Je - sus?
do with Je - sus?"



be; Some day your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do with me?



A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. How it thrills our hearts with rapt-ure As we feel the hour is nigh,
2. Oft the wea - ry miles di - vide us From the friends we cher-ish so,
3. O the hope of His ap - pear-ing—How it lights the drear-y way,

When the voice of the arch - an - gel Shall re - sound through-out the sky,
And the look from eyes that love us—How we miss wher-e'er we go!
How it girds our souls with cour-age For the "lit - tle while" we stay!

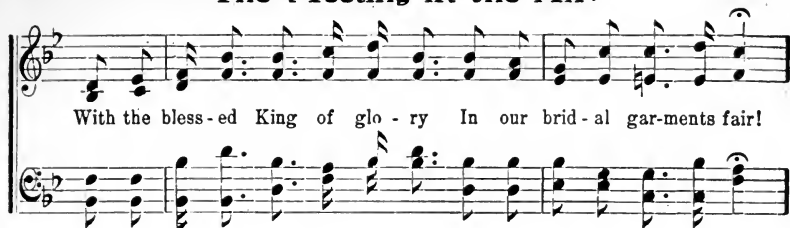
And the dead in Christ, up-springing, With the liv - ing saints shall be
And some-times the grave has hid - den One whose face was ver - y dear—
For it can - not be much long-er Till the Bridegroom calls us home;

Caught a - way from all earth's shad-ows To a glad e - ter - ni - ty!
O what joy once more to meet them When the Mas - ter shall ap - pear!
Sure - ly, sure - ly He comes quick-ly! E - ven so, Lord Je - sus, come!

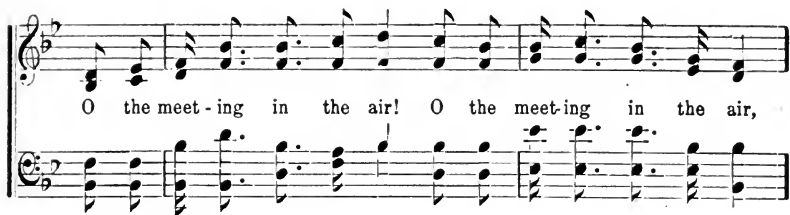
CHORUS.

O the meet-ing in the air! O the meet-ing in the air,

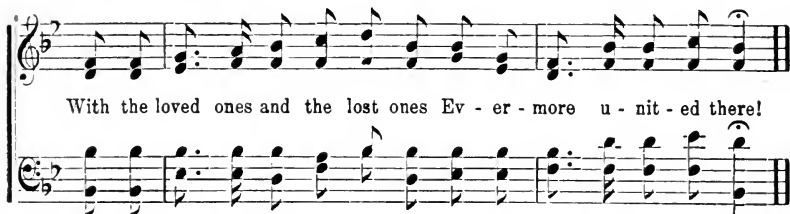
The Meeting in the Air.



With the bless-ed King of glo-ry In our brid-al gar-ments fair!



O the meet-ing in the air! O the meet-ing in the air,

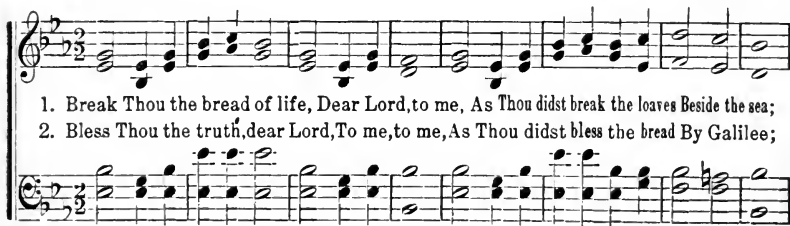


With the loved ones and the lost ones Ev-er-more u-nit-ed there!

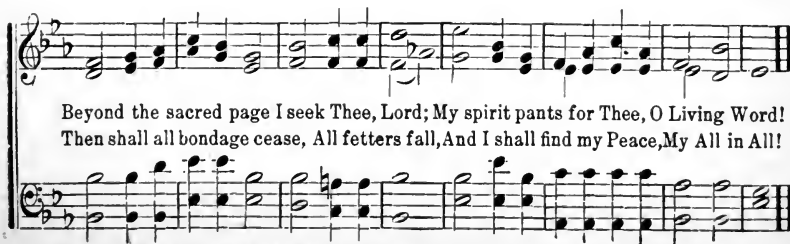
113 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

W. F. SHERWIN.



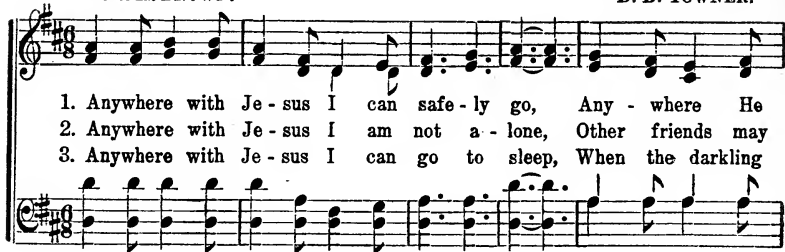
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;



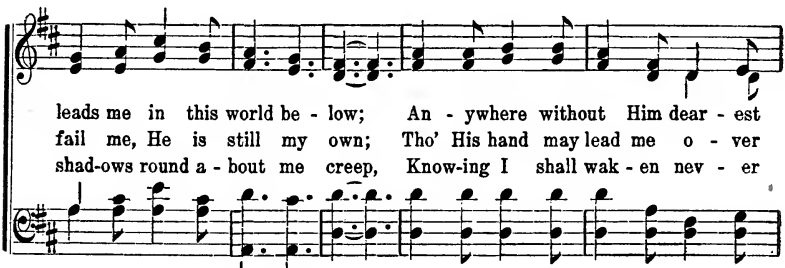
Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O Living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my Peace, My All in All!

JESSIE H. BROWN.

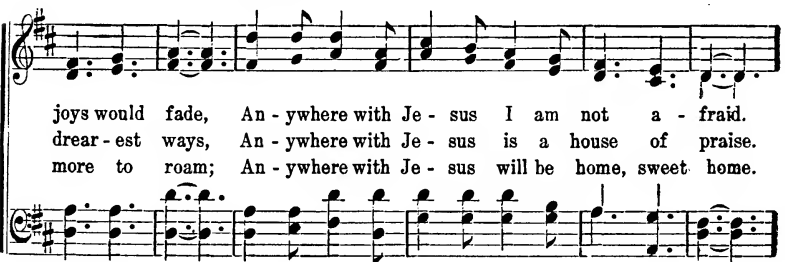
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Anywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, Any - where He
 2. Anywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may
 3. Anywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling



leads me in this world be - low; An - ywhere without Him dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 shad - ows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er



joys would fade, An - ywhere with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 drear - est ways, An - ywhere with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam; An - ywhere with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



An - y - where, an - y - where! Fear I can - not know;



An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rest-ing in His love at His bless-ed feet, All my heart goes forth in joyous
 2. Rest-ing in His love by the wa-ters still, Sweet communion with my Lord I
 3. Rest-ing in His love, kept in perfect peace, Till the home of homes with joy I

song; Trust-ing Him for pow'r ev - 'ry day and hour, By His grace di-vine He
 hold; E'en the dark-est way bright-er grows each day, As new visions of His
 see; Where the an-gels sing prais-es to their King, In the light of God e-

CHORUS.

makes me strong.

might un-fold. Rest-ing in His love that ran-som'd me,
 ter - nal-ly.

Trust-ing

that ransomed me,

in His grace so full and free, I shall see my Lord some day,
 so full and free,

Where His glo - ry shines for aye, Rest-ing in His love for - ev - er-more!

116 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un-to vic - t'ry His ar-my
con - flict In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him Against un-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the Gos-pel ar - mor, And watching
bat - tle, The next, the victor's song; To Him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of



shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed!
number'd foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose!
un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there!
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal-ly.



Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss!

117 There is an Eye that Never Sleeps.

JAMES C. WALLACE.

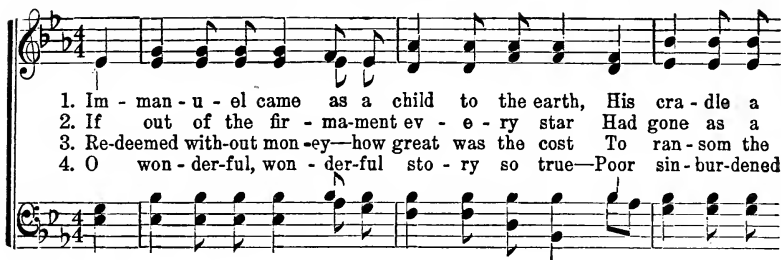
D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires When hu-man strength gives way;
3. That eye is fixed on ser - aph throngs, That arm up-holds the sky,
4. But there's a pow'r which men can wield When mor - tal aid is vain,
5. That pow'r is prayer, which soars on high, Thro' Je - sus, to the throne,

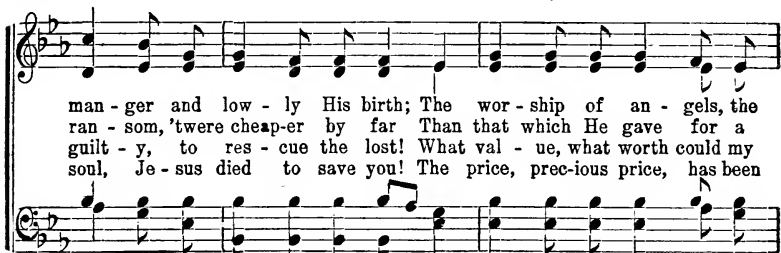
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light.
There is a love that nev - er fails When earth - ly loves de - cay.
That ear is filled with an - gel songs, That love is throned on high.
That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That list - ning ear to gain.
And moves the hand which moves the world, To bring sal - va - tion down.

ERNEST LEE THOMPSON.

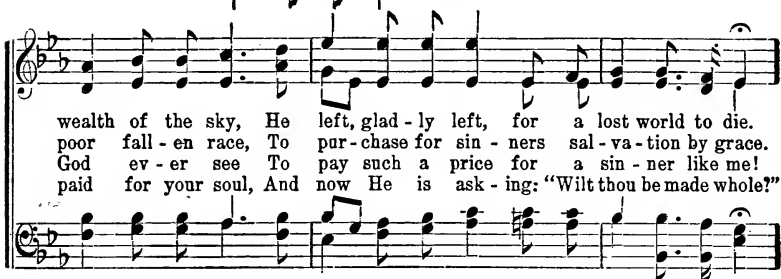
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Im - man - u - el came as a child to the earth, His cra - dle a
 2. If out of the fir - ma - ment ev - e - ry star Had gone as a
 3. Re - deemed with - out mon - ey — how great was the cost To ran - som the
 4. O won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry so true — Poor sin - bur - dened

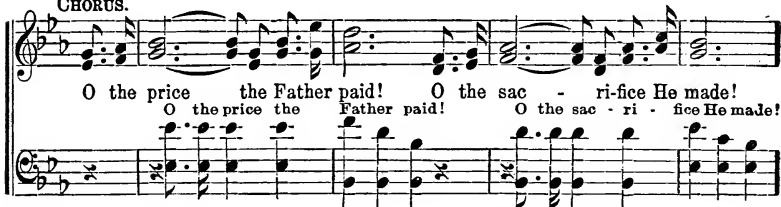


man - ger and low - ly His birth; The wor - ship of an - gels, the
 ran - som, 'twere cheap - er by far Than that which He gave for a
 guilt - y, to res - cue the lost! What val - ue, what worth could my
 soul, Je - sus died to save you! The price, prec - ious price, has been

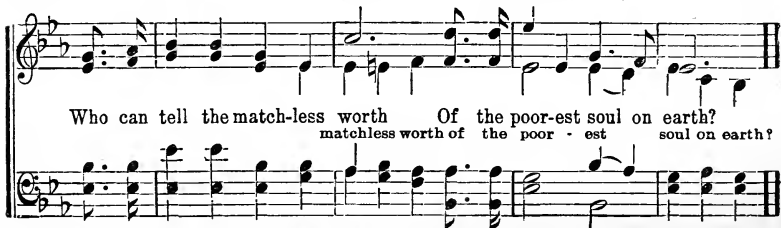


wealth of the sky, He left, glad - ly left, for a lost world to die.
 poor fall - en race, To pur - chase for sin - ners sal - va - tion by grace.
 God ev - er see To pay such a price for a sin - ner like me!
 paid for your soul, And now He is ask - ing: "Wilt thou be made whole?"

CHORUS.



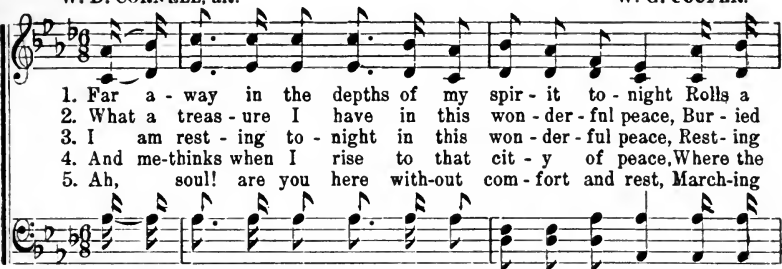
O the price the Father paid! O the sac - ri - fice He made!
 O the price the Father paid! O the sac - ri - fice He made!



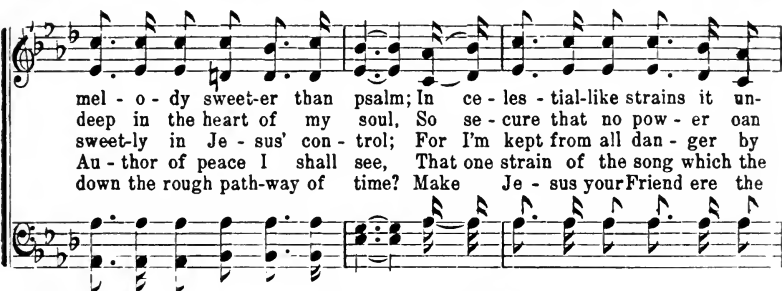
Who can tell the match - less worth Of the poor - est soul on earth?
 matchless worth of the poor - est soul on earth?

W. D. CORNELL, alt.

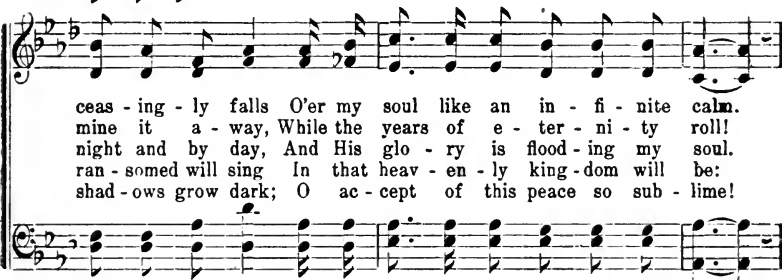
W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com - fort and rest, March-ing

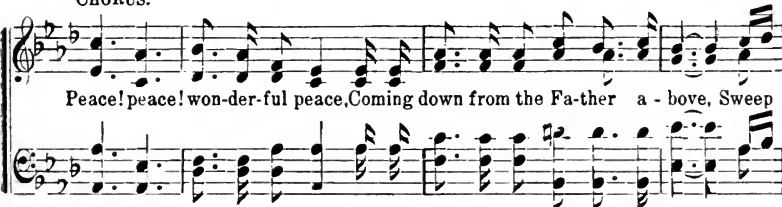


mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
 deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er oan
 sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough path-way of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

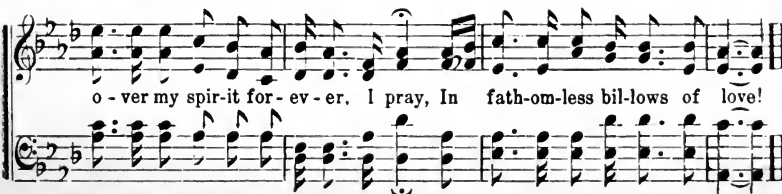


ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
 ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.



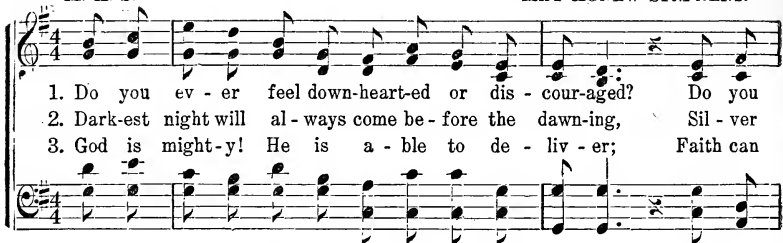
Peace! peace! won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove, Sweep



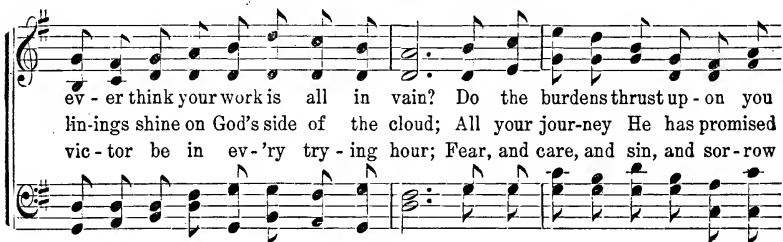
o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er. I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love!

M. A. S.

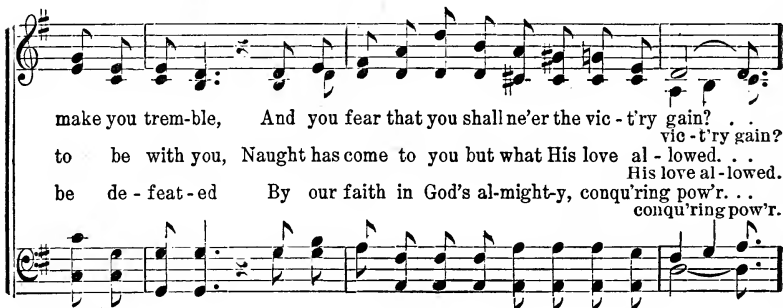
MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you
 2. Dark-est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
 3. God is might-y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can



ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up - on you
 lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has promised
 vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sor - row

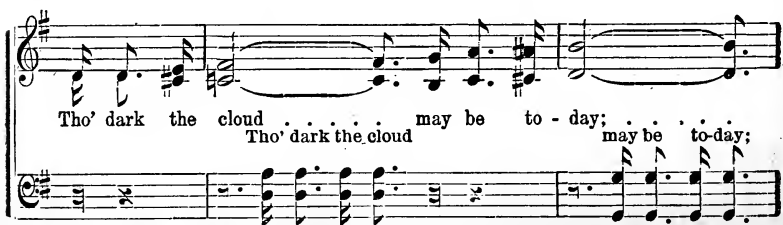


make you trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain?
 to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.
 be de - feat-ed By our faith in God's al-might-y, conqu'ring pow'r.
 His love al - lowed.
 conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.



Have faith in God, Have faith in God, the sun will shine, the sun will shine,



Tho' dark the cloud Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day; may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.



His heart hath planned your path and mine;
His heart hath planned your path and mine;



Have faith in God, have faith al - way.
Have faith in God, have faith al-way.



121 Yes, for Me He Careth.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A. E. LIND.



1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth, With a broth-er's ten-der care;
2. Yes, for me He stand-eth plead-ing At the mer-cy-seat a-bove;
3. Yes, in me, in me He dwell-eth—I in Him, and He in me!
4. Thus I wait for His re-turn-ing, Sing-ing all the way to heav'n;



Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry fear.
Ev-er for me in-ter-ced-ing, Con-stant in un-tir-ing love.
And my emp-ty soul He fill-eth, Here and through e-ter-ni-ty.
Such the joy-ful song of morn-ing, Such the tran-quil song of even!



M. J. CARTWRIGHT.

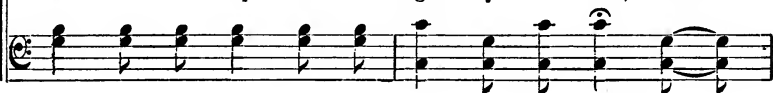
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I was drift ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the
2. 'Twas the "old ship of Zi - on," thus sail - ing a - long, All a -
3. The good Cap - tain com - mand - ed a boat to be low' red, And with
4. O soul, sink - ing down 'neath sin's mer - ci - less wave, The strong



an - gry waves threat - ened my ru - in to be, When a -
board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song; And the
ten - der com - pas - sion He took me on board; And I'm
arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then



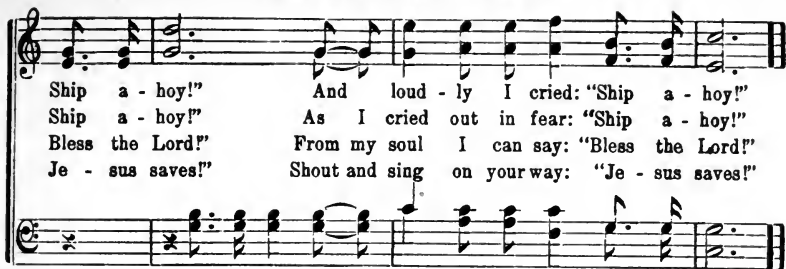
way at my side, there I dim - ly des - cried A
Cap - tain's kind ear, ev - er read - y to hear, Caught my
hap - py to - day, all my sins washed a - way In the
trust Him to - day, no long - er de - lay, Board the



state - ly old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried: "Ship a - hoy!
wail of dis - tress, as I cried out in fear: "Ship a - hoy!
blood of my Sav - iour, and now I can say: "Bless the Lord!
old ship of Zi - on, and shout on your way: "Je - sus saves!



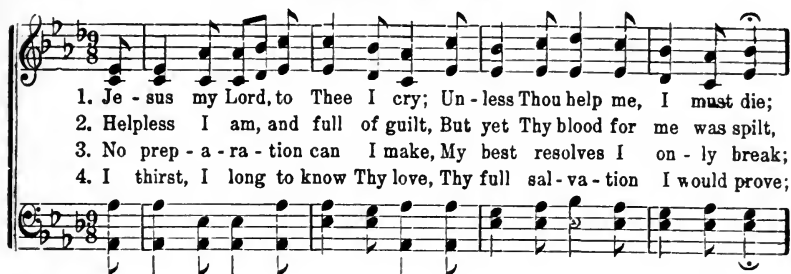
The Old Ship Zion.



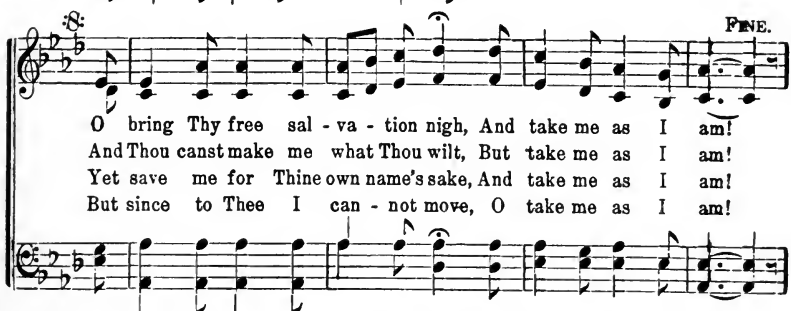
Ship a - hoy!" And loud - ly I cried: "Ship a - hoy!"
 Ship a - hoy!" As I cried out in fear: "Ship a - hoy!"
 Bless the Lord!" From my soul I can say: "Bless the Lord!"
 Je - sus saves!" Shout and sing on your way: "Je - sus saves!"

123

Take Me As I Am!



1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt,
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break;
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;



FINE.

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!

D. S.—O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D. S.




Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am, . . .
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 And work both in and by me, too,
 And take me as I am!



5 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the victory won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone:
 Lord, take me as I am!

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

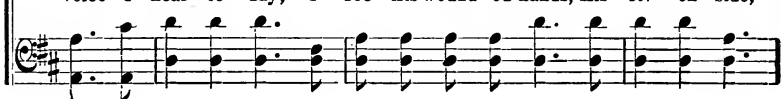
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Be - hold the Lamb of God on Cal - v'ry's tree, The Sav - iour cru - ci -
 2. For us the crown of thorns the Sav - iour wore, The mock - ing and the
 3. O Je - sus, in Thy pain, Thy brok - en heart, In all Thine ag - o -
 4. The shad - ow of the cross is on my way, The Sav - iour's plead - ing


fied for you and me! His ag - o - ny and shame, His dy - ing cry,
 scorn in si - lence bore; His pierc - ed hands reach out to bring us near;
 ny, my sins had part; In Thy re - deem - ing love, Thy vic - t'ry won,
 voice I hear to - day; I see His wound - ed hands, His riv - en side,



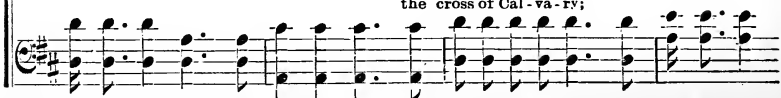
CHORUS.



Can an - y heart for - get? Shall you? Shall I?
 O let His per - fect love cast out all fear! He suffered for you, He
 Thou giv - est me a share, O bless - ed Son!
 And cry, Lord, I be - lieve! In Thee I hide!

suffered for me, Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry; He suffered for
 the cross of Cal - va - ry;



He Suffered for You.

you, He suffered for me, He died up - on the cross for you and me.

125

Choose Now.

HARRIET FITHIAN.

R. T. OWEN.

1. "Some day," you say, "I will seek the Lord; Some day I will make my choice;
2. God's time is now, for the days fly fast, And swiftly the sea-sons roll;
3. Choose now, just now! there's a soul at stake! O what will your answer be?

Some day, some day, I will heed His word, And answer the Spir - it's voice."
 To - day is yours, it may be your last; Choose life for your priceless soul!
 'Tis life or death; and the choice you make, Is made for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Choose now, just now, for the Lord is here, And an-gels your ans-wer wait;

Choose now, just now, while the call is clear: To-mor-row may be too late!

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

Solo, or Unison.

1. A Sav-iour who died our sal - va - tion to win, A Sav-iour who
 2. A Shep-herd who giv-eth His life for the sheep, A Shep-herd both
 3. A Pi-lot who know-eth the dan-gers at hand, A Pi-lot who
 4. A Shel-ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel-ter from

knows how to save us from sin,— Yes, He is the Sav-iour, the
 might-y to save and to keep,— Yes, this is the Shep-herd, the
 bring-eth all ves-sels to land,— Yes, this is the Pi-lot, the
 judg-ment, a Shel-ter from harm,— Yes, this is the Shel-ter, the

rall. *a tempo.*

Sav-iour we need, And He is a Sav-iour in - deed! . .
 Shep-herd we need, And He is a Shep-herd in - deed! . .
 Pi-lot we need, And He is a Pi-lot in - deed! . .
 Shel-ter we need, And He is a Shel-ter in - deed! . .

CHORUS.

Is He yours? . . Is He yours? . . Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
 Is He yours? Is He yours?

T. O. CHISHOLM.

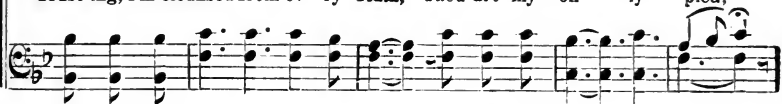
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. On - ly in Thee, O Sav - iour mine, Dwelleth my soul in peace di - vine,
2. On - ly in Thee a ra - diance bright Shines like a bea - con in the night,
3. On - ly in Thee, when days are drear, When neith - er sun nor stars ap - pear,
4. On - ly in Thee, dear Sav - iour, slain, Los - ing Thy life my own to gain,



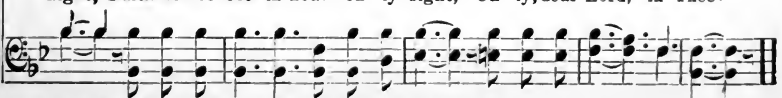
Peace that the world, tho' all com - bine, Nev - er can take from me;
 Guid - ing my pil - grim bark a - right O - ver life's track - less sea;
 Still I can trust and feel no fear, Sing when I can - not see;
 Trust - ing, I'm cleansed from ev - 'ry stain, Thou art my on - ly plea;



Pleas - ures of earth, so seem - ing - ly sweet, Fail at the last my long - ings to
 On - ly in Thee, when troubles mo - lest, When with temp - ta - tion I am op -
 On - ly in Thee, what - ev - er be - tide, All of my need is free - ly sup -
 On - ly in Thee my heart will de - light, Till in that land where com - eth no



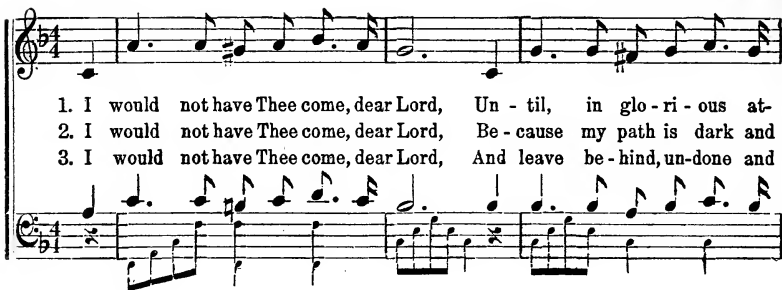
meet; On - ly in Thee my bliss is com - plete, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 pressed, There is a sweet pa - vil - ion of rest, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 plied, There is no hope or help - er be - side, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 night, Faith will be lost in heav - en - ly sight, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!



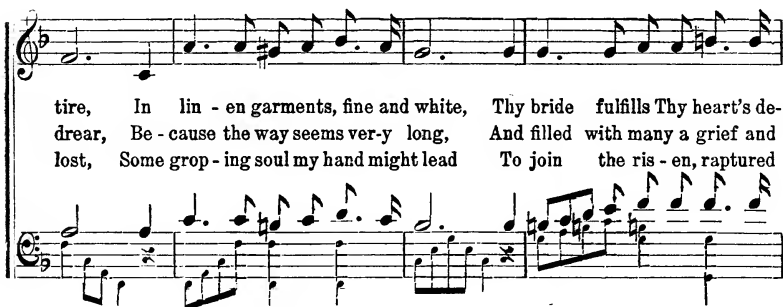
128 I Would Not Have Thee Come.

A. A. P.

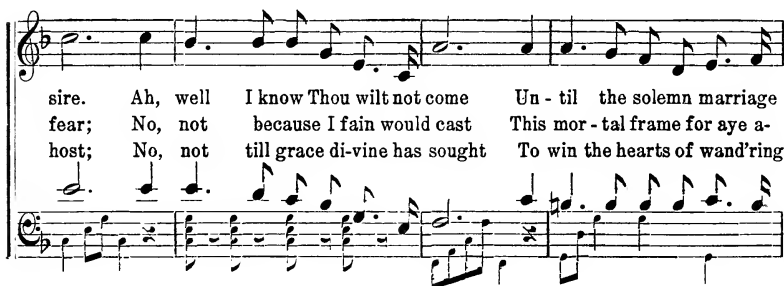
D. B. TOWNER.



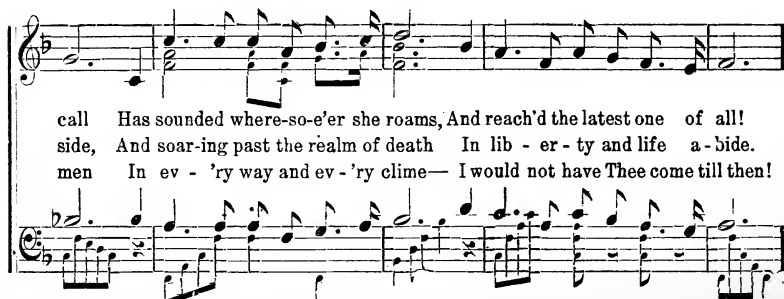
1. I would not have Thee come, dear Lord, Un - til, in glo - ri - ous at -
 2. I would not have Thee come, dear Lord, Be - cause my path is dark and
 3. I would not have Thee come, dear Lord, And leave be - hind, un-done and



tire, In lin - en garments, fine and white, Thy bride fulfills Thy heart's de -
 drear, Be - cause the way seems ver-y long, And filled with many a grief and
 lost, Some grop - ing soul my hand might lead To join the ris - en, raptured



sire. Ah, well I know Thou wilt not come Un - til the solemn marriage
 fear; No, not because I fain would cast This mor - tal frame for aye a -
 host; No, not till grace di-vine has sought To win the hearts of wand'ring



call Has sounded where-so-e'er she roams, And reach'd the latest one of all!
 side, And soar-ing past the realm of death In lib - er - ty and life a - bide.
 men In ev - 'ry way and ev - 'ry clime— I would not have Thee come till then!

I Would Not Have Thee Come.

CHORUS.



But O 'tis wea-ry wait-ing here! My pris-oned spir-it would be free.



A - gainst the bars of earth I press, And look and long, dear Lord, for Thee!



129 God Sets a Still Small Voice.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. God sets a still, small voice	Deep ev - 'ry soul with - in:
2. If we that voice o - bey,	Clear - er its tones will be
3. If we that voice neg - lect,	Faint - er will be its tone:
4. O grief, to be al - lowed	To go our own wild way:
5. And help us to at - tend	To Thy sweet voice di - vine:

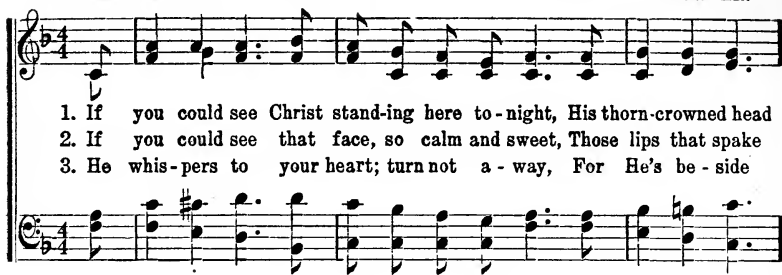


It guid - eth to the right, And warn - eth us of sin.
 Till all God's will for us Clear as noon-day we see.
 If still un - heed - ed, it Will leave us quite a - lone.
 Lord, hold Thy chil - dren back Lest we so sad - ly stray!
 Then, in the judg - ment day, Own us, good Lord, as Thine.

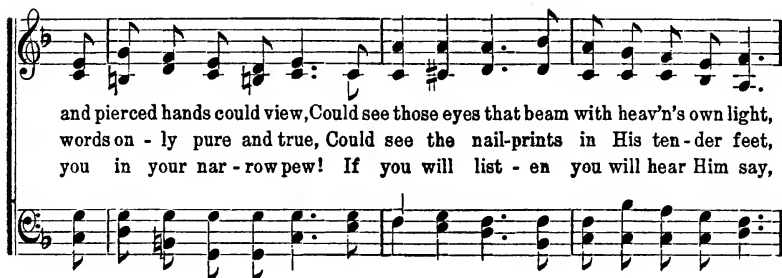


CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
 2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
 3. He whis-pers to your heart; turn not a-way, For He's be-side

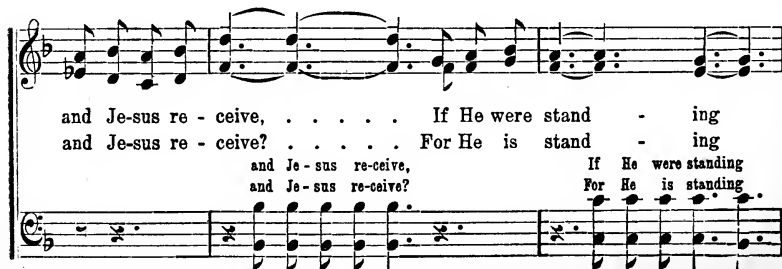


and pierced hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
 words on-ly pure and true, Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet,
 you in your nar-row-pew! If you will list-en you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.



And hear Him say: "Be-loved, 'twas for you!"—Would you believe, . . .
 And hear Him say: "Be-loved, 'twas for you!"—*Last verse.*
 In lov-ing tones: "Be-loved, 'twas for you!"—Will you be-lieve,
Last verse. Would you be-lieve,
 Will you be-lieve,



and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were stand-ing
 and Je-sus re-ceive? For He is stand-ing
 and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were standing
 and Je-sus re-ceive? For He is standing

Would You Believe?



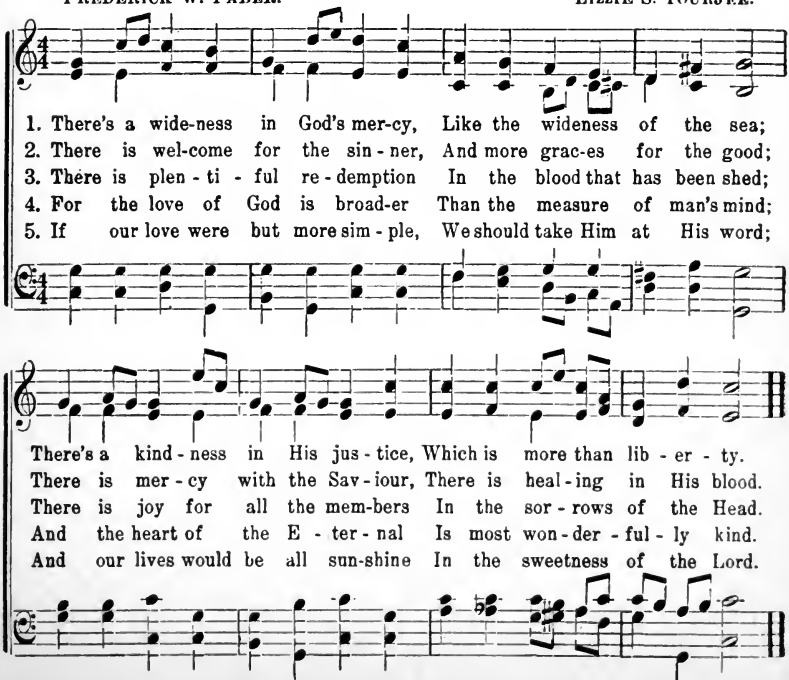
here? Would you be - lieve, and Je - sus re -
 here. Will you be - lieve, and Je - sus re -
 here, were stand - ing here? Would you be - lieve,
 here, is stand - ing here. Will you be - lieve,

ceive, If He were stand - ing here?
 ceive? For He is stand - ing here.
 and Je - sus re - ceive, If He were stand - ing, if He were stand - ing here?
 and Je - sus re - ceive? For He is stand - ing, for He is stand - ing here.

131 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. There is plen-ti-ful re-demption In the blood that has been shed;
 4. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
 5. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour, There is heal-ing in His blood.
 There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor-rows of the Head.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweetness of the Lord.

LOUIS A. WATERMAN.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O Word of God, how mar - vel - ous Thy wis - dom and thy pow'r!
2. Withsound of thy sweet prom - is - es Our long - ing hearts beat time;
3. Thy warn - ings sound, how sol - emn - ly, A - larms deep-toned and dark;
4. Thy pi - lot-ing how sure, how safe, Un - til, all break-ers passed,



How man - i - fold thy might - i - ness To meet our need each hour!
 Thy mes - sag - es waft mel - o - dy, Like bells at ev - 'ning chime!
 Like fog - bells on the rock - y coast That guide the storm-tossed bark!
 We tri - umph o'er each hur - ri - cane, And an - chor, home at last!



CHORUS.



O Word of God, how won-drous-ly Does thy sweet voice re - sound;



What gra - cious lov - ing - kind - ness - es In ev - 'ry tone a - bound!



F. E. O.
Slow.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.



1. What if my heart should feel The load my Sav-iour's felt
2. What if my lips should touch The cup my Sav-iour's met
3. What if my hands and feet Were nailed to Cal-v'ry's cross,
4. What if this heart of mine Were pierced with cru-el spear?



When for my sins He prayed, and wept, And bled, as there He knelt?
 When in His ag-o-ny of soul He wres-tled with my debt?
 That for my sins could not a-tone, Nor take a-way my dross?
 Yea, death it-self would sure-ly fail To make my rec-ord clear.



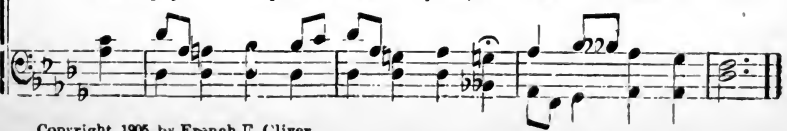
CHORUS.



None but the sin-less Man, The ap-ple of God's eye,



Could pay re-demp-tion's fear-ful price, And so He had to die!



Words arr.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. One lit - tle hour for watch - ing with the Mas - ter, E - ter - nal
 2. One lit - tle hour to suf - fer scorn and loss - es, E - ter - nal
 3. One lit - tle hour for wea - ry toils and tri - als, E - ter - nal

years to walk with Him in white; One lit - tle hour to brave - ly
 years be - yond earth's cru - el frowns; One lit - tle hour to car - ry
 years for calm and peace - ful rest; One lit - tle hour for pa - tient

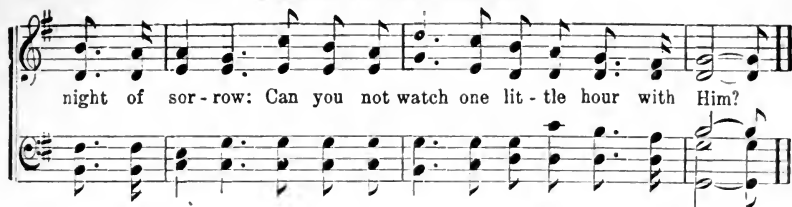
meet dis - as - ter, E - ter - nal years to reign with Him in light!
 heav - y cross - es, E - ter - nal years to wear un - fad - ing crowns!
 self - de - ni - als, E - ter - nal years of life where life is blest!

CHORUS.

Then soul, be brave and watch un - til the mor - row, A - wake, a -

rise, your lamp of pur - pose trim! Your Sav - iour speaks a - cross the

One Little Hour.

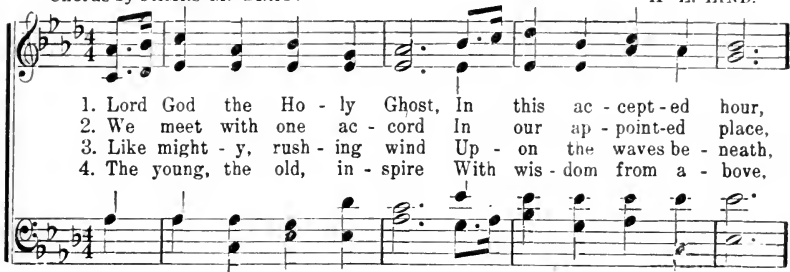


night of sor-row: Can you not watch one lit-tle hour with Him?

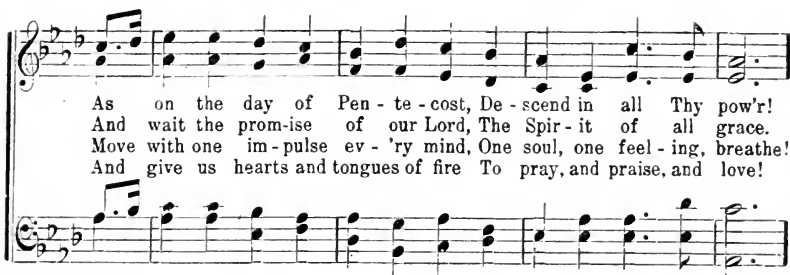
135 We Invoke Thee, Holy Spirit!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.
Chorus by JAMES M. GRAY.

A. E. LIND.



1. Lord God the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord, In our ap - point - ed place,
3. Like might - y, rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath,
4. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove,

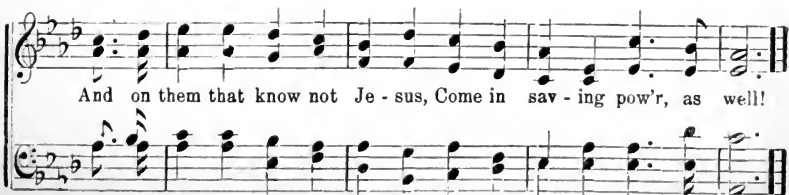


As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r!
And wait the prom - ise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace.
Move with one im - pulse ev - 'ry mind, One soul, one feel - ing, breathe!
And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love!

CHORUS.




We in - voke Thee, Ho - ly Spir - it, Fill the hearts where Thou dost dwell,




And on them that know not Je - sus, Come in sav - ing pow'r, as well!

JULIA A. JOHNSTON.


D. B. TOWNER.



1. There's a pic - ture fair and bright, hang - ing still on mem - ry's wall:
 2. While I look, the pic - tures change, and I see my moth - er's face;
 3. O the bless - ed days of old, when I felt my moth - er's hand,
 4. When I long for voic - es hushed, and the touch of van - ished hands,

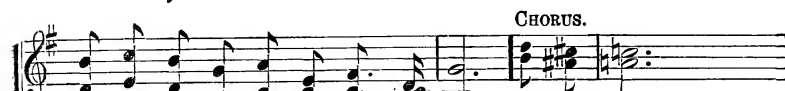


There I see my fa - ther take the Book di - vine; Dear home
 In her hand the Bi - ble, worn and stained with tears; But the
 With its ten - der touch of love up - on my head, While the
 In the dark - ness when death's an - gel spreads his wing, Let me



fac - es gath - er round, as the shad - ows soft - ly fall, And a
 light is shin - ing still, and with - in the hal - lowed place There is
 old, old sto - ry sweet, which a child can un - der - stand, From the
 turn to moth - er's Book, with its com - forts and com - mands, For the

CHORUS.



light from out the pag - es seems to shine.
 comfort for earth's griefs and doubts and fears. Dear old Book,
 pag - es of the Book di - vine she read.
 peace and hope its bless - ed pag - es bring!

Dear old Book,

The Old Fireside.



pre-cious Book, On thy pag-es soiled and worn I love to
pre-cious Book,
look! pre-cious Book! O thou balm for hearts that ache, For my
saint-ed mother's sake, Thou art dear-er day by day, thou bless-ed Book!

rall.

137

Evening Hymn.

Mrs. E. M. BOHNE.

O. A. MILLER.



1. Wea-ry and worn I long for rest, Close Thou my eyes in sleep;
2. Give me that in-ner con-sci-ous-ness Of Thine ex-ceed-ing peace,
3. Then in the morn-ing gird a-new My soul with strength di-vine;
4. Choose Thou the path in life for me, And lead me by Thy hand;

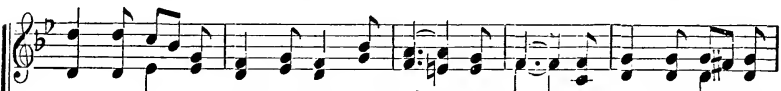
O let me lie up-on Thy breast, My rest in Thee com-plete!
And from all sor-row, grief and pain Shall come a sweet re-lease.
The word of Thy sal-va-tion be As-sur-ance I am Thine!
May ev-ry im-pulse of my soul Re-spond to Thy com-mand!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

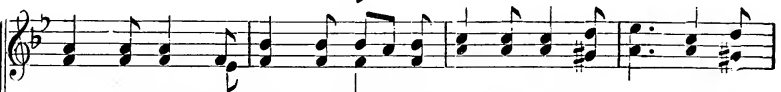
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Go forth, go forth for Je - sus now! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth, go forth to all the world! O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth, let heart and hands be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!



Lord Him-self will teach you how To watch and pray; 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be unfurl'd, And grace be told; O let re-deem-ing
stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may! Equipped with love and



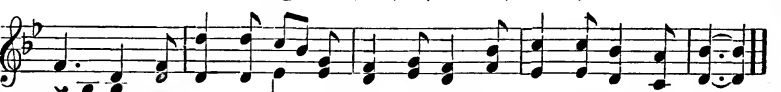
field to choose, No work He gives must thou re-fuse; Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength di-vine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work - ing! Be



CHORUS.



watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who
Go forth!

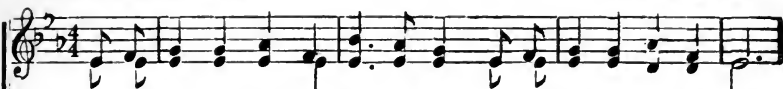


calls thee; The har-vest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God!
Go forth!



JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

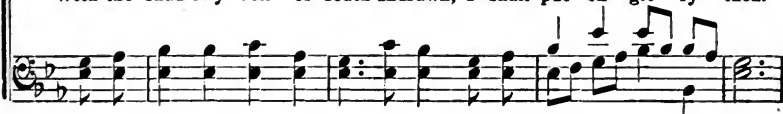
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I am trav'ling tow'rd life's sun - set gate, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home;
2. There is tran - quil rest when day is done, I shall lay me down in peace;
3. By the side of those most near and dear, I shall drop life's toil and care;
4. I shall rise a - gain at morn-ing dawn, I shall put on glo - ry then;



For the glow of e - ven-tide I wait, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.
 When the end is reached at set of sun, I shall lay me down in peace.
 When the Mas-ter's ten - der voice I hear, I shall drop life's toil and care.
 With the shad-owy veil of death undrawn, I shall put on glo - ry then.



REFRAIN.



Ev'ning bells . . . I seem to hear As the sun - set gate draws near!
 Ev'ning bells I seem, I seem to hear, draws near;

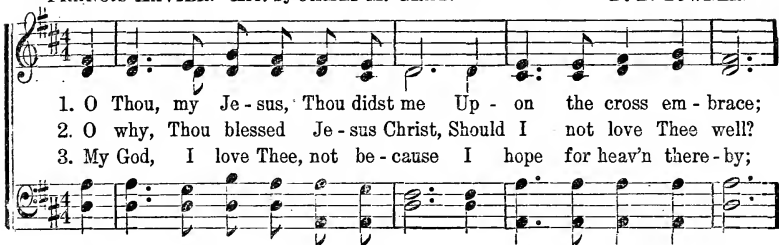


Ev'ning bells I seem to hear As the sun - set gate draws near!
 Ev'ning bells I seem,

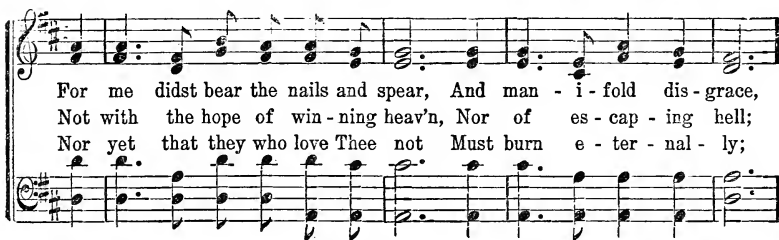


FRANCIS XAVIER. Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY.

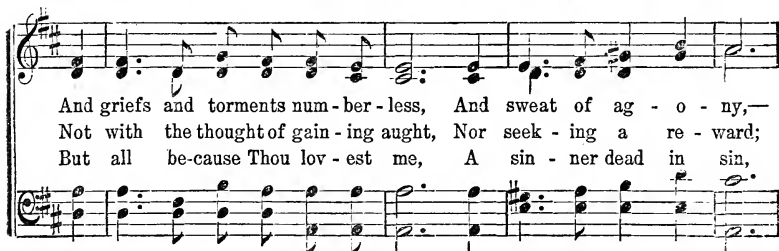
D. B. TOWNER.



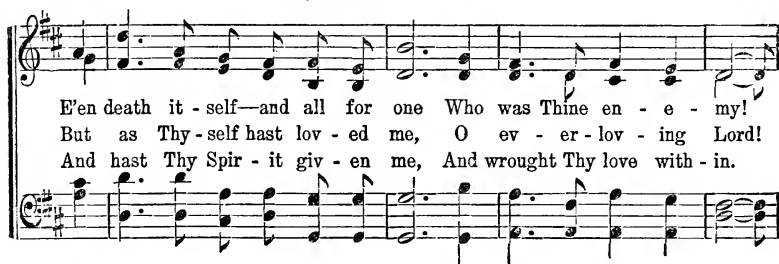
1. O Thou, my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace;
 2. O why, Thou blessed Je - sus Christ, Should I not love Thee well?
 3. My God, I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by;



For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace,
 Not with the hope of win - ing heav'n, Nor of es - cap - ing hell;
 Nor yet that they who love Thee not Must burn e - ter - nal - ly;



And griefs and torments num - ber - less, And sweat of ag - o - ny,—
 Not with the thought of gain - ing aught, Nor seek - ing a re - ward;
 But all be - cause Thou lov - est me, A sin - ner dead in sin,



E'en death it - self—and all for one Who was Thine en - e - my!
 But as Thy - self hast lov - ed me, O ev - er - lov - ing Lord!
 And hast Thy Spir - it giv - en me, And wrought Thy love with - in.

CHORUS.



O heav'nly love! as fragrance sweet, That
 O heav'nly love! as fragrance sweet,

O Heavenly Love!

one might pour up - on Thy feet; My ran-somed soul

My ransomed soul

ritard.

an of - fer - ing To Thee, my Lord, O let me bring!

an of - fer - ing

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My Offering.

ANNA HUBER GARDNER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus, my King, To Thee I bring My life, my love, my all;
 2. O Sav - iour mine, Thy love di - vine Is bound-less, full and free;
 3. Help me each day To watch and pray, And trust Thee more and more;

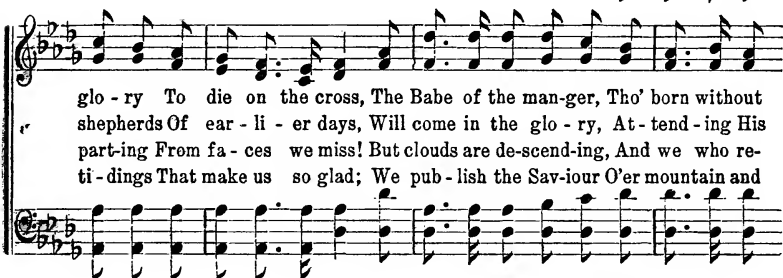
Ac - cept the gift, Sin's bur - dens lift, While at Thy feet I fall.
 For Thou didst come From heav'n, Thy home, To save me, e - ven me!
 To do Thy will, Thy law ful - fill, And ev - er Thee a - dore.

JAMES M. GRAY.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

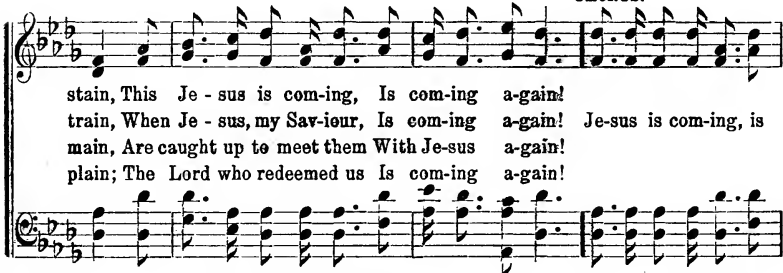


1. The Sav - iour who loves me And suf - fered the loss Of heav - en - ly
 2. The an - gels, re - joic - ing And sing - ing His praise To Beth - le - hem
 3. The saints will be with Him, O heav - en - ly bliss! How tear - ful the
 4. O hearts that are wea - ry, And sin - ful, and sad, We car - ry the



glo - ry To die on the cross, The Babe of the man - ger, Tho' born without
 shepherds Of ear - li - er days, Will come in the glo - ry, At - tend - ing His
 part - ing From fa - ces we miss! But clouds are de - scend - ing, And we who re - ti - dings That make us so glad; We pub - lish the Sav - iour O'er mountain and

CHORUS.



stain, This Je - sus is com - ing, Is com - ing a - gain!
 train, When Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is
 main, Are caught up to meet them With Je - sus a - gain!
 plain; The Lord who redeemed us Is com - ing a - gain!



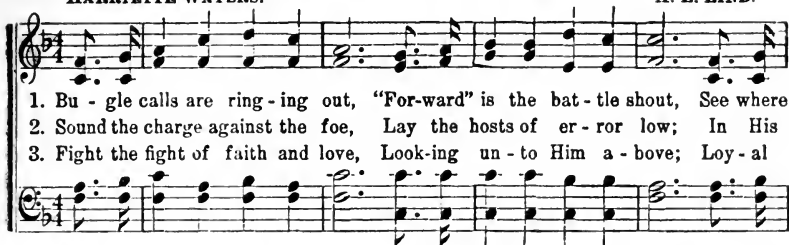
com - ing, is com - ing! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! My heart is so



hap - py, my soul is so glad, For Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

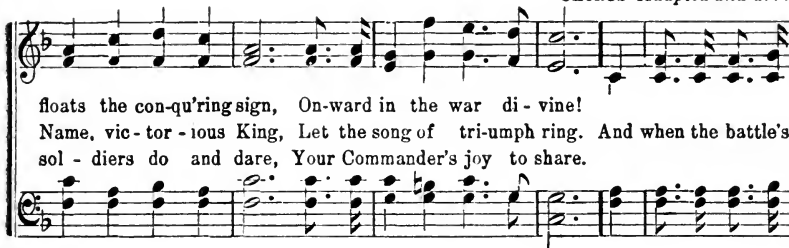
HARRIETTE WATERS.

A. E. LIND.

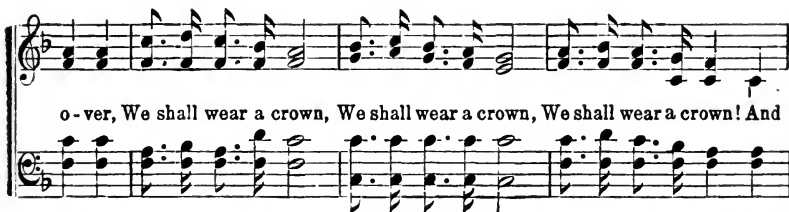


1. Bu - gle calls are ring - ing out, "For-ward" is the bat - tle shout, See where
 2. Sound the charge against the foe, Lay the hosts of er - ror low; In His
 3. Fight the fight of faith and love, Look - ing un - to Him a - bove; Loy - al

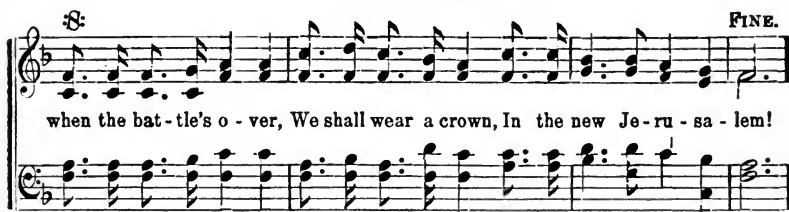
CHORUS Adapted and arr.



floats the con-qu'ring sign, On-ward in the war di - vine!
 Name, vic - tor - ious King, Let the song of tri-umph ring. And when the battle's
 sol - diers do and dare, Your Commander's joy to share.

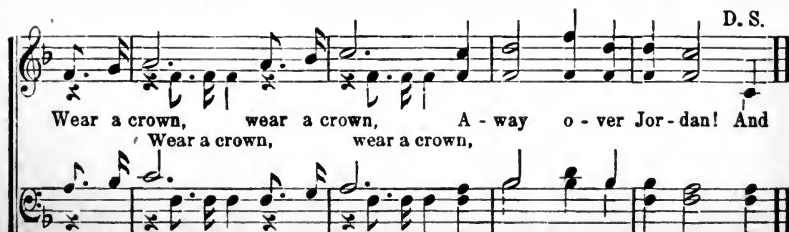


o - ver, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown! And



when the bat - tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem!

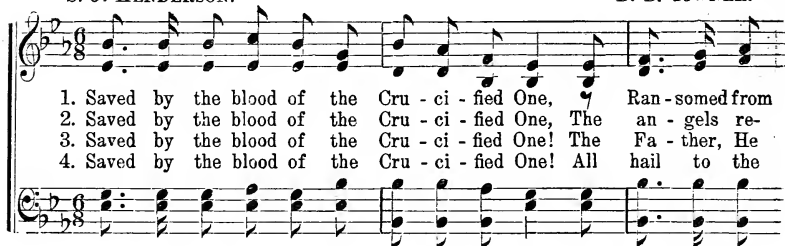
D.S.—when the bat-tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem!



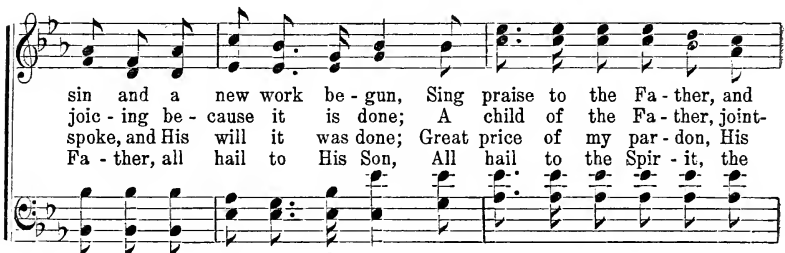
Wear a crown, wear a crown, A - way o - ver Jor - dan! And
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

S. J. HENDERSON.

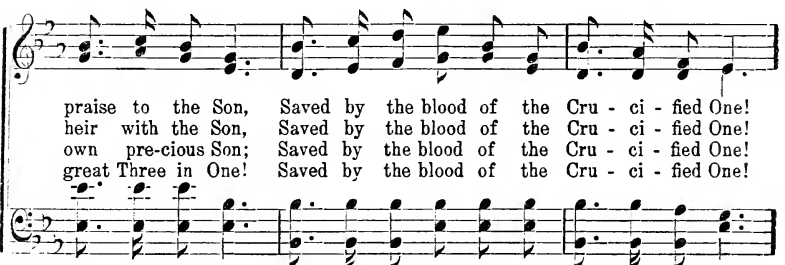
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, Ran - somed from
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The an - gels re-
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther, He
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the



sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther, and
 joic - ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint-
 spoke, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
 Fa - ther, all hail to His Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

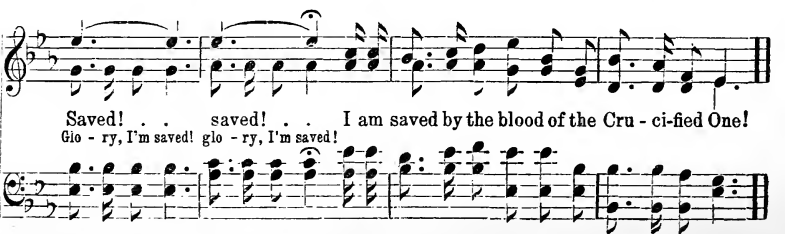


praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 own pre - cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

CHORUS.



Saved! . . . saved! . . . my sins are all pardoned, My guilt is all gone;
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!



Saved! . . . saved! . . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Like a wayward child I wandered From my Father's house a - way,
2. I have wandered in the darkness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rapt-ure that a - waits me When I reach my Fa - ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me For the wrong that I have done,



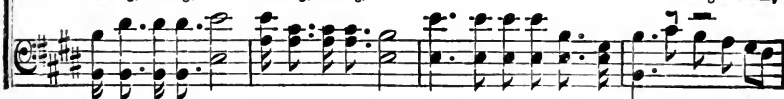
But I hear His voice en - treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to - day.
 But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watching ev - er near.
 Once with-in its blest en - clos-ure, I am safe for - ev - er - more.
 To re - ceive, accept, and bless me, Thro' His well - be - lov - ed Son.



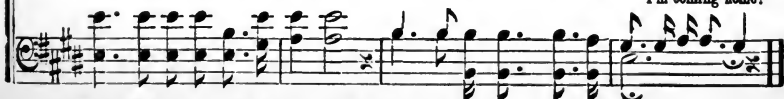
REFRAIN.



Com-ing . . home, Com-ing . . home, For I can no long-er roam;
 Com-ing, coming, Com-ing, coming, no long-er roam;

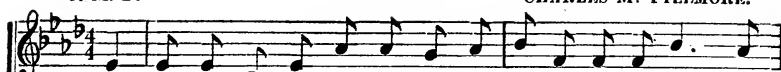


I am sad and broken-hearted, And I'm coming, coming home!
 I'm coming home!

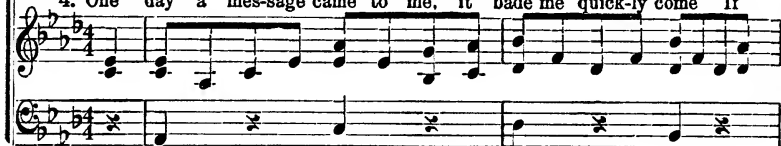
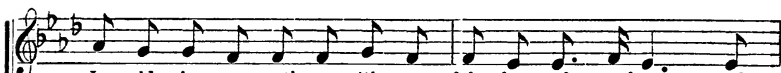


C. M. F.



CHARLES M. FILLMORE.




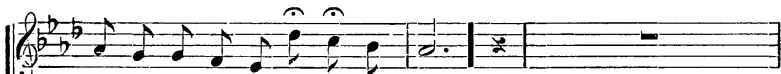
1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I re - col - lect How
 2. Though I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good, So
 3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree, She
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come If

I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
 pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude; My
 al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me, And
 I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - iour took her home; I





now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O
 child - hood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share; O
 day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care; O
 prom - ised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare; O





Sav - iour, tell my moth - er I'll be there!

CHORUS.



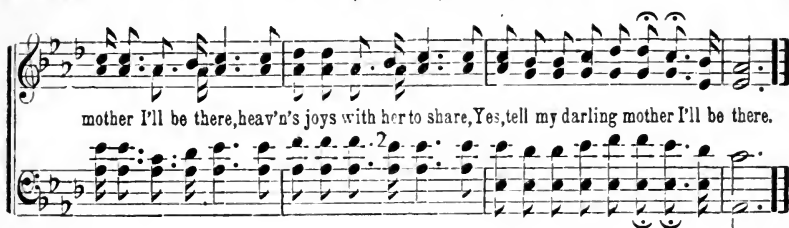
Tell moth - er I'll be there in



Tell Mother I'll Be There.



an-swer to her pray'r, This mes-sage, bless-ed Sav-iour, to her bear! Tell



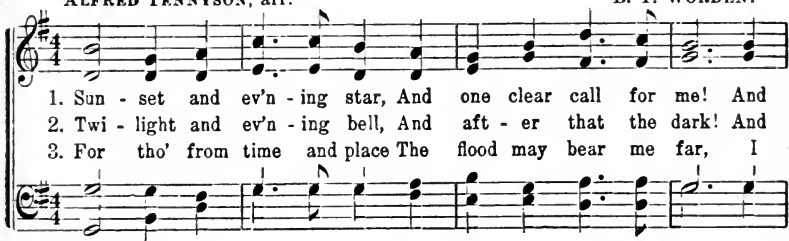
mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

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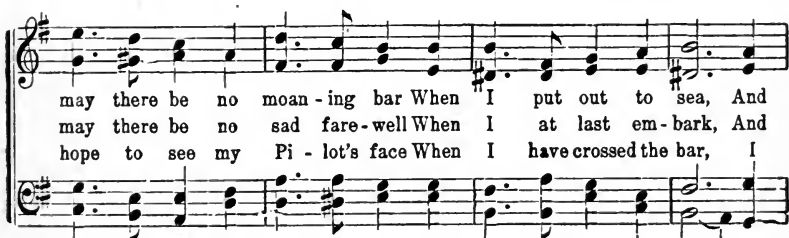
Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON, arr.

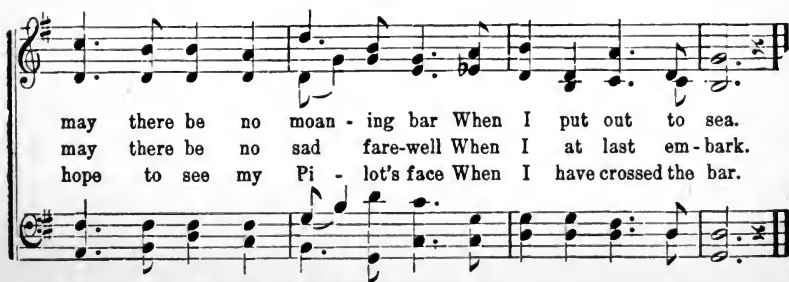
B. T. WORDEN.



1. Sun - set and ev'n - ing star, And one clear call for me! And
2. Twi - light and ev'n - ing bell, And aft - er that the dark! And
3. For tho' from time and place The flood may bear me far, I




may there be no moan - ing bar When I put out to sea, And
may there be no sad fare - well When I at last em - bark, And
hope to see my Pi - lot's face When I have crossed the bar, I




may there be no moan - ing bar When I put out to sea.
may there be no sad fare - well When I at last em - bark.
hope to see my Pi - lot's face When I have crossed the bar.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.



1. I am saved from my sin, and to joy en - ter in,—With the
 2. 'Tis by faith I can say Je - sus saves me to-day,—With the
 3. There is com - fort and rest on His shel - ter - ing breast,—With the




heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; I have won - der - ful
 heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; Waves of love o'er me
 heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; I will praise Him in

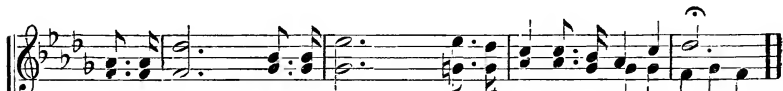


peace, from my bur - dens release,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.
 roll, all is well with my soul,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.
 song, tell His love all day long,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.

CHORUS.




I be - lieve, I be - lieve, With the heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour;
 I believe, I believe, With the heart I be - lieve Jesus saves,



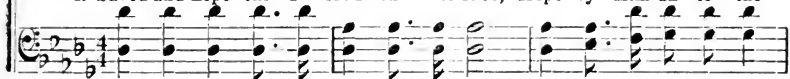

I be - lieve, I be - lieve, I be - lieve on the Son of God!
 I believe, I be - lieve, I be - lieve on the Son, the Son of God!

C. D. MARTIN.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. Saved and kept by the pow - er di - vine, Saved to the ut - ter - most,
 2. Saved and kept ev - 'ry step of the way; Christ is a Sav - iour who
 3. Saved and kept, nev - er doubt - ing His word, Filled with the peace and the
 4. Saved and kept till I look on His face, Kept by Him un - to the

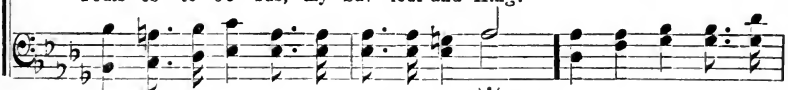

Je - sus is mine! He's re - demp - tion, and right - eous - ness too,
 saves ev - 'ry day, Saves from bond - age of sin and of strife,
 joy of my Lord; Saved! no an - gel its mean - ing can know;
 end of the race, How my glad heart for - ev - er shall sing



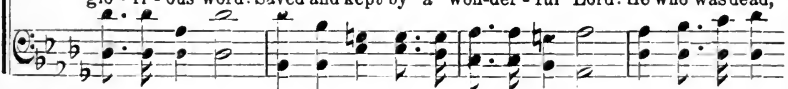

CHORUS.



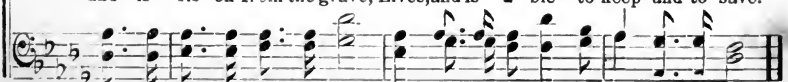
Trust - ing in Him all my life is made new.
 Keeps in the sphere of His glo - ri - ous life.
 Kept by His grace dail - y whit - er than snow! Saved and kept, O the
 Prais - es to Je - sus, my Sav - iour and King!

glo - ri - ous word! Saved and kept by a won - der - ful Lord! He who was dead,

and is ris - en from the grave, Lives, and is a - ble to keep and to save.



HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Do not be dis-cour-aged tho' the way is drear, Some one close be-side you
2. Sit not id - ly weep-ing, tho' your heart is sad; Oth - er hearts are ach-ing—
3. Do not mourn in se-cret o - ver pain and loss; See your neighbor bending



needs a ray of cheer; Speak a word of com-fort and the day seems bright;
strive to make them glad; Scat-ter rays of sun-shine, bet-ter far than gold;
'neath a heav-ier cross! Hast-en to re-lieve him; O, do not de-lay!



CHORUS.

Lift your neighbor's bur-den, and your own grows light. Lift your neighbor's
You will reap a har-vest ma - ny hun - dred-fold.
Help to lift his bur-den, yours will roll a - way. Lift his burden, lift your



bur - den, Leave Him not a - lone; Lift your neighbor's burden, Christ will
neighbor's burden,

*Full Unison.*

bear your own; Lift your neighbor's bur - den, Leave him not a-



Lift Your Neighbor's Burden.

Harmony.

lone; Lift your neighbor's bur-den, Christ will bear your own!

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines.

151 I Cannot See, But I Can Trust.

Words arranged.

A. E. LIND.

1. I can - not see, with my small hu-man sight, Why God should
 2. I know not why my path should be at times So strait - ly
 3. I oft - en won - der, as with trem-bling hand I cast the
 4. I can - not know why sud - den - ly the storm Should rage so
 5. I may not draw a - side the mys-tic veil That hides the

The first system of the song features a melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 1 through 5 indicating the start of each line of the verse.

lead this way or that for me; I on - ly know He
 hedged, so strange-ly barred be - fore; I on - ly know God
 seed a - long the furrowed ground, If ri - pened fruit for
 fierce - ly 'round me in its wrath; But this I know, God
 un - known fu - ture from my sight; Nor know if for me

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, continuing the verse from the previous system.

saith, "Child, fol-low me"; But I can trust, But I can trust!
 could keep wide the door, And I can trust, And I can trust!
 God will there be found; But I can trust, But I can trust!
 watch - es all my path, And I can trust, And I can trust!
 waits the dark or light; But I can trust, But I can trust!

The third system concludes the song. The melody features a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are written below the staff, completing the verse.

J. R.

JAMES ROWE.

1. The Saviour's hand is clasping mine, And all is well! I'm blessed with
 2. I hear my Saviour's whisper sweet, And all is well! He shields my
 3. My Saviour's lov - ing smile I see, And all is well! My hope, my
 is well, all is well!

fel - low - ship di - vine, And all is well! I'm free at last from
 soul when foes I meet, And all is well! No more be - neath a
 joy, my life is He, And all is well! As in the sun - shine
 is well, all is well!

sin's con - trol, And mov - ing on - ward tow'rd the goal; My Saviour's love makes
 load I bend; My sigh - ing days have had an end, For I have found a
 of His face, The nar - row homeward path I trace, I sing of His re -

CHORUS.

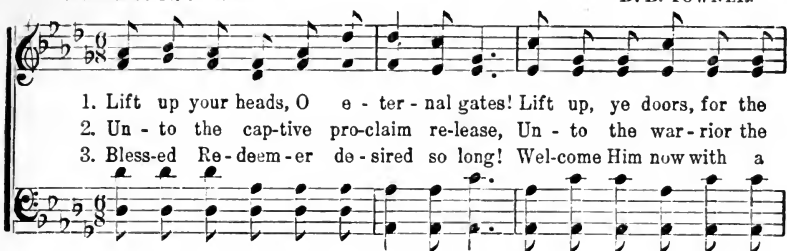
glad my soul, And all is well!
 perfect Friend, And all is well! All is well! all is
 deeming grace, And all is well!
 is well, all is well! All is well!

ad lib.

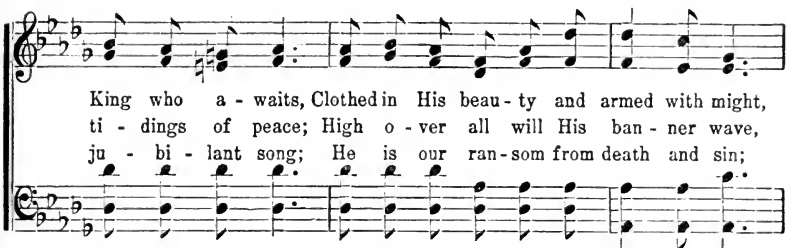
well! My precious Guide is at my side, And all is well!
 all is well! is well, all is well!

HARMET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

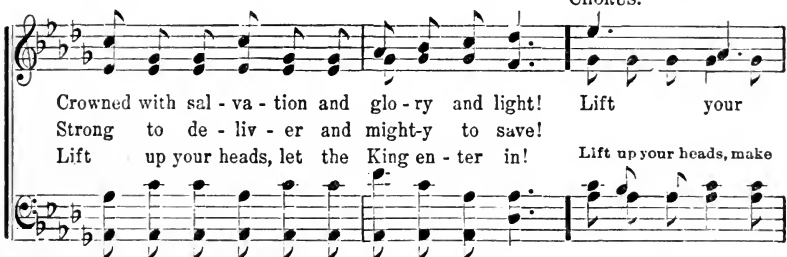


1. Lift up your heads, O e - ter - nal gates! Lift up, ye doors, for the
 2. Un - to the cap-tive pro-claim re-lease, Un - to the war-rior the
 3. Bless-ed Re-deem-er de-sired so long! Wel-come Him now with a



King who a - waits, Clothed in His beau-ty and armed with might,
 ti - dings of peace; High o - ver all will His ban - ner wave,
 ju - bi - lant song; He is our ran-som from death and sin;

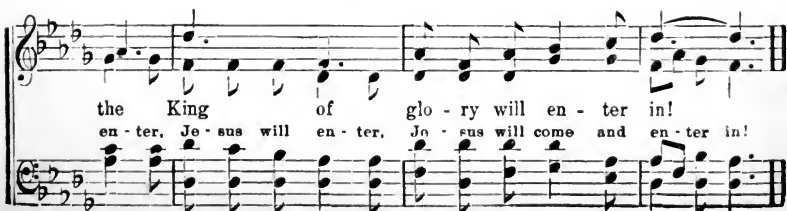
CHORUS.



Crowned with sal - va - tion and glo - ry and light! Lift your
 Strong to de - liv - er and might-y to save!
 Lift up your heads, let the King en - ter in! Lift up your heads, make



heads, e - ter - nal gates! Christ
 room for the King; O lift up, our heads, make room for the King! Je - sus will



the King of glo - ry will en - ter in!
 en - ter, Je - sus will en - ter, Je - sus will come and en - ter in!

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

Slowly.


1. My Fa - ther loves, and He knows and cares, And this keeps my mind
 2. My Fa - ther knows when my way is dark, And storm-clouds are o -
 3. My Fa - ther cares when I'm left a - lone, As loved ones are called



in peace; I may safe - ly rest, He will do what's best,
 ver - head; He will choose my way, Lead me day by day,
 a - way; When each dear one goes, Still my Fa - ther knows,—

CHORUS.



For His good - ness nev - er will cease.
 For He knows each step which I tread. My Fa - ther's love - such
 He will let me join them some day.

My Father's Love.

ten-der love, He feels for His child to-day; He can soothe my

The musical score for the first system of 'My Father's Love' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and some melodic movement. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, primarily consisting of a steady bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

rall.

sor-row, Give a bright to-mor-row,— I'll trust my Fa-ther's love!

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The lyrics continue below the top staff.

155 Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed.

JOSIAH CONDER.

GEORGE HEWS.

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in- deed;
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of sac-ri-fice;
 3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,

The musical score for the first system of 'Bread of Heaven' is in 4/4 time. It features a single melodic line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

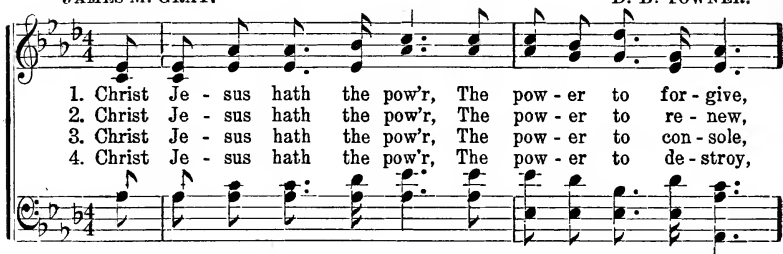
Ev-er let our souls be fed With this true and liv-ing Bread!
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live!
 Lord of life, O let us be Root-ed, graft-ed, built in Thee!

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the top staff.

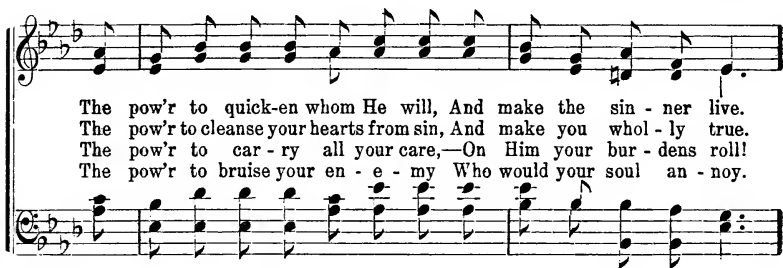
156 Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

JAMES M. GRAY.

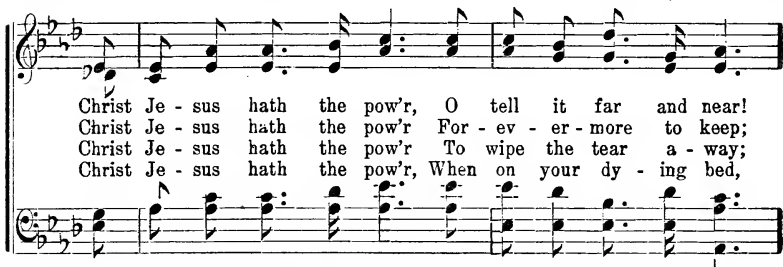
D. B. TOWNER.



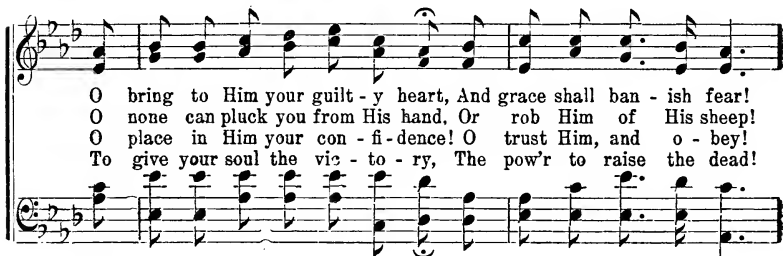
1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for - give,
 2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re - new,
 3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con - sole,
 4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de - stroy,



The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin - ner live.
 The pow'r to cleanse your hearts from sin, And make you whol - ly true.
 The pow'r to car - ry all your care, — On Him your bur - dens roll!
 The pow'r to bruise your en - e - my Who would your soul an - noy.

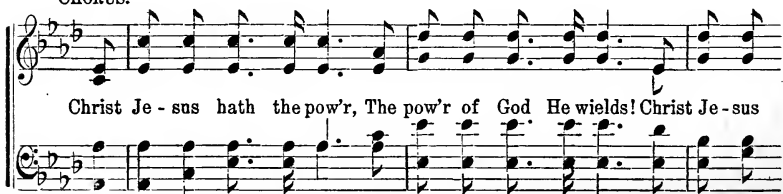


Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, O tell it far and near!
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r For - ev - er - more to keep;
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r To wipe the tear a - way;
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, When on your dy - ing bed,



O bring to Him your guilt - y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear!
 O none can pluck you from His hand, Or rob Him of His sheep!
 O place in Him your con - fi - dence! O trust Him, and o - bey!
 To give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!

CHORUS.



Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God He wields! Christ Je - sus

Christ Jesus Hath the Power.



hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren - der yields! Christ Je-sus hath the pow'r, I

rall.

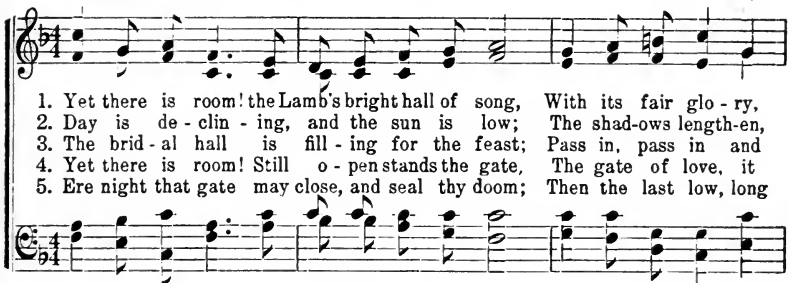
trust Him ev - er-more! Christ Je-sus hath the pow'r, I wor-ship and a-dore!

157

Yet There is Room!

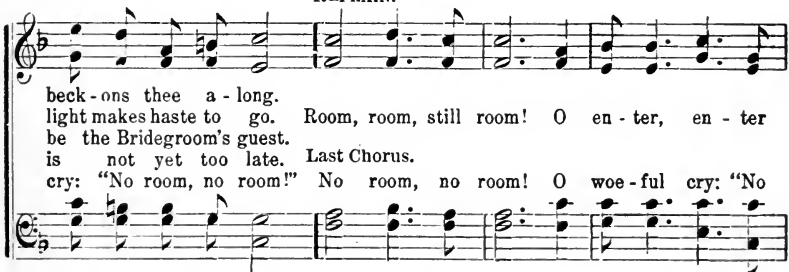
HORATIUS BONAR.

E. A. LIND.



1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
 2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad - ows length-en,
 3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in, pass in and
 4. Yet there is room! Still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love, it
 5. Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom; Then the last low, long

REFRAIN.



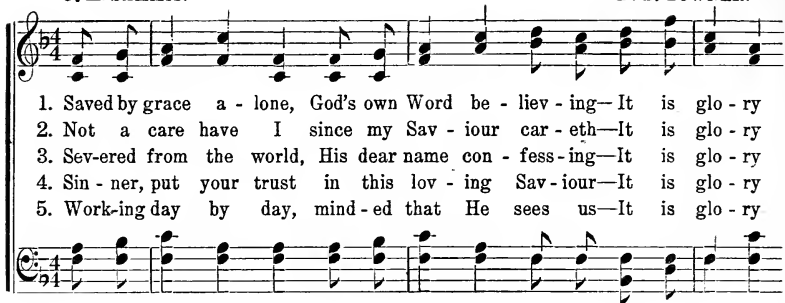
beck - ons thee a - long.
 light makes haste to go. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter
 be the Bridegroom's guest.
 is not yet too late. Last Chorus.
 cry: "No room, no room!" No room, no room! O woe - ful cry: "No



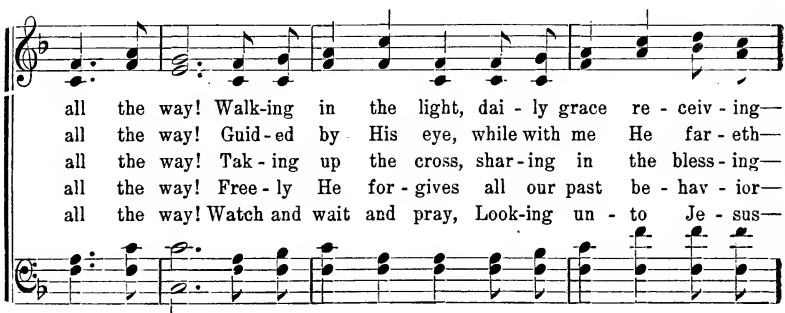
now! Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now!
 room!" No room, no room! O woe - ful cry: "No room!"

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Saved by grace a - lone, God's own Word be - liev - ing—It is glo - ry
 2. Not a care have I since my Sav - iour car - eth—It is glo - ry
 3. Sev - ered from the world, His dear name con - fess - ing—It is glo - ry
 4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - iour—It is glo - ry
 5. Work - ing day by day, mind - ed that He sees us—It is glo - ry



all the way! Walk - ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
 all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
 all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
 all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
 all the way! Watch and wait and pray, Look - ing un - to Je - sus—

CHORUS.



It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
 Glo - ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way!



It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry!
 It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way, yes,

Glory All the Way.

Glo - ry! It is glo - ry all the way!
 Glo - ry all the way, It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

159

The Debt Unknown.

ROBERT MCCHEYNE.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glow - ing sun,
 2. When I stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in beau - ty not my own,
 3. When I hear the wick - ed call On the rocks and hills to fall,
 4. When the praise of heav'n I hear, Loud as thun - der to the ear,

When we stand with Christ in glo - ry, Look - ing o'er life's fin - ished sto - ry,
 When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart,
 When I see them start and shrink On the fier - y del - uge brink,
 Loud as ma - ny wa - ters' noise, Sweet as harps' me - lo - dious voice,

CHORUS.

Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe:

Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He pray'd—"Not my will, but Thine";
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ran-somed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful



JENNIE WILSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I need not ask what time will bring While to my Sav - iour's
 2. I need not fear tho' dark the way, For Je - sus close to
 3. Oft on my path falls gold - en light, And bloom - ing flow - ers
 4. I shall not have to go a - lone From earth in - to the

hand I cling; A song of trust my soul can sing, For
 me doth stay; Un - til the dawn of per - fect day Still
 greet my sight; My Sav - iour's love makes all scenes bright, And
 realms un - known; My Lord doth ne'er for - sake His own, And

CHORUS.

step by step He will lead me. Step by step to the

glo - ry land, My Sav - iour guides with a lov - ing hand; I

go to dwell with the bloodwash'd band, And step by step He will lead me.

EL NATHAN.

C. C. CASE.



1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way: Do not risk an - oth - er day,
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But to-day ac-cept His 'grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now!
 Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



J. BURTIS WHITE.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O bless-ed day, when from the tomb The Son of man in tri-umph rose!
 2. O bless-ed day, when on the way With His dis-ci-ples Je-sus walked!
 3. O bless-ed day, in Beth-a-ny, When Christ as-cend-ed to His home!
 4. Thrice blessed day, when Je-sus comes To take His ran-som'd chil-dren home;

Where darkness reign'd now shines the light Of hope e-ter-nal, pure and bright.
 Their sad-dened hearts with-in them burned As to the Scriptures Je-sus turned.
 Re-demp-tion's won-drous work is done, And lo, the Com-fort-er has come!
 Ye saints of God, a-rise and sing Ho-san-nas to your Sav-iour King!

CHORUS.


O bless-ed day, O bless-ed day, when I shall see when I shall see The ris-en

Christ, who died for me, And on that bright
 The risen Christ, who died for me, And on that bright


and peaceful shore Rest in His love for-ev-er-more!
 that peace-ful shore

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLER.

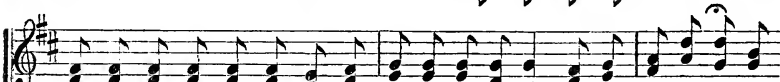
OSCAR A. MILLER.



1. When they cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
 2. Now I plead the blood of Je - sus, And He's with me all the way;
 3. He will robe me with white rai - ment When my pil - grim - age is past,

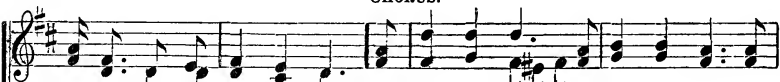


There a bless - ed fount was o - pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my
 I am hap - py and re - joic - ing In His fa - vor ev - 'ry day; In the
 And pre - sent me pure and spot - less With the sanc - ti - fied at last; I will

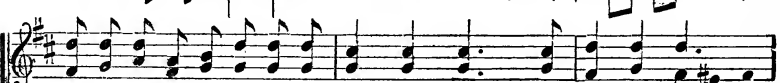


sins were all for - giv - en Just by faith in His shed blood - They are wash'd away for -
 bur - den and the tri - al There is none so kind as He; My Re - deemer is my
 sing His praise and glo - ry Un - to all e - ter - ni - ty, Tell - ing ev - er more the

CHORUS.



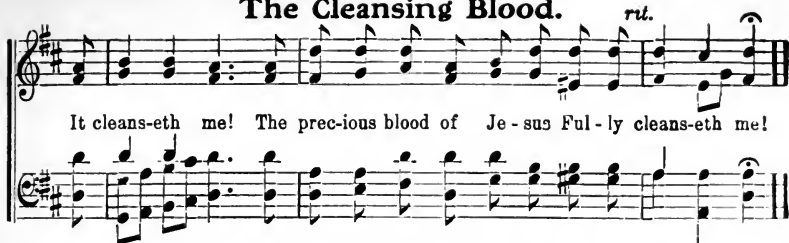
ev - er By the crim - son flood! It cleanseth me! It cleanseth me! The
 kinsman, And His blood saves me!
 sto - ry How His blood saved me. O yes,



precious blood of Je - sus Ful - ly cleans - eth me! It cleanseth me!
 Yes, the precious blood of Je - sus ful - ly cleans - eth, cleans - eth me!

The Cleansing Blood.

rit.

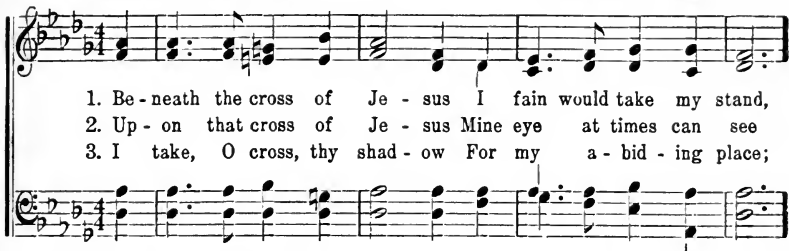


It cleans-eth me! The pre-cious blood of Je-sus Ful-ly cleans-eth me!

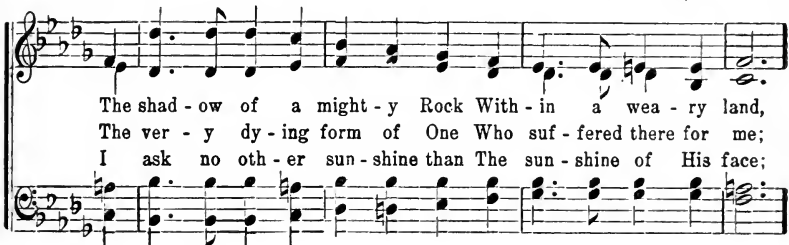
165 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

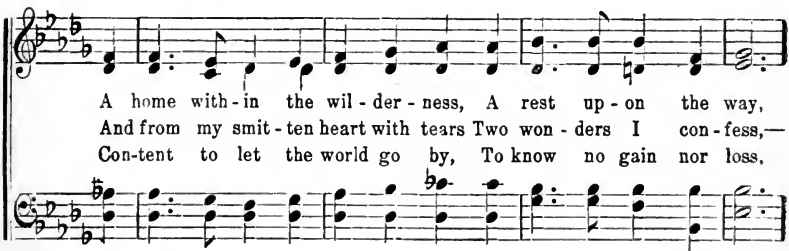
FREDERICK C. MAKER.



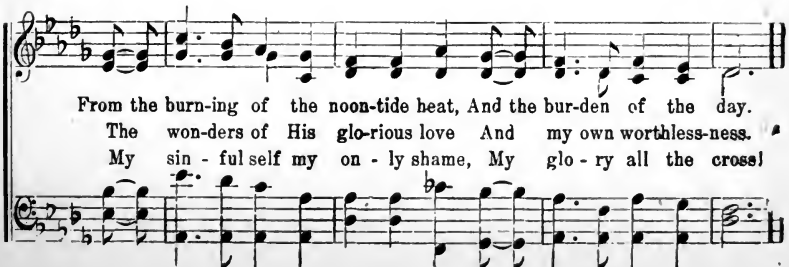
1. Be-neath the cross of Je-sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up-on that cross of Je-sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad-ow For my a-bid-ing place;



The shad-ow of a might-y Rock With-in a wea-ry land,
 The ver-y dy-ing form of One Who suf-fered there for me;
 I ask no oth-er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face;



A home with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way,
 And from my smit-ten heart with tears Two won-ders I con-fess,—
 Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
 The won-ders of His glo-rious love And my own worth-ness-ness.
 My sin-ful self my on-ly shame, My glo-ry all the cross!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Psalm 91.

IRA B. WILSON.



1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,
2. The least and fee - blest there may bide, Un - in - jured and un - awed;
3. He feeds in pas - tures large and fair, Of love and truth di - vine;
4. A hand al - might - y to de - fend, An ear for ev - 'ry call,



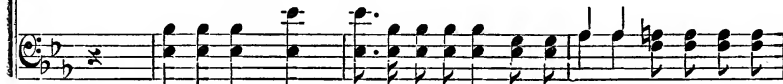
Re - served for all the heirs of grace; O be that re - fuge mine!
 While thousands fall on ev - 'ry side, He rests se - cure in God.
 O child of God, O glo - ry's heir, How rich a lot is thine!
 An hon - ored life, a peace - ful end, And heav'n to crown it all!



CHORUS.



He that dwell - eth in the se - cret place, In the secret place of the Most
 He that dwell - eth in the secret place,



High, Shall a - bide in the shadow, In the shadow of His wings.
 Most High, Shall a - bide

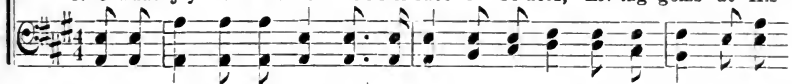


E. E. HEWITT.

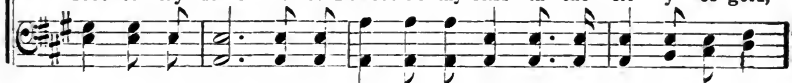
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day
feet to lay down! It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

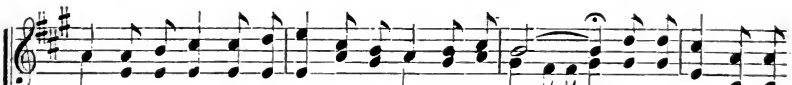
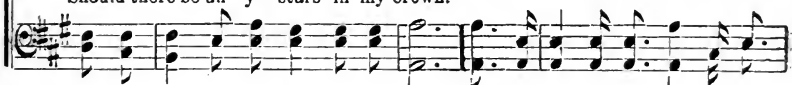


CHORUS.



Will there be an-y stars in my crown?

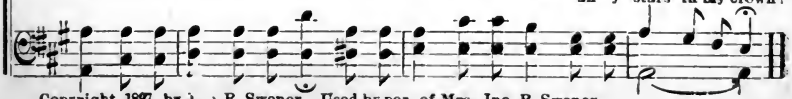
When His praise like the sea bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.



stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun goeth down? . . . When I wake with the
goeth down?



blest in the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . .
an-y stars in my crown?



JAMES ROWE.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Trust the Sav - iour with your sor - row, Break - ing heart; Strength and comfort
 2. Let the lov - ing Sav - iour guide you, Soul a - stray; He will walk a -
 3. Let the dear Re - deem - er heal you, Wound - ed soul; He a - lone can

for the mor - row He'll im - part; None so will - ing - ly will share it,
 long be - side you All the way; And if foes should o - ver - take you,
 tru - ly seal you, Make you whole; For to Him a - lone is giv - en

None so glad - ly help to bear it; Trust the Sav - iour with your
 He vic - to - ri - ous will make you; Let the lov - ing Sav - iour
 Pow'r to heal the spir - it riv - en; Let the dear Re - deem - er

CHORUS.

sor - row, Break - ing heart!
 guide you, Soul a - stray! Trust the Sav - iour, ful - ly trust Him; He will
 heal you, Wounded soul!

prove a Friend in - deed; You no oth - er friend will find Half as

Trust the Saviour!

faith-ful. true and kind; O the Sav-iour is the Friend you need!

169 The Lord's my Shepherd.

Psalm 23.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make
 3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
 4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pres-ence of my foes;

In past-ures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
 With-in the paths of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake.
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.

CHORUS.

Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;
 Good-ness and mer-cy Shall fol-low me;

And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.
 And in God's house . . .

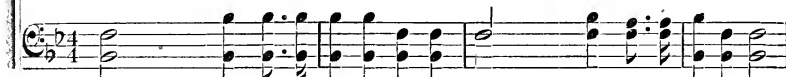
170 Hark to the Sound of Voices!

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, arr.



1. Hark to the sound of voic - es! Hark to the tramp of feet!
2. Out of the mist of er - ror, Out of the realms of night,
3. On then, ye gal-lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!



1. Hark, hark to the sound of voic - es! Hark, hark to the tramp of feet!
2. Out, out of the mist of er - ror, Out, out of the realms of night,
3. On, on then, ye gal-lant sol - diers, On, on to your home a - bove!



Is it a might-y ar - my Tread-ing the bus - y street?
 Out of the pride of learn - ing, Seek - ing the home of light;
 Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the pow'r and love;



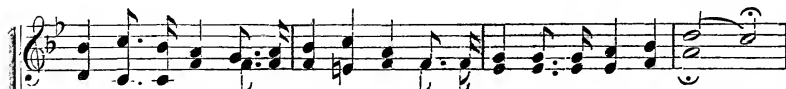
Is it a might-y, might-y ar - my Tread - ing the bus - y street?
 Out of the pride, the pride of learn-ing, Seek - ing the home of light;
 Yours is the truth, the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the pow'r and love;



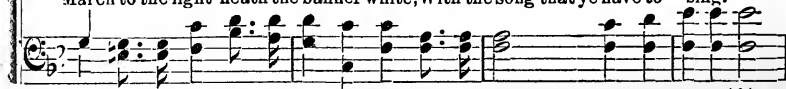
Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing-ing a glad re - frain;
 Out of the strife for pow - er, Out of the greed of gold,
 Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;



a glad re - frain;
 the greed of gold,
 ye serve the King;



List what they say as they haste a - way, To the sound of the mar-tial strain:—
 Onward they roam to their heav'nly home, And the treasure that grows not old.
 March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye have to sing.



Hark to the Sound of Voices!

FULL UNISON.



March-ing be-neath the ban - ner, Fight-ing be-neath the cross,



Trust-ing in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf-fer loss;



Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings;



HARMONY.



We march to the fight in our ar-mor bright, At the call of the King of kings!



171

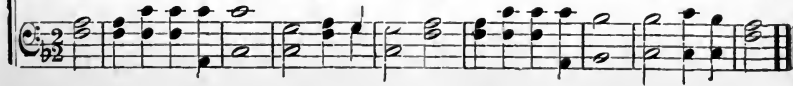
To-day!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, alt.

LOWELL MASON.



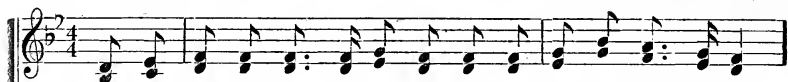
1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls! O hear Him now! Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls! For refuge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour!





172 Take Your Brother by the Hand.

HARRIET FITHIAN.

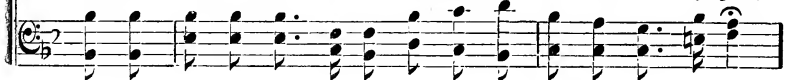
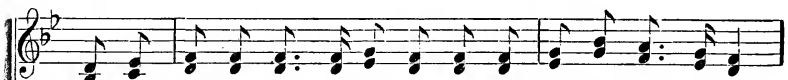
D. B. TOWNER.





1. All a - round you men are dy - ing, while the pre - cious mo - ments fly;
 2. There's a broth - er close be - side you, tempt - ed, wea - ry, sore - dis - tressed;
 3. Show the love of Christ, the Sav - iour, when He died up - on the tree, —


You will meet them when God calls you to His judg - ment by and by;
 There are man - y all a - round you vain - ly seek - ing peace and rest;
 Died for sin - ners lost and hope - less, dir - est need their on - ly plea;

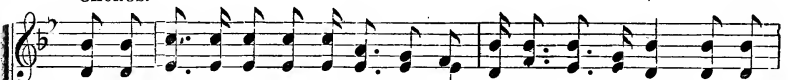
Are you reach - ing out to help them with a broth - er's hand of love?
 See the im - age of the Mas - ter in each dark and trou - bled face;
 With one hand held fast by Je - sus, with the oth - er reach - ing down,

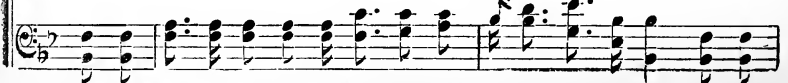
Are you striv - ing now to lead them to the bless - ed home, a - bove?
 Point the way to joy e - ter - nal thro' the Lord's a - bound - ing grace.
 You can save your fall - en broth - er, help him win the vic - tor's crown.



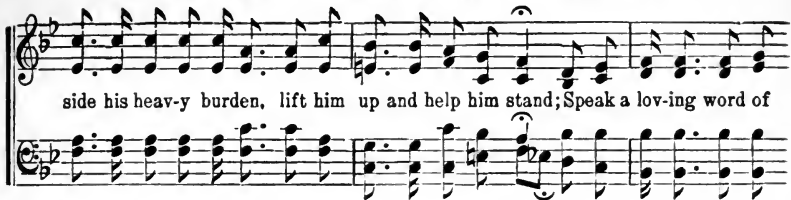
CHORUS.



Do not stand a - loof in pit - y; take your brother by the hand, Roll a -



Take Your Brother by the Hand.



side his heav-y burden, lift him up and help him stand; Speak a lov-ing word of



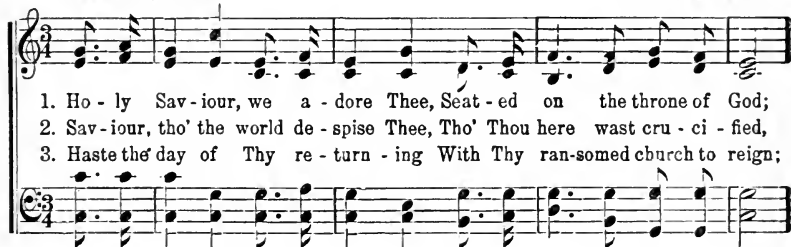
comfort, 'tis the blessed Lord's command, That you love him as the Lord loved you.

173

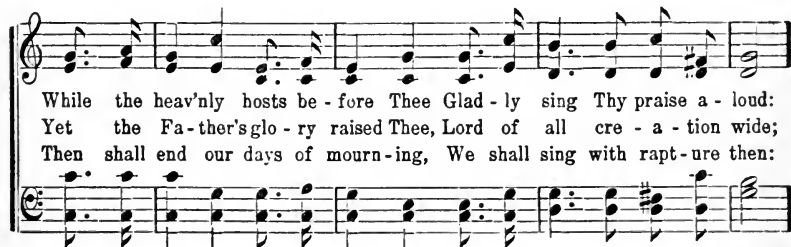
Thou Art Worthy.

JAMES G. DECK.


D. B. TOWNER.



1. Ho - ly Sav - iour, we a - dore Thee, Seat - ed on the throne of God;
2. Sav - iour, tho' the world de - spise Thee, Tho' Thou here wast cru - ci - fied,
3. Hasten the day of Thy re - turn - ing With Thy ran-somed church to reign;



While the heav'nly hosts be - fore Thee Glad - ly sing Thy praise a - loud:
Yet the Fa - ther's glo - ry raised Thee, Lord of all cre - a - tion wide;
Then shall end our days of mourn - ing, We shall sing with rapt - ure then:



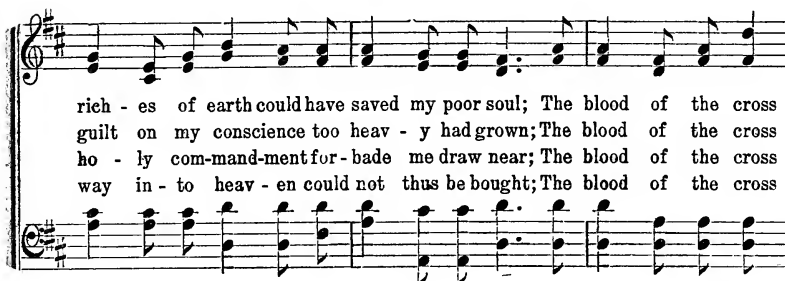
"Thou art worth-y! Thou art worth-y! We are ran - somed by Thy blood!"
"Thou art worth-y! Thou art worth-y! We shall live, for Thou hast died!"
"Thou art worth-y! Thou art worth-y! Come, Lord Je - sus, come. A - men!"

JAMES M. GRAY.

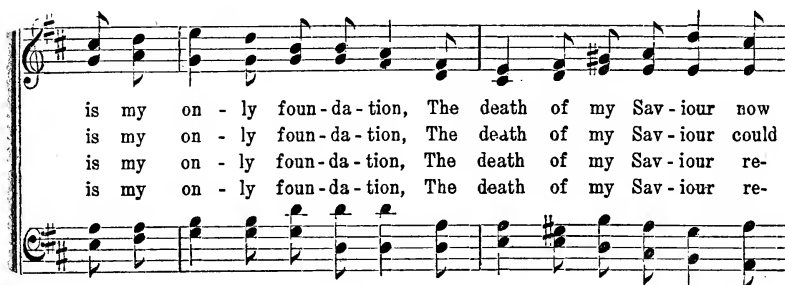
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, No
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The

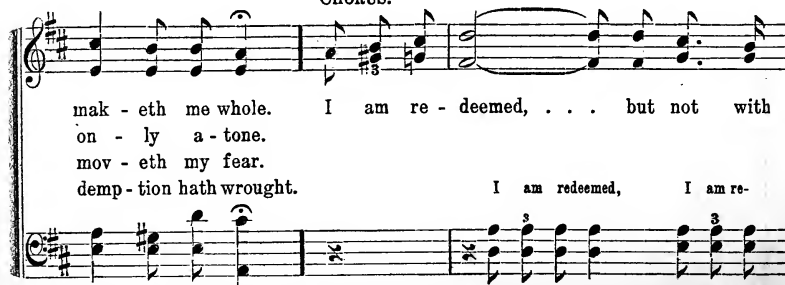


rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
 guilt on my conscience too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross
 ho - ly com-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross
 way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross



is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour now
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour could
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-

CHORUS.



mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed, . . . but not with
 on - ly a - tone.
 mov - eth my fear.
 demp - tion hath wrought. I am redeemed, I am re-

Nor Silver Nor Gold!

sil - ver, I am bought, . . . but not with
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am

gold; Bought with a price— . . . the blood of
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—
3

Je - sus, Pre - cious price of love un - told!
pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

175 Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEO. W. DOANE.

CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee!
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

F. W. FABER.

D. B. TOWNER,

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'n - ing peal - ing, The voice of
 3. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thou - sands
 frag - ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn - ing's joy shall end the

strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wear - y steps to Thee.
 night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Solo.



An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
Ladies' Voices. 1st and 2nd Soprano.



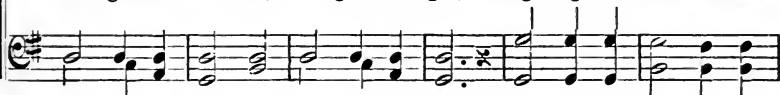
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
1st and 2nd Alto.



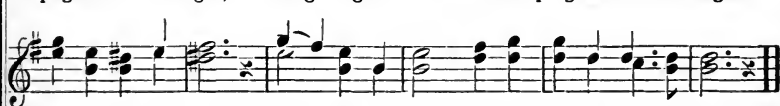
Men's Voices.



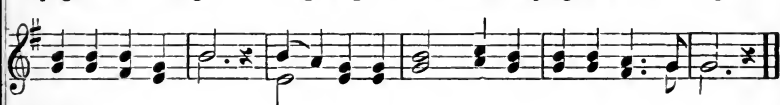
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the



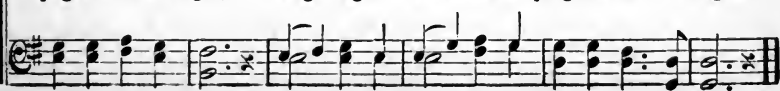
pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.



pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.



pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.



F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight! An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

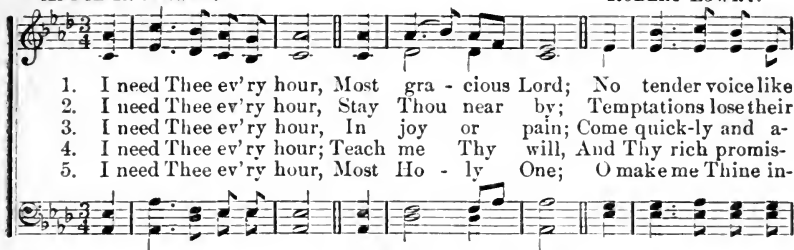
CHORUS.
 Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry,
 Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love. }

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

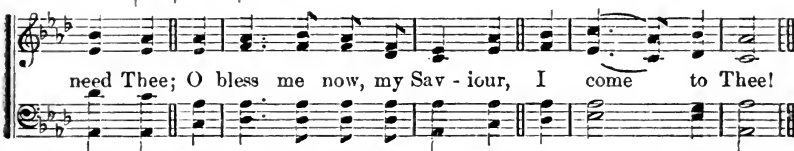
sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long!

ANNIE R. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.



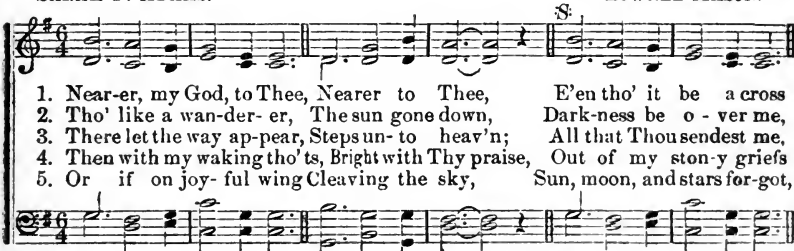
REFRAIN.



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SARAH F. ADAMS.

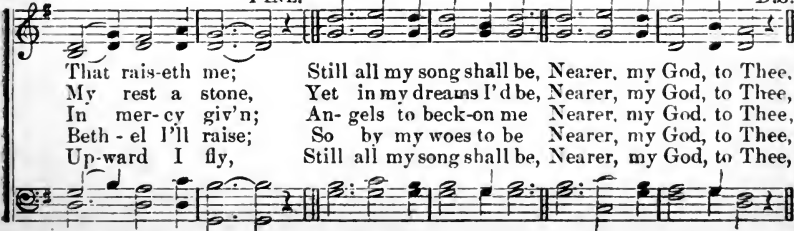
LOWELL MASON.



D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

D.S.



Near - er to Thee.

CHAS. WESLEY.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

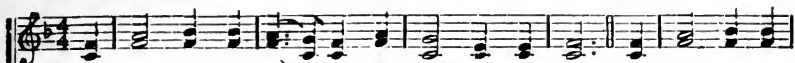
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

(MARTYN.)

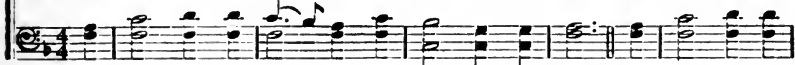
S. B. MARSH.

D.C.

FINE.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
 crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."



By permission.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea!
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar



D.C. - Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
 D.C. - Wondrous Sov' reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
 D.C. - May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



SAMUEL MEDLEY.

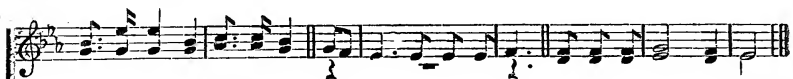
Ad. LOWELL MASON.



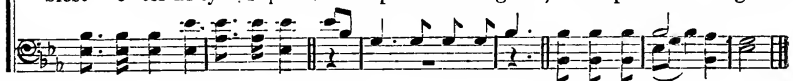
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And
 Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In
 Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweet-est praise I
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A

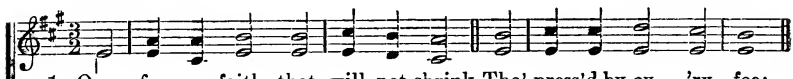


vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine!
 which all-perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
 would to ev-er-lasting days Make all His glories shine, Make all His glories known.
 blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

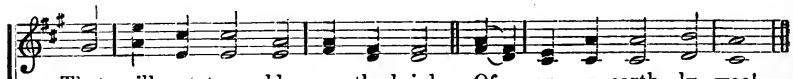


WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

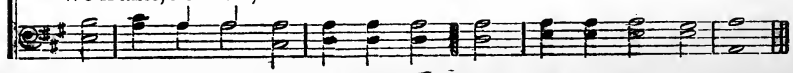
CARL GLASER.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev-'ry foe;
2. That will not mur-mur or com-plain Be-neath the chastening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rave with-out;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,



That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly woe!
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God.
 That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e-ter-nal home!



R. ROBINSON.

J. J. ROSSEAU.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

S. Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good - ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

FINE.

D.S.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!
D.S.—He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
D.S.—Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove!

D.S.
 Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes!
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his ven - omed sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

S. BARING GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are treading
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane. But the church of Je - sus
 4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore! Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we—
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church prevail;
 In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King:

CHORUS.
 Forward in - to bat - tle See His banner go!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise. And that cannot fail.
 This thro' countess a - ges Men and an - gels sing. } Onward, Christian soldiers,

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore!
With the cross of

190

Trust and Obey.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. } Trust and o - bey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je - sus but to trust and o - bey!

JOHNSON OATMAN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D.S.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
 3. There is a spot where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat,—'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
 A place than all be-side more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
 Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

193 Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 D.S.—Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

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194 Take My Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in - tel -

let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Always, on - ly, for my King, Always, on - ly, for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I withhold.
 lect, and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 ¶: It shall be Thy royal throne. :||

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 ¶: Ever, only, all for Thee. :||

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar- ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will; remember not past years.
 an- gel fac- es smile, Which I have lov'd long since and lost a- while.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven- tide; The dark-ness
 2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 3. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
 all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!

REGINALD HEBER.

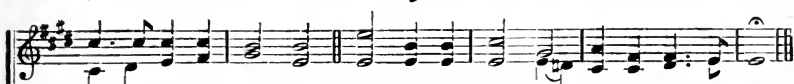
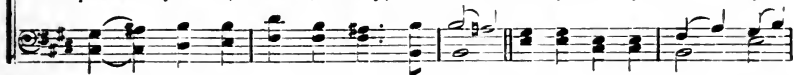
JOHN B. DYKES.



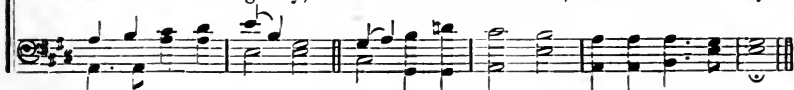
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down the
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee. Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy work shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly,
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,



mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pur-i-ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

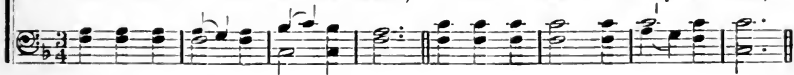


J. KEBLE.

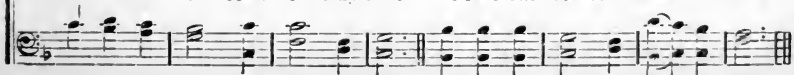
P. RITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!
Till in the o-cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove!



199 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

FINE.
 What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged. - Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D.S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, - Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, - Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D.S.
 O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear -
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

200

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go.

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word!
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow!

CHORUS.

1 2
 { On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now!
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save (Omit.....) you now!

201 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

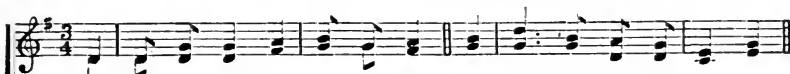


ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

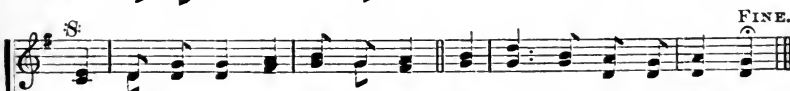


202 The Shining Shore.

G. F. ROOT.



1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren dear, Our dis-tant home dis-cern-ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sorrow's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;



FINE.

Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, "Let ev-'ry lamp be burn-ing."
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says: "Come," and there's our home, For-ev-er, oh, for-ev-er!



D.S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

CHORUS.



D.S.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand. Our friends are passing o-ver, And



CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears! The bleedings sacri-fice
 2. He ev-er lives a - bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His all-redeeming love,
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual pray'rs,
 4. My God is re-con-ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child,

In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
 His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
 They strong-ly plead for me; "For-give him, O for-give," they cry,
 I can no lon - ger fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

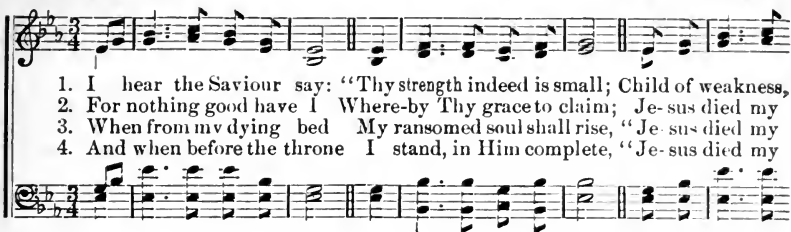
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no res-pite know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

D.C.-Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 D.C.-In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 D.C.-Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee!

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 When I rise to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

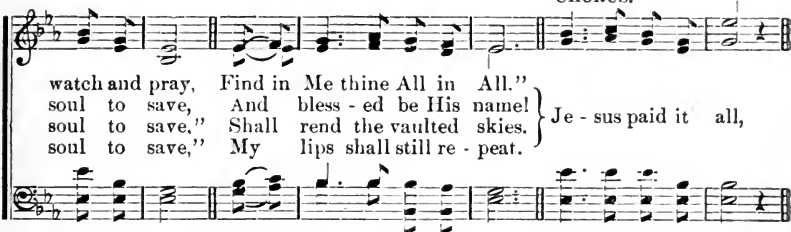
Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

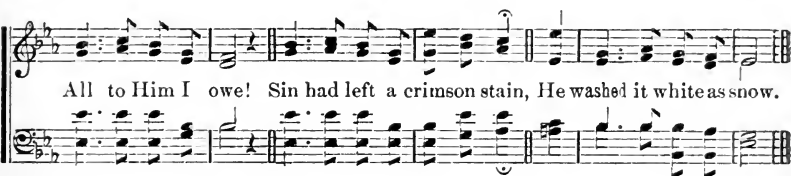


1. I hear the Saviour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; Je-sus died my
 3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Je-sus died my
 4. And when before the throne I stand, in Him complete, "Je-sus died my

CHORUS.



watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in All."
 soul to save, And bless-ed be His name!
 soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies. } Je-sus paid it all,
 soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

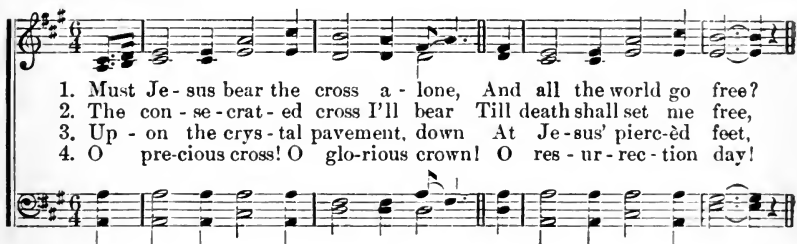


All to Him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

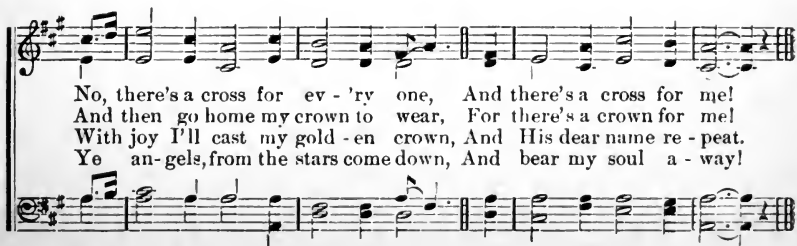
206 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
 3. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
 4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!



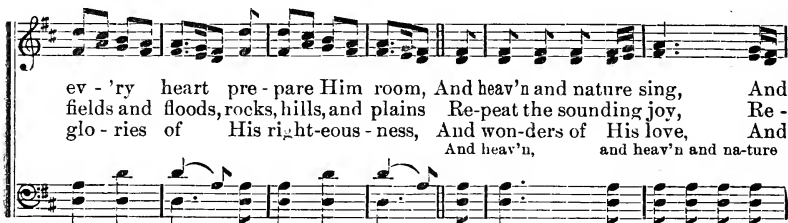
No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me!
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me!
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
 Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way!

L. WATTS.

Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King, Let
 2. Joy to the world, the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy, While
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The



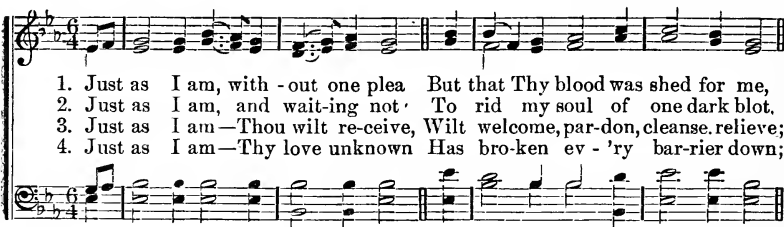
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
 glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
 And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture



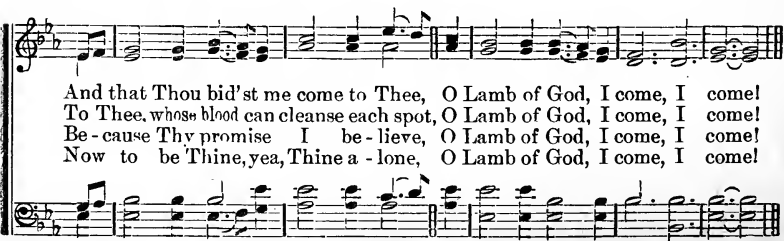
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing!
 peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy!
 won-ders of His love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.
 sing,.....
 sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not' To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
 4. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend,
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,

The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

210 O Come and Dwell. S. M.

- 1 O come and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within,
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin!
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love!
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to Thy will and word,
 Well pleasing in Thy sight.

211 A Charge to Keep. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

212 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard!

GEORGE HEATH.

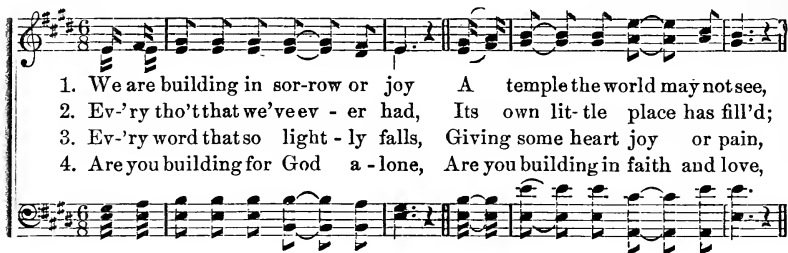
LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

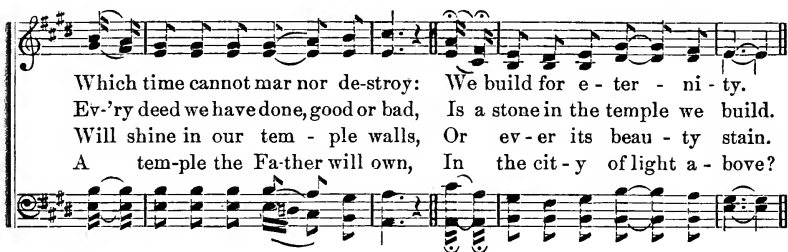
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain a crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

N. B. S.

N. B. SARGENT, arr.



1. We are building in sor-row or joy A temple the world may not see,
 2. Ev-'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit-tle place has fill'd;
 3. Ev-'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain,
 4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and love,



Which time cannot mar nor de-stroy: We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Ev-'ry deed we have done, good or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
 Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.
 A tem-ple the Fa-ther will own, In the cit - y of light a - bove?

CHORUS.



We are build-ing ev - 'ry day..... A tem-ple the world may not see;
 We are build - ing, build-ing ev - 'ry day

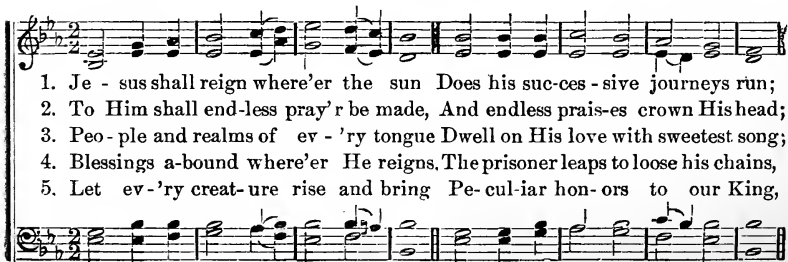


Build-ing, build-ing ev - 'ry day, Building for e - ter - ni - ty!

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ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive journeys run;
 2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings a-bound where'er He reigns. The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
 5. Let ev - 'ry creat-ure rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King,

Jesus Shall Reign.

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet per- fume shall rise With ev'ry morn- ing sac- ri- fice.
And infant voi- ces shall pro- claim Their early bless- ings on His name.
The wea-ry find e- ter- nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An- gels de- scend with songs a- gain, And earth re-peat the loud A- men!

215 How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun- da- tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, () be not dis- may'd, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa- ters I call thee to go, The
4. "The soul that on Je- sus hath lean'd for re- pose, I

laid for your faith in His ex- cel- lent Word! What more can He
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv- ers of sor- row shall not o- ver- flow; For I will be
will not, I will not de- sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all

say than to you He hath said. To you who for ref- uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up- held by My gra- cious, om -
with thee thy trouble to bless. And sanc- ti - fy to thee thy
hell should en - deav- or to shake, I'll nev- er, no, nev- er, no,

Je- sus have fled? To you who for ref- uge to Je- sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra- cious, om - nip - o - tent hand."
deepest dis - tress, And sanc- ti - fy to thee thy deep- est dis- tress."
nev- er for - sake! I'll nev- er, no, nev- er, no, nev- er for- sake!"

216 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

217 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song! Let mor - tal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

Chorus.
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove,
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong!
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

218 Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all -
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sac - red wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al -
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal praise be, Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 night - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

219

O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - lour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - jole - ing ev - 'ry day.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am the Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

220

Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

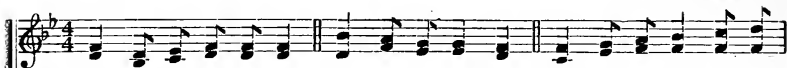
1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus, who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Re - vive us a - gain!

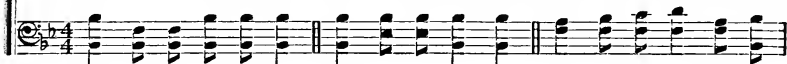
- 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again. fill each heart with Thy love,
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above!

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn - est - ly. Plead with them gen - tly;
 grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - en'd by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



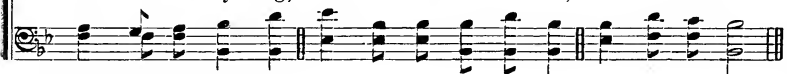
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan - d'r'er a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save!



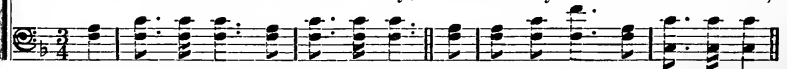
Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,




CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

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I'll Live for Him.

D.C.



O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

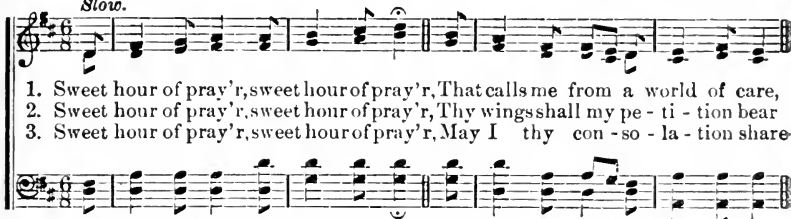
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

223 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.



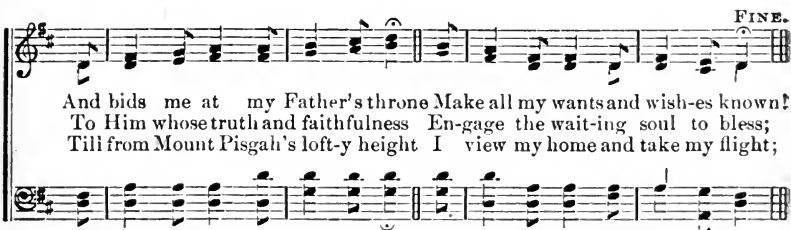
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so - la - tion share

D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r!

D.C.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

D.C.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

FINE.

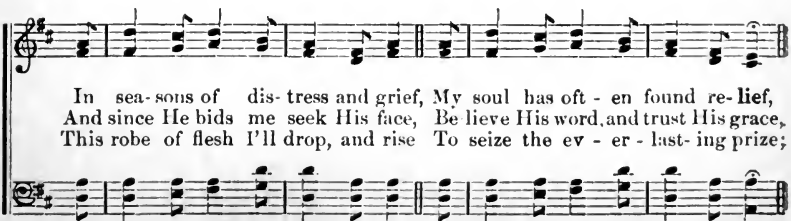


And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known!
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
 Tili from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height I view my home and take my flight;

And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to night, The boy of my tenderest care, The
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
 3. O, could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
 4. Go for my wandering boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
 prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O, where is my boy to - night? O, where is my boy to - night? My
 heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O, where is my boy to - night?

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J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de- ceive and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sak - e me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy!
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bid - e.

226 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms!
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms!
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms!

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms!
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms!
 I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms!

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms!
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

227 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

EDW. PERRONET.

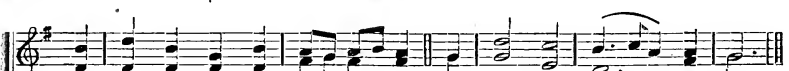
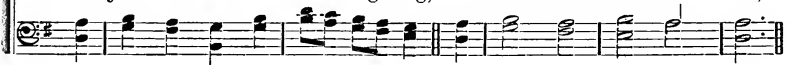
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



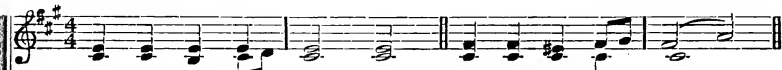
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



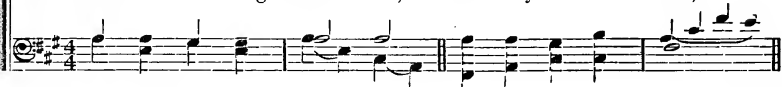
228 Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

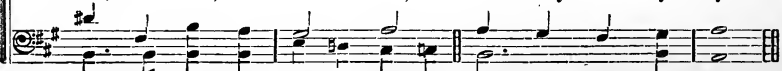
JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Now the day is o-ver; Night is draw-ing nigh;
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an-gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise,



Shad-ows of the ev-'ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
Their white wings a-bove me, Watch-ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin-less, In Thy ho-ly eyes.



ev-'ning Steal a-cross the sky.

WM. COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die,
 When this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;
 And shall be, till I die, And shall be, till I die;
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave;

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
 He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus! }
 2. { Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus!
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

D.S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, 7 Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!

REFRAIN.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

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5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

1. { Sav- iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare. }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de- fend us, Seek us when we go a- stray. }
 3. { Thou hast promised to re- ceive us, Poor and sin- ful tho' we be; }
 { Thou hast mer- cy to re- lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow' r to free. }

Bless- ed Je- sus! bless- ed Je- sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless- ed Je- sus! bless- ed Je- sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Bless- ed Je- sus! bless- ed Je- sus! We will ear- ly turn to Thee;

Bless- ed Je- sus! bless- ed Je- sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!
 Bless- ed Je- sus! bless- ed Je- sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray!
 Bless- ed Je- sus! bless- ed Je- sus! We will ear- ly turn to Thee!

234

There were Ninety and Nine. Key Ab.

- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold;
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,

Are they not enough for Thee?"
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine

Has wandered away from Me;
 And although the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert to find My sheep."

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry,
 Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops
 all the way,

That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

- 5 But all through the mountains thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,
 There arose a cry to the gate of heaven:

"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne:

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. { Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kindness, Sow - ing in the
Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, (Om̃.....

noontide and the dew - y eve;
.....) We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. FINE.

CHORUS. After repeat D.S. to Fine.
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show,
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will discern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus in His Word, Hold - ing communion with my Lord,
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me!
Spir - it of God, my Teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me!
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line. Mak - ing each faithful say - ing mine!
More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace!

More About Jesus.

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!

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237 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far, — Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save;
 A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain?
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;

Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

238 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Tr. EDWARD CASWELL.

(LAUDES DOMINI.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
 2. To Thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glow-ing love:
 3. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A so - lace here I find:

"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" A - like at work and prayer,
 "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" This song of sa - cred joy,
 "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" Or fades my earth - ly bliss,

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 It nev - er seems to cloy; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 My com - fort still is this: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!"

239 On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

T. KELLY.

(ZION.)

T. HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive,
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands! }

God Himself will loose thy bands! Mourning cap-tive, God Himself will loose thy bands!

- 2 Hast thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well-beloved!
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears, thy Friend,
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,

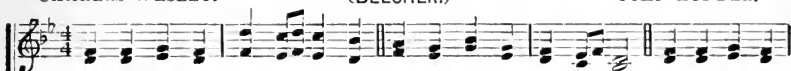
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.

- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now be past;
 God, thy Saviour, will defend thee
 Victory is thine at last.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(BEECHER.)

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in



humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest; Take a-way the love of sin-ning;



Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
 Al - pha and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.



- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

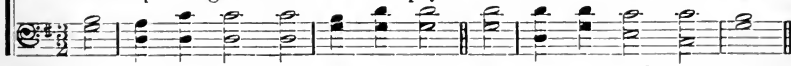
- 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ISAAC WAATS.

Anon.



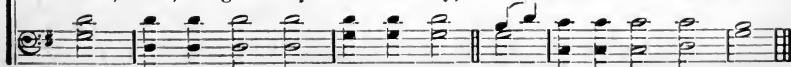
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe.



CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

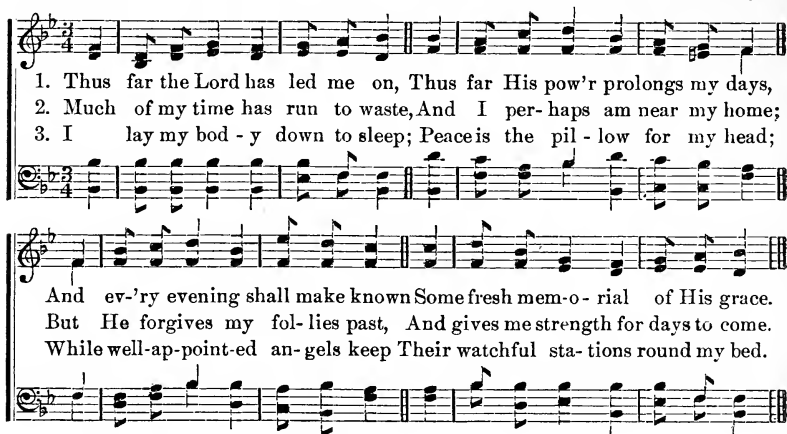


And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

242 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On.

ISAAC WAATS.

LOWELL MASON.



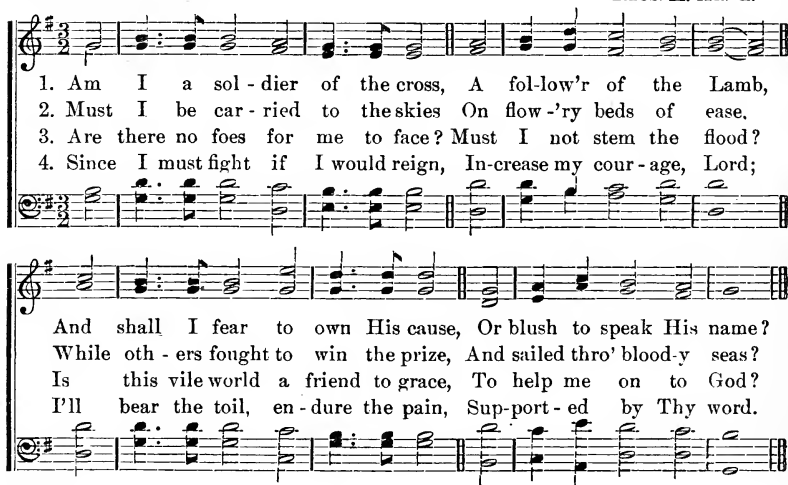
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days,
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I per-haps am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev'-ry evening shall make known Some fresh mem-o-rial of His grace.
 But He forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

243 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'-ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

244 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers!
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;

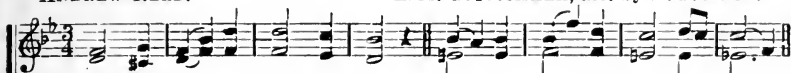
- Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?
 - 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers!
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours!

245 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

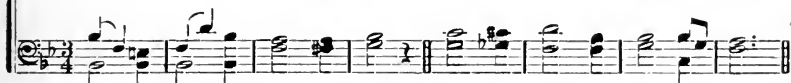
(LAST HOPE.)

ANDREW REED.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir-it, all - di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a - lone.



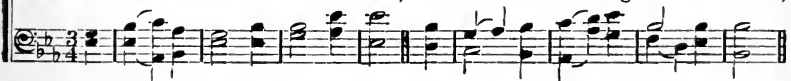
246 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

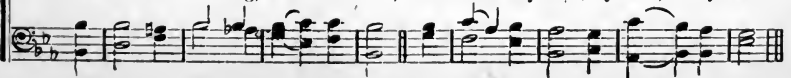
E. MILLER.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an off-'ring far too small;



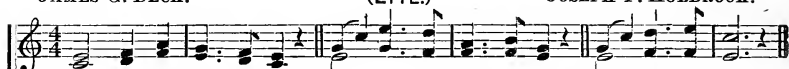
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - ma-zing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!



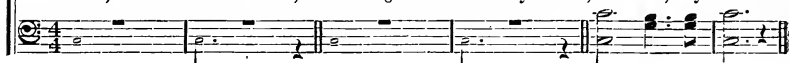
JAMES G. DECK.

(LYTE.)

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!



- { O Thou art all to me! } Nothing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
 { Noth - ing to please I see, }
 { O how great is Thy love, } Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 { All oth - er loves a - bove, }



- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear,
 What earthly grief or care,
 Since Thou art ever near,
 Jesus, my Lord?

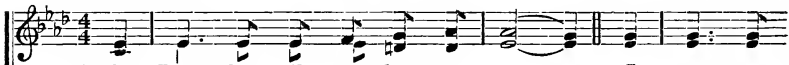
- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again;
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

248 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

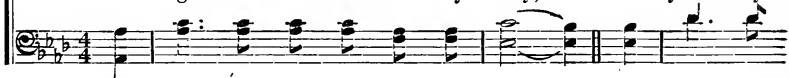
GEORGE MATHESON.

(ST. MARGARET.)

ALBERT L. PEACE.



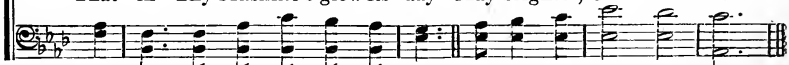
1. O Love that wilt not let me go,..... I rest my
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way,..... I yield my



- wea - ry soul in Thee! I give Thee back the life I owe,
 flick'ring torch to Thee! My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray,



- That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.



- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee!
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee!
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Joy that shall endless be.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, arr.

1. They were in an up - per cham - ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended With the sound of rush - ing wind;
 3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom - ised by our Lord.
 Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
 This is prom - ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one!

Copyright, by Chas. D. Tillman.

J. S.

JOHN SAUNDERS.

1. Lost! lost! lost! un - done, But for Thee, Thou ho - ly One;
 2. Rest! rest have I none While a - part from God's dear Son;
 3. Help! help! help I need; Let Thy blood then for me plead;

Ev - er - last - ing gloom Was my aw - ful doom.
 There's no rest for me Till I rest in Thee.
 Though my faith is weak, Thy face will I seek.

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251

Ye Servants of God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(LYONS.)

FRANZ J. HAYDN.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a -
 2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still He is
 3. "Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne!" Let all cry a -
 4. Then let us a -dore, and give Him His right— All glo - ry and

broad His won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of
 nigh, His pres-ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His
 loud, and hon - or the Son; The' prais-es of Je - sus the
 pow'r, and wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless-ing, with

Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.
 triumph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fa - ces, and worship the Lamb.
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks never ceas - ing, for in - fi - nite love.

252

My Shepherd is the Lord.

Anon.

(LOUVAN.)

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. My Shepherd is the Lord Most High, And all my want shall be supplied;
 2. He in His mer - cy doth re - store My soul, when sinking in dis - tress;
 3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no e - vil will I fear,
 4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Prepared be - fore the face of foes;

In pastures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.
 For His name's sake He ev - er more Leads me in paths of righteousness.
 Be - cause Thy presence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
 With oil Thou dost a - noint my head, My cup is fill'd and o - ver - flows.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheepse-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be with you till we meet a gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

254

Shall We Gather at the River, Key E \flat .

- 1 Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angel-feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

- Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river;
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Dashing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever
 All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the shining of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever
 Raise their song of saving grace.

- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

255

Jesus Loves Me! Key E \flat .

- 1 Jesus loves me! This I know,
 For the Bible tells me so:
 Little ones to Him belong;
 They are weak, but He is strong.

CHORUS.

- Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
 Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
 Close beside me all the way:
 If I love Him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.

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Titles in SMALL CAPS; first lines in Roman.

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